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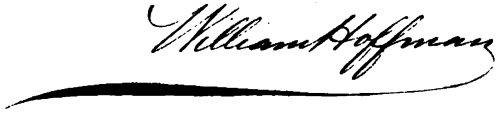
William Hoffman

THE MONITOR;

OR,

JOTTINGS OF A NEW YORK MERCHANT DURING A TRIP ROUND THE GLOBE.

EMBRACING VOYAGES OVER THE ATLANTIC, PACIFIC, AND INDIAN OCEANS; ARABIAN, RED, AND MEDITERRANEAN SEAS; WITH DESCRIPTIONS OF LIFE, EXPERIENCES, AND SCENES IN CALIFORNIA, AUSTRALIA, ISLAND OF CEYLON, ARABIA, EGYPT, MALTA, SICILY, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND SCOTLAND.

BY

WILLIAM HOFFMAN.

Embellished with Illustrations.

NEW YORK:
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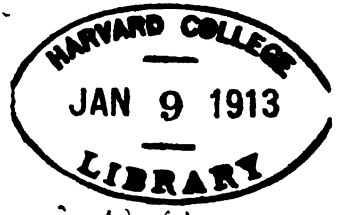

G. G. Perkins Memorial

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THIS BOOK

IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

TO MY

KIND AND CONSIDERATE

SISTER,

MRS. MILTON MARTIN.

PREFACE.

Since the days of Noah and the flood, the post-diluvian races of mankind have been engaged in writing books. In this way, many good things have been preserved, and there is no doubt the world has been made wiser by their existence. The author does not propose in this to add much to the fund of information, or increase the stock of intellectual wealth now in the libraries of the universe, and already treasured in the memories of the living. A simple narrative of scenes, occurrences, and experiences, as they have fallen under his observation while traversing interesting portions of the globe, which comparatively few have the opportunity of visiting, has seemed sufficiently important to induce the author to publish this volume. He could wish that it was a more meritorious and better written book than it is; but it is not offered so much as a book of merit, as it is one of truth and

facts, at which he would assure the reader he has faithfully aimed. Another motive prompting its publication is the wish to preserve in a durable form what has been seen of portions of the globe which the author never expects to look upon again. It might be properly termed his PRINTED JOURNAL, as the work simply contains jottings of things and scenes; many of them taken fresh upon the spot, and while journeying on the steamer, the omnibus, the car, or stopping beneath some tree, as well as at the close of the day in the room of a hotel, written both in ink and with pencil, as convenience afforded, in the most desultory manner. Without revision or correction, it has been handed to the publisher to be printed and issued in the form of a volume. The author, a business man, and not a "book-writer," being conscious of its imperfections, offers it not for criticism, but as an account given in off-hand jottings without elaboration; which he begs the reader to accept as a truthful portrayal of things seen and experienced at the time of their occurrence. Where anything is not correctly noted, or faults have been committed, they are the result of haste and imperfect comprehension, rather than of misrepresentation and perversion of the truth. The reader, if having travelled to any extent in foreign lands, or over the broad deep, will readily understand

the obstacles in the way of elaboration while writing *currente calamo* descriptions of the day's experience and observation. To pass rapidly from one scene to another, as the author has been obliged ofttimes, and to pen down, after a hard day's work at sight-seeing and journeying, what has been observed and felt, is more easily imagined than executed. Therefore, considering the nature and extent of the trip performed, the reader will find in the simple narrative as much as could be reasonably expected from one in the vocation of a merchant, as he has stopped to peer here and there, while making his complete journey around the world!

It is hoped there will be found in the experiences and observations of the author sufficient advice, instruction, and warning to benefit the reader, for the time spent in the perusal of this volume. Then the work will not have been in vain.

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THE MONITOR.

CHAPTER I.

Departure for San Francisco, California—Last View of New York—Atlantic Ocean—Sea Sickness—Ocean Experiences—Sabbath at Sea—Islands of Cuba and San Domingo—Flying Fish and Porpoises—Caribbean Sea—Isthmus of Panama—Landing at Aspinwall—Town and Scenery—Fruits—Railroad to Panama—Accommodations on the Golden Gate—Pacific Ocean—Acapulco Harbor and Town—Departure—Rough Sea—Change of Atmosphere—Dense Fog—Great Rolling of Steamer—Passing through Golden Gate—Bay of San Francisco—Arrival at the City.

The morning was cool, or rather cold and windy, with alternate clouds and sunshine. I felt an overcoat comfortable. After breakfast I proceeded to the wharf of the Aspinwall, or rather California line of steamers, to pay timely attention to the getting a comfortable state room by the purchase of a ticket, thus securing a passage to Aspinwall, *en route* to the *Golden Shore!* The balance of the day was spent in the necessary preparation for one of the longest journeys of my life—the evening in the society of my brother. The following day, the 11th of October, 1859, will ever be memorable in my life, and my feelings upon this departure from my native shore will not be forgotten. At the hour of half past one P. M., gathering my paraphernalia for the journey, I was whirled in a carriage in the direction of the

wharf, and there rolled through a dense mass of beings to the side of the noble steamer *Atlantic*, where, amid the tumult, farewell words were sounding in my ears, and policemen opening a way through an anxious crowd of observers. As I alighted, one of the earnest officers steadying the walk of passengers going aboard, said to me, "*Do you sail, sir?*" "*Yes, sir!*" "Pass aboard, then;" and with a little lift which he gave me by the arm, I ascended the plank, and the next moment was pushing my way through the crowd to the upper deck to scan the scene. I had no sooner reached this stand, than my baggage came swinging up—how quick! I thought. Here I stood amid a multitude on ship, under the sonorous sounds of the steam pipe, which was letting off surplus steam at a furious rate. I cast a pensive look upon the masses around upon the wharf. A half hour passed; the sounds of the great steam pipe were hushed; the captain's order given to depart; the hawser was lifted from its fastening; the wheels turned; and at half past two o'clock P. M. the majestic steamship *Atlantic*, Captain PIERSON, commander, slowly moved from the foot of Canal street, North River, amid the cheers of multitudes on the wharf, the booming of the ship's gun, the waving of hats, and trembling tear drops in many an eye, which spoke more than words the last and long good-by!

With strange feelings I gazed upon the crowd before me, and thought, of all that mingled multitude, both on shipboard and shore, no face wore for me a kindly smile—a stranger, as it happened, even to all those with whom I was housed—a great family, indeed, estimated from 1,300 to 1,500 souls! Notwithstanding this company, as I thus glided from the shore a sense of loneliness came over me, with vague expectations as to the pleasure or displeasure of the trip; how I should fare, and what scenes and experiences I was to pass through on an ocean out-

ward-bound voyage to the long thought-of shores of the Pacific, were thoughts, with others, which for a while engaged my mind. A cold, stiff wind came blowing upon us, and as we were now leaving in the distance the great city with its surroundings of proud ships, and many church spires growing smaller and less prominent over the space measured by the increased speed of our craft, New York as now viewed dwindled into insignificance; and with this last look on her the thought came prominent in my mind, Shall my eye rest upon her accumulated greatness, and my feet ever tread her busy thoroughfares again? I know not.

Passing now through the Narrows, or gate of the harbor, entering full upon the extended track of the ocean, the special pilot to whose care the ship's safe egress to the great deep had been intrusted, was now, amid the high wind and tossing waves, put aboard a small sailing craft to return to his quarters, and we, again moving over the white-topped billows, left him in our wake, seeming but a dot fearfully tossed as a light cork with every caprice of the rolling and agitated wave. As the afternoon wore away and the evening approached, the wind heightened, and our noble steamer played and pitched in the swaying hand of her master, up and down; thus being handled as a toy, reminding one of his littleness, and the futile and vaunted power of man—a motion to us not the most agreeable, and the effects of which were soon manifest on the part of some by a profuse throwing up. Dinners not fully digested were speedily introduced to daylight, with less ceremony and quicker than they went down. But there were many "old salts," or sea-going folk on board, who did not mind it. In the evening I began to feel very unpleasant sensations—a kind of boiling within—an inclination to "*heave*," in despite of my efforts to walk all such feelings down; for I walked the length and breadth of the steamer, and turned around all sorts of ways,

to brave and overcome what I felt coming on; and in lieu of a supper I endeavored to imitate a gentleman by nibbling at a dry cracker. "To keep moving" and "at it," in his opinion, and according to his experience, was the best method of putting down symptoms of sea sickness. But this was not to prove successful, as Neptune vindicated his power over my feelings, intent upon having his own way. I was uncomfortable and sick during a good part of that long night. When supper was announced, many sat down, ate heartily and with gusto, without any apparent reacting effects; some others, who would fain go through the same operation as smoothly, and did bravely essay it, quickly finding their safety valve unable to resist the under forces. Making their exit from the table with all possible speed, a clean thing of it was soon made in a grand spew over the guards.

Many were the ways resorted to by this great company at sea to make themselves comfortable. Some sought early beds, some stretched themselves out upon side seats of the saloon, and dropped around half reclinингly in easy chairs. Some gathered along the dining tables at games of whist; and here in another locality were a party grouped, and in apparently happy conversation respecting the Golden shore. These were evidently old, returning Californians of a political stripe. The advancement of San Francisco, and the value of real estate about the thoroughfares of "Kearney," "Bush," "Pine," and "Montgomery streets," were treated.

While I was trying to keep up as long as possible to inure myself to the motion of the boat, I found a voluntary sympathizer in the person of a pleasant little gentleman, whose kind and friendly manner unmistakably bespoke the Christian. In this I was not mistaken, as I subsequently learned that he was none other than the Rev.

Mr. B——, of Oakland. Learning my destination, he remarked, in the most encouraging manner, "San Francisco is a beautiful city!"

The next morning was cold, with much wind and a high sea. Soon after rising, and standing up, with but few pitching motions of the boat, I was at once brought to realize a most genuine sea-sickness. "There was no use;" I had to come to it; and my time was principally occupied that day with throwing up and hanging over the guards. Of course I was sick and obliged to face the music—to go along and make the best of a miserable condition and, what I felt, an interesting plight. During the day we were in latitude off Cape Hatteras, conceded by all to be the roughest part of the Atlantic coast. Many were ill. High-backed chairs, easy sofas, berths, and state rooms were eagerly sought by the greater sufferers; while "gruel" and a busy doctor were called into speedy requisition. It was a gloomy day for all.

The next morning was beautiful. I woke, feeling better. The sea calm, and the sky almost without a cloud. Though better than yesterday, I was not entirely well. The favorable weather and smooth sea act like magic with many. Faces were more smiling, hopes higher, and appetites have become good—with some, voracious!

The following day, which was the Sabbath, was also pleasant. At half past ten, the dining saloon having been prepared by order of the captain, religious exercises were had on board. The Rev. Mr. B—— selected his text from the book of Matthew: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." His remarks were mainly based upon the unsubstantial things which we are seeking in this world. That true peace, satisfaction, and rest of conscience could only be gained through faith in Christ the Saviour, who came with the in-

vitation to us: to come, accept, and trust him. That we are all seeking pleasure, a greater field in which to give scope to our desires, and gain the expectations of our hearts. But happiness could not be fully realized in pursuit of the things of this world. Such could not be gained in this world. True peace, happiness, and salvation can be obtained only by trust and faith in the Saviour of the world.

During the day we pass a couple of islands, names unknown. The next day introduces a high sea, and our craft pitches and rolls about to the discomfort of many of us, with my own feelings not in the least improved. The following morning brings us into a hotter climate. Those of us who have linens put them on; nothing short of this is absolutely comfortable, as the weather is decidedly summerish. A calmer sea also, with the change, suits my temperament much better. Now the very pleasing view of the high mountains of the eastern slope of Cuba Island greets our vision. How pleasing even this distant view of land! And before evening the Island of San Domingo is discernible; thus passing between them, as we did, during the day. Our run for the last twenty-four hours being 255 miles, we were thus, in making windward passage, steaming direct into the Caribbean Sea by a southwest course, for Aspinwall.

The next morning we find pleasant and very warm, and the weather decidedly tropical, with improved feelings on the part of myself. Since losing sight of land there is little or nothing to break the monotony. A gentle and soft breeze plays over the surface of the waters, stirring up the smallest ripples: sea otherwise calm, and the motion of the steamer quite tolerable; yet not a day has passed with me so far on this trip with natural and agreeable physical feelings. Our run during the last twenty-four hours, 243 miles —twelve miles less than the day before.

The next day brings a rougher sea, and we behold for the first time schools of flying fish: starting up out of the water, they dart for a considerable distance through the air, just above the surface, and are lost sight of as they strike into the briny deep again. Numerous porpoises also heighten the interest by their appearance; coming up with their round, smooth bodies entirely out of water, making a curve, and darting a few yards from the place of their *debut* directly into the water, repeating the same performance in quick succession: thus they travel several of them in systematic order, in and out and, as we suppose, according to their usual custom, much to the gratification of all who beheld them for the first time.

We expect, with good luck, to reach Aspinwall by to-morrow noon. The weather being very hot, ice and ice-water are eagerly sought, while the poor firemen suffer much in the discharge of their duties. A couple of them are completely overcome with the heat; thus prostrated, they are laid out in ice to recover. Awnings are raised over the upper deck and state rooms for the comfort of passengers. Our water is insipid and stale, and sickening to drink, but is improved with ice, which becomes a great luxury. The steerage and second-class passengers suffer much—the latter from their ill-ventilated abode down in the ship's hold, where they breathe a fetid, hot, and close atmosphere, which seemed insufferable and sickening as I passed down to look at things and make myself familiar with all on shipboard. How much more intolerable, thought I, is their condition, than ours with elevated state rooms on the upper deck, and good space outside on which to promenade when we are well enough to do so. Poor beings! I began to forget my own miserable feelings, in my pity for their condition.

There are some on board who seem to like a sea trip.

I expected every day to feel more natural, as is usually the case with most people after a few days passed at sea; but it did not prove so with me. Every day some one could be seen coming out, before and after breakfast, to discharge the contents of his stomach. Some read and amused themselves in various ways with tolerable comfort. Many passed a good part of their time at card playing. Some were writing letters to mail at Aspinwall to their friends, journalizing, &c.; while others, to whom the sea proved too much, were too feeble and sick to do anything, and thus confined most of the time to their beds. Many have not the courage to keep up, when they can. It would be better for all to do so as long as they can crawl.

Our evenings on this trip generally proved the pleasantest interval; and even till 11 and 12 o'clock, many of us were promenading the deck in the soft tropical breezes, which, though not very cool, were, nevertheless, very refreshing after the great heat of day. An old Sacramento-river steamboat captain occupied the state room with me—or rather he turned into the lower bunk, and I into the upper one. Adjoining our room was that of two young ladies from New Jersey, who were in charge and under the protection of the Rev. Mr. B—— and wife, and who, sitting outside in the evening breeze, so often rendered the air vocal with their pleasing voices, accompanied by the music of a guitar and the bass voices of a couple of gentlemen—that the familiar tune, "Ellen Bayne," seemed sounding for a long time in my ears, and became the hum and muse of my senses for many days thereafter.

All now were anxious to see Aspinwall, and many, like myself, for the first time; yet it was the general impression that it was a dreadful place, that with every breath inspired we would draw in a malaria, and perhaps that much-loathed and prevailing disease—the Isthmus of Panama fever.

Upon awaking early next morning, I heard sounds outside my state room of "land," and as I came out my vision was greeted in the distance with high elevations of the isthmus on the larboard side. But it would require several hours ere we reached our point of destination, perhaps consume a good part of the day. Some averred we would "be there in an hour,"—others, with more judgment and less anxiety, correctly gave as their opinion that it would be "several hours." Eye glasses were brought in requisition, and anxious ones were continually stretching their eyes toward the distant shore. By a direct course we could reach land very soon; but in order to hit Aspinwall from our point and position of longitude, we had to run many miles in a more southwest direction.

For the first time I went down into the trunk room to look after some extra baggage, as all were requested to pick such out, have them weighed and checked, and pay for every pound exceeding the weight allowed each passenger by the company. Some, with huge packing trunks filled with goods, had pretty extensive bills to foot, which they very reluctantly and complainingly forked over, with anathemas against the steamer agents for exacting such "swindling rates simply to carry their 'clothing' over the Isthmus." The amount of baggage for this boat load was immense; and as so many trunks looked alike, some, with unmarked baggage, had a puzzling time in finding and selecting their own. My checks in my pocket, I lost no time in writing letters to friends in New York, to mail upon my arrival at Aspinwall. The purser, however, attends to this—thus receiving all letters into a bag specially for this purpose, and to be sent forward by the returning steamer.

My trip to the isthmus was as comfortably provided for as any of the first-class passengers; and the state room thus upon the upper deck proved one among a few of the most

cool and comfortable on the steamer, and the best designed for a warm or tropical passage. Yet a sea trip like this is anything but pleasant to me, and was nauseous and sickening all the way. My room mate was an odd genius, and a clever fellow at heart, but with very queer and untidy habits. His love for the weed, and his tobacco-spitting propensities, did not coincide with my taste; and this juxtaposition to him was not the most gratifying, to say nothing of the shock which his perfectly nonchalant habit of swearing gave. He could not well talk without blasphemy. Treating him as I ever did, kindly and accommodatingly, beside sacrificing much of my own comfort on his account, while he became aware of modest likes and dislikes of mine—toward the end of our trip I was pleased to notice that he not only swore less, but, instead of filling our little room with segar fumes, he took a sitting position outside, to draw and puff away at it in the open air. While we were running along the isthmus for many miles before reaching the point of our destination, we caught some altogether new and enchanting views of the scenery, wearing a freshness and verdure of eternal green. Though it was very hot overhead, we did not mind it, with these delightful views, and also the expectation of soon landing; our thoughts of fever and isthmus contagion became entirely dispelled, if not wholly unthought of and forgotten. Now and then the beautiful cocoa (cacao) tree stood to the view, with its long slim trunk and majestic top pointing to the heavens.

But a few minutes before we landed, our advent was announced to the Aspinwallians by a loud pop of our steamer's cannon, and *in* we slowly steamed, reaching her wharf at precisely twelve o'clock. Now, there was much haste and no little squeezing in the general exodus from our floating house to get on shore. There was so much of a stampede the moment the plank was dropped, that it was with

much danger to our limbs we moved hastily with the crowd. As we passed from the steamer, we were under a fine cover, constituting a depot for passengers and freight, on either side of which a small troop of United States soldiers was stationed, for protection to life and property of all California-bound citizens.

I need not state the pleasure experienced by all to be on land again. There was no pausing, but *on* the crowd rushed for the small wooden stores and hotels; while there could be seen, as we approached, the native fruit venders, offering for sale their fruits upon stands in the open space, the freshness and variety of which convinced us that we were in the land of tropical fruits. Oranges, bananas, plantains, lemons, limes, pineapples, and cocoanuts were in abundance.

In a moment one could see, on every side, our numerous crowd negotiating for a share of the golden fruit. Pockets, handkerchiefs, and small native satchels were filled, in order to prepare for more than a present need; while others, impatient to satisfy their desires, taking a street position, could be seen peeling up a banana, or sucking a sweet orange. We had about three hours to perambulate in and around Aspinwall before the train started to cross the isthmus for Panama. The proprietor of one of the hotels, an American, was polite and accommodating, whether we took dinner with him or not.

Notwithstanding the heat, and a free perspiration already exuding from some little exercise taken, a young friend started with me, under an umbrella, to take a reconnoissance of the town.

Aspinwall don't amount to much—in fact, it is rather an insignificant town. Walking off toward trees standing near the water, whose beauty attracts the stranger, we were much pleased with a small but carefully cultivated garden, where-

in several kinds of fruit trees, shrubs, &c., were growing. Here we met the kind direction of one of the native servants in attendance, and when showing us through, he climbed one of several mango trees, bringing down to each of us one as large as a cocoanut; here, also, were plaintain and banana trees growing; and just outside, near the wharf, were tall and majestic cocoanut trees, with trunks from six to twelve inches in diameter, running up from thirty to fifty feet, slim, some of them slightly bending, leaning, and without a single twig or limb, till the eye reaches the very apex, which is crowned with a beautiful and evergreen foliage, beneath which, and closely surrounding the frail and slender-topped trunk, one may see thick clusters of the luscious pendent fruit.

Standing near the trunk of these trees, without lifting the eye to the top, one would be reminded of a dry, hard, and weather-beaten post; and after putting the blade of a knife in the trunk, I was under the same belief, until I carefully cast my eye upward again. Wherever this tree stands, the beauty of nature's laboratory is greatly heightened by their unique and grand appearance. Near by this garden was the owner's house, of rustic appearance; the floors of its piazzas and the garden and other walks looking scrupulously neat.

All of those who dined at the hotel were lavish in denouncing the kind and quality of their fare; that they received little beyond some poor bread, no butter, and a cup of fluid called tea, for all of which they paid very grumblingly their silver or gold dollar. Taking the advice of some old California travellers, I did not essay a dinner at a hotel, and, with the same caution, abstained from eating much fruit. For the appetite becomes such after leaving ship, and the desire so great, that many very imprudently give way to morbid desires by surfeiting themselves with the

rare tropical products, which becomes the cause of serious sickness, if not before, soon after they resume their ocean trip. Fruit venders here are generally Jamaica women, who make it their chief business. Many of these blacks are straight and handsomely developed, with faces, shoulders, and arms of a smoothly polished black, which glisten under the sunbeams, walking with a large basket of fruit upon their heads, which is thus balanced with ease, grace, and elegance, without a touch of the hand.

Aspinwall is said to contain a population of 2,500 inhabitants, and was founded in 1850 by the well-known merchant whose name it bears. As a place of residence, the town is considered very unhealthy. The same may be said of the whole isthmus, which consists of low hills and valleys, and flat and undulating plains, watered by considerable streams. A great quantity of rain falls throughout the year, and in the months of July, August, and September it rains almost incessantly. The railroad which crosses the isthmus was completed and opened on the 17th of February, 1855. It was built at a sacrifice of many hundred human lives. The unhealthiness of the isthmus was more than the unacclimated laborer could for any length of time endure. Hence fever and death speedily carried away so many, that this road cost more lives to build than any other in the world. Before our leaving Aspinwall, the steamer "Daniel Webster" came in from New Orleans.

In order to convey so many passengers across the isthmus, with all baggage and fast freight, three trains of cars were to be employed. I was informed that those taking the "first" train would reach Panama "last." This we thought strange, but concluded to tarry for the second train; then, if any difficulty occurred in getting into the second, we would be sure of the third. At precisely three o'clock the train moved up in front of the wooden stores and hotels, and *out* the anx-

ious ones pushed from every quarter to the cars. In a moment, six passenger cars were filled, with a surplus to leave behind for the third train. This was a work of but a few minutes, and meantime we were favored with a spurt of one of those pleasant isthmus showers, taking the starch out of the linen of not a few, in their endeavors to get a seat in the cars. The rain came straight down, and very prettily. This being our train, how nice we all felt in clean and convenient cars, and what a contrast to the sickening steamer, the very odor of which was unpleasant to think of!

And is this the Isthmus? Ah! the anticipated discomfort to which previous thoughts gave rise in this ride through the "unhealthy tropics!" As the cars moved along over as pretty and level a road as any of which the United States can boast, we all thought, How delightful! "Pleasant!" "Delightful!" were audible expressions through the length of the car; while the happy and interesting feelings experienced in every mind and heart, seemed to radiate in pleasing expression from the countenance Our beautiful shower was hardly of ten minutes' duration. The sun, appearing brightly again, threw his gorgeous rays over the varied and dark-green foliage, beautifully heightened by the crystal moistening which the shower had given. All seemed bright, picturesque, and enjoyable, without a particle of dust borne upon the soft, gentle breeze wafted to our senses through the uplifted windows and open doors.

This isthmus ride! oh, if it was only longer! And how dearly we should like to move on in this manner all the way to San Francisco! The scene was new to most of us; a delightful change, and very happy. On we move, winding through glens, along tree-topped hill sides, green shrubbery, with parasitical vines in places clinging to every object, giving the scene a thick, fresh, and massy appearance. Again, occasional large and isolated trees stand upon the

prominence, having smooth, tall, and glistening trunks, with umbrella-shaped tops; while other genera of inferior altitude lend peculiar interest to the scene. The hollowed and gently-inclined hill side, and the rounded prominence, covered with rank and mellow shades, with here and there the shrub, the native plant, and the majestic cocoanut (cacao) tree, distinguished for its graceful beauty and attraction, all so inviting to a new eye, give but a poor description of the intoxicating view.

Forty-nine miles is the distance from Aspinwall to Panama. Too short! Occasionally we glide along in view of the Chagres river, which, though of sufficient depth, is difficult of navigation, even for the smallest craft, on account of its rapid current, waterfalls, and snags offering resistance, which become the principal barriers. Here and there, also, we pass a native's princely mansion, composed of a closely-thatched roof of plantain and palm leaves, resting upon upright poles or sticks, whose sides are either open, latticed, or closed by one or other of the simple and primitive materials at hand, similar to those of which the roof is formed. Many of these huts are seen on this transit, and often small settlements, to which one might give the title of village; while the inhabitants are seen standing or sitting in or around them, wearing nothing but an apron, with their plump little progeny running around in a perfectly nude state.

Many of these interesting and simple dwelling places are surrounded with the plantain and banana trees, bearing fruit in different stages of growth, and upon which they principally subsist. Before reaching Panama, we overtook at one of the stations the long train which started before us—the same being switched off to give us precedence, why, I did not learn in the excitement of the hour; and as we passed that train of sorry-looking mortals, with elbows and heads sticking out of the windows, altogether too exult-

ing were the cheers which went out to their cars from many of our company, as we proceeded smoothly in our train before them.

We roll into the city of Panama at sunset, and our happy, refreshed, and much-delighted company made their way to the long-covered wharf, there to be in readiness for the steam ferry boat which was to convey us to the splendid steamer *Golden Gate*, anchored several miles out in the Panama bay. On board we went, and the little craft was pretty well filled; but we learned that she would not move off until the next train came in, which, as stated, though expected every moment, did not come for several hours.

Meantime, many of us sought something of a supper in the shape and nature of fruit, and dry sweet bread, from the natives stationed along the sides of the entrance to the long wharf. How zealous they are to make a sale! I here bought as many oranges as I could carry with me on board, with some other edibles, to more substantially satisfy the cravings of hunger at that hour. I could not here well forego a plentiful indulgence in the sweet juice and pulp of fresh oranges, the best I had hitherto tasted. Here, also, all of the tropical fruits were to be had, and for sale in abundance at moderate prices. We much regretted that inadequate time prevented our visiting this old and, said to be, very interesting town. Panama is said to have a population of about six thousand, and is a station also for the mails of Great Britain, Peru, and Chili.

At half past nine o'clock the other train arrived, and the anxious passengers came hurrying in quick time down to the little steamer, and thus, when "all aboard," we were a crowded mass, huddled together like a flock of sheep. About this time the air became much cooler, the wind began to rise, and the heavens overcast, which bespoke a heavy thunder shower, that, ere we reached our steamer in the

bay, was very sensibly realized. Though mostly under cover, we notwithstanding became a little moistened on the passage, and in going aboard of the large and commodious steamer *Golden Gate*, which was to bear us 3,500 miles over the blue waters of the Pacific coast to the point of destination.

As we reached the noble steamer, and fastened to her, all were anxious to be first on board; and more than that, many entertained some fears of being superseded by unfair dealing in obtaining state rooms. The plank was thrown, and the purser with some officers of the ship took his stand at the gangway. Now came a squeezing and pushing to be first, with satchels, portmanteaus, bonnet and hat boxes, with other light hand-baggage borne along, making the scene a more confused and difficult one. One young man, in his haste, had his foot seriously hurt under the plank, and shocked us with a terrible oath uttered with great indignation. His foot was badly hurt, and gave him acute pain; but he should not swear, for it did not help his case, and, if anything, lessened sympathy for him. Pushing and pressing one against another, with endeavors to reach the narrow passage, was continued to the best of each one's ability, as it seemed; and "What is the use of all this?" I thought. The rain at this time was pouring straight down, the night dark, and only when near the lights could a man see what he was standing upon. No one could pass aboard the *Gate* without showing and delivering up to the purser the original ticket purchased at New York. Some old travellers on the line, who understood things a little better than the rest, as soon as aboard the steamer, were busy in looking after the purser, in order to be first in the choice of a state room. Those who held first-class tickets, forming a great number in proportion to the ship's accommodation, were enabled, through right manœuvring and a good

understanding, to gain much advantage; though all could not, with the same device, be alike fortunate.

It became evident that many holding tickets for first-class berths were obliged to take up with a second-class room, with three or four together. Those having wives or lady friends to see to, were the more fortunate, and for this reason immediately selected and occupied all the upper and outside rooms, without first having such assigned them by the purser. Many in this way, as far as compatible, were permitted to retain them, receiving a numbered card corresponding with the same that gave them a first-class passage and seat at the table. "First," "second," and "third class." But how many of us, who held first-class tickets on the Atlantic side, were now obliged to take second-class places in which to sleep, with only that part of the original privilege bargained for in New York awarded them —and this only of sitting down at the first-class table! The eating, with me, was the smallest consideration. I wished a comfortable sleeping place, which I, with others, did not succeed in getting. It was a kind of farce on the part of the Company; they knew well the extent of their accommodation; I was now to suffer deprivation through false assurances; and thus became a little wiser, and fully up to the experience of a trip to California. I uttered not a murmur, but occupied my berth, with three others in the room, contentedly, making the best of the matter under the circumstances in which I was placed. Many even, having wives, were separated from them, and obliged to take a sleeping position with some two or three other gentlemen below in the hold, while their place was to be occupied by some other lady holding a first-class ticket. To sum it up, the number on board was so vast, that the matter could not be arranged in any other way. One gentleman, with his new wife, and just in "honey-moon" experience, became,

upon this order of things, so much incensed, that he threatened to "*put the Company through*" by a suit for "damages" and "breach of contract," as soon as he reached San Francisco. For several days he murmured considerably, and all that had been so lovingly enjoyed on the Atlantic side for eight days, he was now for the remainder of the journey deprived of.

During the balance of that night on which we came aboard, the purser was engaged in assigning to each his or her state room, giving tickets on which the numbers of berth and seat at the table were plainly marked. In the confusion, noise, and impatience which some manifested, I concluded to take it cool, sitting up with some others in the saloon; and one of the number proved a young Catholic priest, bound for the land of gold in which to find his field of labor, and with whom I was soon brought into religious controversy.

At midnight, passengers from the third train over the isthmus came on board, having been brought by the little steamboat on which we previously came. Now our whole company were on board, and nothing seemed to hinder our starting. The following morning was one of the most charming. Here the fine Panama bay, with beautiful islands, was spread out before me. None of the islands are flat, but high, bold, and rounded, covered with trees and verdure of the liveliest and deepest hue. Lying near some of the smallest of these, the shower of the past night gave this luxuriance of green a rank odor, which, under the steaming brilliancy of this morning's sun, was realized as it came wafted on the soft tropical air to the senses. The islands were beautiful to look upon, and thus, so near the equator, never put off their mantles of living green. Off but a short distance from us was anchored the *Cortes*, our rival, and which, being the opposition boat on the line, was awaiting the arrival of her

passengers from the Atlantic side. As the boats on both sides were inferior to those belonging to what we termed our line, there was not much certainty of her sailing for a couple of days to come.

The *Golden Gate* being one of the finest and largest steamers on the Pacific coast, we had no fear of being beaten by the opposition. Her tonnage is 2,067, built expressly for the California trade, with a greater number of upper state rooms, affording passengers more comfort through the tropics, with a capacious saloon and upper promenade deck. But she has too many aboard. From early dawn to the moment of our starting, the men were busy in getting aboard of the steamer all the back baggage, which was brought to our vessel by the lighter, together with a great quantity of cases marked "Fast freight." This was all that detained us till eleven o'clock A. M., at which hour she steamed off over a smooth surface, and every one in hearing was apprised of her departure by the loud report from her cannon's mouth.

All of us, from what had been told, expected a pleasant trip up the Pacific coast; and, for myself, I had all fears pacified as to the contrary, for the good reason of the "Pacific" name which this great ocean bears. The evening offered a contrast to the beautiful morning which opened so auspiciously, as clouds, attended with wind, were apparently rising. The following morning was decidedly unpropitious; the day rainy and exceedingly unpleasant. The wind is up, and the sea rolls very high, and a very sick day again it was for me. Indeed, now nearly all were ill. Some among those on the sick list were the oldest sea-goers, who, on the Atlantic side, were boasting of their ability to "stand it," and, to use their own language, "it had no effect on them"—these were now numbered with us, and obliged to empty the contents of their stomachs. Ah! old Neptune was too powerful for all

of us. I felt miserable all day—never more so. My chief business was throwing up, gagging, and spitting. A gloomy Sabbath; and so we were unable to hold religious services. Sofas, chairs, and beds were resorted to, and "gruel" the only food eagerly sought. Also too cloudy to take an observation of the distance run. The next day, however, we found more pleasant. The sea smoother, a good breeze, but my feelings were anything but fine, notwithstanding. Up to twelve o'clock the distance run from Panama was 483 miles. We expect to reach Acapulco on Thursday.

To accommodate a gentleman, I gave him my berth, which the purser assigned me, that he might come into the state room with two gentleman friends, and took the one he occupied in the stern of the boat; and, in order to reach it, every time had to make my way through a long, close passage of foul air, and where, or along which, children and second-class sea-sick passengers were lying or sitting on the floor. The very act of passing through this place to my little room made me sick. I also realized by this location more of that unpleasant motion of the boat, as she pitched over the wave.

The following morning comes in cloudy. The day passes off tolerably. Toward the close, the wind again increases, and, as the night advances, blows strongly. Many are sea-sick again. We now expect to reach the Gulf of Tehuantepec to-morrow.

The next morning, Wednesday, November 2d, finds us in a very heavy sea. We are now coming into the Gulf of Tehuantepec, and a gloomy, windy day it is. The sea is rarely so high on this coast, as stated by one of the officers. The result is, a great many of us are very ill. A very sorry day. This is the highest sea I have yet been in. Indeed, many declared "*this*" to be their "*last trip* at sea." "Yes," said several, "when I get to California, I will lay my bones

there!" "When I go East, or visit my native home again, it will not be on board of a steamer, nor over the tempestuous and sickening sea." So spoke many, and so I felt myself. But some tell us we will soon get over that, and forget all about it, and perhaps be quite as willing to make many trips, if necessity requires, over the same route. We all passed one of the roughest of nights. There was little sleeping.

Thursday, November 3d, upon rising, I take a sponge bath. Am very weak; take some medicine; eat but little. The day comes out, toward the close, calm and beautiful. How acceptable to us, and how thankful were we for the delightful change! Feel much better on retiring. How fast I mend! My spirits and my physical nature become strengthened immediately when favored with smooth running.

The following morning, November 4th, we arrive at Acapulco before daybreak. We run in here to coal and provision. I rise at half-past five, rejoicing! Anything for a change; and then, to behold a new scene, new things were seized upon with great zest. What a beautiful bay is this of Acapulco! Smooth and glassy is the surface, and as round as a wooden bowl. It is so nearly landlocked that I could not discover where we came in.

We were anchored off west of what was pointed out to be the town. But where is Acapulco, about which we have been dreaming and thinking? "Right in there, over to the east shore of the bay, at the foot of those high mountains." Indeed, it was hardly discernible. A few low stone buildings and an old earthquake-rent and partially thrown down cathedral, by a little stretching of the vision, were seen. That is Acapulco! Instead of two or three towering steeples, and many large buildings, as expected, this was the view from our position. But what did we see? Hills rising up

to a prodigious height, covered with a hardy forest of living green, and all this standing up prominently, encircling the silver sheet, as if to shut out and screen from the world's view this beautiful little bay! Near the locality of the town, which seemed to lie at the foot of a great mountain, stood a fine grove of the graceful cocoanut tree, giving a pretty contrast to the adjacent scene.

At sunrise, out came the natives with numerous boats, to convey any of us on shore who wished to visit the ancient town. Others came for a trade, having tropical fruits, shells, and sugar in cakes, to sell to those of our company who did not go ashore. The greater part preferred to remain on board, but a party of us, being very fond of land and of something good to eat, chartered a boat, after some parley with the noisy natives, at fifty cents a head. We considered this cheap, as the ordinary charge for each person is one dollar. What a jargon of utterance and distorted attempts at good English by the contending parties thus vieing with each other to secure our company! As we attempted going down into one of their boats, it was with difficulty that we could have our own way in making a choice. Our arms and coat tails were seized by a half dozen of them, and one caught hold of me without ceremony, to carry me square in his boat, whether I had a mind to or not. We were in a moment rushed in, without first a good understanding as to the price, and the fellows began to pull away. We ordered them to desist, to have the matter settled, with the request to know "*how much*," when the old price of a "dollar a head" was insisted on, which we knew we had not agreed to pay. We had some little argument before they came to our terms, and rather than that we should take another boat, they gladly consented to take us ashore, and bring us back again when the steamer's signal was given to return, for fifty cents each.

On we glide; some have the start of us, and others are behind, while the young natives are now swimming around the ship, diving, &c., for coin which the passengers on board throw out, to witness their skill. The dimes do not fall fast enough, and the cry is "A dime, a dime!" Some have turned to follow us, striking out with the ease and celerity of an amphibious animal: the cry is still "A dime!" One of us tossed out a small silver coin a little distance from a clamorous native: with a quick turn he dives down, and brings it up the next moment in his hand, to the amusement of our company.

The town of Acapulco is quite unimportant, and very unhealthy. The climate is very warm, and on this day it was exceedingly hot. The buildings are of one story, and many of them are composed of adobe and the roughest stone. Earthquakes are frequent here, and many have been very violent, convulsing the ground terribly, and bringing buildings down into ruins. A striking evidence of this I noticed in the dilapidated, cracked, and crumbling state of some buildings, especially the demolition of the cathedral, now in ruins, which is said to have been destroyed in past years twice, having been rebuilt, and again brought down as now seen. Near the town stand the fort and castle of San Diego. Population is said to be 5,000.

To be here, and once more on land amid new scenes, was not only a delight, but a positive resuscitation. Now for a breakfast, as the time allotted for a stay here we knew could not be long. What shall we eat? My mind was made up. So we ordered for each three soft-boiled eggs, bread, and a cup of the celebrated Mexican chocolate. Ah! this last was exquisite in the extreme. Let every one landing here try it. The lady informed us they do not make it as the "*Yankees*" do, by mixing up enough for a whole family, "*but we make each cup separately.*" Here we find

for sale nearly all the tropical fruits in abundance. Some of our party laid in a good store, preferring to buy such here at a much less price than is asked by the natives at the ship's side, at least fifty per cent. more.

The signal for our return now came sounding in our ears, with an echo up through the hills, that we speedily made for the small boat in obedience to the cannon's voice. The sun's rays now seemed to come down with a more telling effect, but our boatmen had prepared a covering to screen us from their melting influence, and in a few minutes we were again aboard of the old steamer, with half an hour to spare, feeling much better, and decidedly happy from all thus seen and enjoyed. The number of the native fruit-venders had increased, and it is interesting to witness their mode of dealing it out and getting full value for the same. They must always have the money in advance. A long line is thrown up to the negotiator above, one end of which is fastened to a small basket, which is drawn up; the money is placed in it, then it is lowered, and the value of the coin is sent up in sugar, oranges, limes, pineapples, or cocoanuts, as may be desired by the purchaser. Shells and coral are also sold. A novel sight, indeed, is here presented; and one unacquainted with scenes like these may be interested by a tribe, yet uncivilized, going about in an almost nude state. Thus they live.

Having watered and coaled, we were ready to brave the billows of old Neptune again, and moved off at half past ten A. M. over the beautiful sheet of water which forms the Acapulco harbor in the direction of the ocean. Our run the last twenty-four hours, including the stay at Acapulco, was only 205 miles. The next morning is pleasantly introduced, and so continues till evening, when we experience more wind and a rougher sea. The distance run up to twelve M. to day shows the best time yet made; according to the figures on the bulletin it was 292 miles.

While gliding along pleasantly to-day, and when on the promenade deck, the monotony of sea life was broken by the cry—"A whale! a whale!!" With this sudden announcement all jumped from their seats, with eyes eagerly turned toward the designated quarter where his fishship appeared. A whale, indeed, it proved—a real whopper, judging from the portion of his body appearing out of water, and this the first I have laid eyes on. We only wished to see more of them. The scene, so truly exciting, inspired every one with a new spirit, and led many to look for more whales.

The following day was cooler, sea quite rough, and some are again on the sick list. It is also the Sabbath; the inclemency of the weather and the illness of Rev. Mr. B—— rendered it quite impracticable to hold service; but the day, however, was not passed by all without some thought and observance of it as becomes considerate and reverent beings. It was gratifying, on the great deep, to see some on this day reading their Bibles, and, it would seem, as they have been wont, with their desire to continue in the same manner wherever they may be. What a diversity of character one meets with on shipboard! And how distinguishable the thoughtless and unchristian man amid the company! One's character and disposition are here brought to the test, and are prominently exemplified by the variety met with. There is so much developed on a passage of this kind, wherein the selfish nature of mortals appears, with much to try the patience and inculcate a disposition of forbearance and self-denial, that on every hand we are made sensible, and informed by many looks, acts, and words, as to who the kind, self-abnegating, and genuine persons are. Thus proceeding northward, we begin to be reminded of a different clime by a change in the state of the atmosphere.

We are approaching the temperate zone of the Pacific shore. The distance run the twenty-four hours of the last

day was 282 miles. We expect to reach San Francisco on Friday of this week. On the following Tuesday the state of the weather compelled us to doff linen habiliments and don our woollen. We have now a strong head wind—sea is very rough—boat pitches very much. The sky is quite clear, however. We are all impatient to reach our journey's end. Distance run last twenty-four hours, 260 miles.

A day or two since a circumstance occurred, which, though imperfectly and not generally understood, created quite a talk among many of the first-class passengers. A steerage passenger was stabbed by one of the three hundred soldiers on board. The person was a young man who, it was reported, had some money in his possession and a brother in California, and designed to travel as cheaply as possible, that he might have more money upon arriving in the Golden State, with which to commence as his capital. No one knew who perpetrated the foul deed; and it seemed also to be the desire of the captain and officers to keep the matter still, perhaps for several reasons. One, may be, to avoid unnecessary stir and talk, and prevent perversions of the truth and all sorts of stories and rumors. Another, that in a case of this kind, as the deed had been performed, and the man not expected to live, it was prudence, and much better that it should not be generally known, to receive extra coloring, and not a little affect the interests and reputation of the Company. He lingered only for a day, and died, and was quietly buried according to the usages at sea. His body was sewn up in a sack, and slid off over a plank into the great deep. The scene was witnessed by but few, and but poorly understood by many. The night of this day became very rough and gloomy. The next day we had a strong wind, but clear sky. I did not feel so well.

We are now off the coast of California. At noon, in

latitute 31 degrees north, the distance found to have been run the last twenty-four hours was 234 miles. Occasionally we get a glimpse of the distant coast. We have not, at any time, run so near the coast as I supposed we should, thus out of sight of land nearly the whole distance. The next morning was foggy, and the atmosphere very chilly. Far from being pleasant. Something like San Francisco climate and weather, as those who know tell me. I imagine it will not suit me if this is a sample of it. The whole day turns out rainy. The sea thereafter becomes smoother. This is always a noticeable fact—that a good rain generally brings down the rolling billows. It is sometimes like magic. The revolutions per minute are fifteen to sixteen, and we hope to get into San Francisco by to-morrow evening. The day has been too cloudy to take an observation of the distance run.

The nearer we approached the goal of our journey, the more anxious we became. Some had reason to feel so more than others. Some were quite comfortably located in the steamer; in short, the first-class passengers had less reason to complain than those whose situation in the second and third class was so intolerable. The steamer was so full, my berth was in a room with three beside myself, with a small port-hole to breathe through. I was but seldom in this room, and even dreaded going down each night, to get into the place assigned me for a bed. But why should I complain, when there were so many others, whose illness and condition were so much worse than my own?

Several poor women, on either side, were stretched out on the floor, bearing in their look deadly pallor, some with children, appearing too weak and ill to move; while the floor and passage were at times besmeared with the contents of a stomach which often refused the weight of the most scanty meal. These, and many other glances, are a few of the sickening sights on a California-bound steamer, which one

experiences, especially when crowded as is this, carrying perhaps one of the largest loads of humanity since the commencement of steam navigation on this side. And yet the steamer *Golden Gate* is one of the largest and most roomy on the Pacific coast. But she has exceeded her true quota, and has too many passengers on board.

We were told on the Atlantic side that everything would be better, and the passage more delightful. But we found the reverse. It was owing in part to the great number, and the accessions received to our company on the isthmus and at Acapulco. The attention on this side we found not as good, and, besides, every extra was an extra charge. Ice through the tropics was a decided luxury, but for every pound one had to pay "two bits," or twenty-five cents. Not so on the Atlantic coast. The Pacific Ocean was previously represented to be by knowing ones as "smooth as a mill pond," but experience and "old Neptune" taught us the contrary, and more general complaint was heard the nearer we approximated the golden coast, which had sparkled through the imaginary enchantment which distance and picture lent to the view.

We found Friday, November 11th, a very foggy morning. "These," says one, "are the San Francisco fogs." The sea was calm, but we began to experience something else. Great swells began to roll our craft, and it was now on one side, then on the other. This is always the case near the coast. It became so foggy we were obliged to stop running, lest a catastrophe should put an end to it entirely. Soon we spoke a brig, desiring to know "where we were." The fog was so dense at this hour, that the captain utterly refused to steam an inch further; and also we did not know whether we had run up beyond the "Golden Gate," or were yet below it. But the brig made the matter clear for a time, and the answer which came settled the question that

we were "fifteen miles from the Gates." Thus our captain was put again on his course, but proceeded very slowly. At 3 P. M. we were obliged to stop on account of the fog, which at times gavé evidence of clearing away, then became again still thicker and heavier. Something else turns up, and again we hear the cry of "A whale!" and lo! behold, a large whale appeared right by the side of the steamer, turning sluggishly, and disclosing his back and a good part of his broadside, which was rendered more conspicuous by the rolling swell. In another moment we lost sight of him. The fog continued, thus obliging us, although so near San Francisco, to remain in the same place all night. Late in the evening, when it became a little clearer, some thought they saw land. And even now there was much impatience, some thinking the captain too timid, and that he should go on at a venture. But he proved a very prudent man. Two steamers had been wrecked on this coast, and these were very near the "Golden Gate." A detention like this, however, is very rare. But on this occasion the fog at times was so dense, that to run regardless of it would be a serious and risky performance. We could, during this delay, have run some hundreds of miles; and here we were but a few miles from our point of destination.

On the next morning—Saturday, November 12th (a day memorable to me)—at 4 o'clock, our careful and prudent captain thought it expedient to make a start. We were then some eight miles from our point of entrance. The fog being still dense, we moved very slowly, and not half fast enough to suit any one. Meantime we experienced, in coming over the "bar," a heavy rolling motion. Instead of a pitching motion from prow to stern, it was from side to side; and despite the unflagging efforts of stewards to serve us with some kind of a breakfast, things were not to be kept in place; and when the dishes were set, and tables partially

tied down, and before we had any smell or sight of the necessaries of life, some of the tables were capsized, breaking the dishes, and rolling not a few in every direction. The broken pieces were picked up, the tables fastened down, and again the plates and cups were placed thereon; yet a bigger swell than was calculated upon scattered the earthenware, with the steaming coffee just set on, over the floor, making another beautiful display. No one cried, but all became somewhat amused by the new episodes and closing scenes of the journey, and began to laugh. And the heartiest and boldest laugher was as likely as any to be seen sprawling with the ship's motion, somewhere alongside the cabin doors, which redoubled the mirth of more fortunate ones. So we all turned in and laughed, for at that hour we could not be privileged to eat, and thought it quite as well to pass the time mirthfully. Sometimes these ludicrous scenes set one a-laughing when he don't feel like it. In the upset and splash, my light cassimere hat, on the floor near by, was not rendered any more beautiful from the profuse ablution of hot coffee which it received. And now we were not likely to get any breakfast, after all the time and effort spent to prepare one, as the word came that we were passing slowly within the "Golden Gate." Many did not know —in fact, none but the captain and officers who were making soundings—where we were, as the fog still continued; but the thought that we were soon to land, dispelled all desires on the part of passengers for breakfast on board, and all efforts on the part of stewards to prepare one.

How much I regretted entering the great bay of San Francisco in such a fog! I had previously indulged in romantic and happy thoughts of the new scene which was to open before me, in thus sailing into the renowned port of the great Pacific. Nothing but a dense fog fell before the eye as we advanced. We could see nothing of the Gate, noth-

ing of the shores of the harbor, and nothing of the city, as we were thus approaching it. We knew of our near approach by the steamer's gun, which was the announcement also, by its loud report, to the San Franciscans, of our arrival. The next minute we were anchored in the bay, and so much nearer Goat Island than the city, that the former was now barely discernible as through a maze. And "Who knows in what direction the city lies?" and "Why don't the captain move on, and land us?" was the expressed anxiety of many. But the fog was too dense. Schooners and ships lay anchored around in the bay; beside, the tide was now so strongly running in through the Gate, that a steamer moving in the same direction, however careful, could not be stopped in time, in case of the discovery of a vessel lying in the way, to obviate serious accident.

The hour at which the anchor was dropped was half-past 10 A. M. Soon numerous small boats, having hunted us out, were coming up to our steamer. Some were after passengers, some for the despatches and latest news, and others to meet and take their friends on shore. The price, "One dollar a head to take you on shore." How ruddy and healthy these boatmen look! One ruddy-cheeked Jew, who at this moment was rowed up to the steamer, recognizing some old San Franciscan on board, and with a face full of hope and anxiety, called out, "Is my brother on board?" "No," was the reply; "he took the opposition steamer at New York." How disappointed the poor fellow looked! By this time several small boats were moving off with eager ones to get ashore by the short and quick way. The most of us, though tired of the steamer, and equally anxious to land, patiently awaited the steamer's time to bring us to the wharf in the accustomed way.

By this time our repeaters tell us the sun has crossed the meridian, and yet no start is made. Now comes, in one

of the small boats, an expected husband and father, who embarked from the Bay State five years ago for this land of gold, to better his earthly estate. His face had not been seen since his departure from the beautiful town of Lawrence, Mass. He has bettered his condition in life, as I am informed. His intelligent wife, and daughter of eighteen summers, with another interesting little girl of seven summers, who, after the receipt of many letters of entreaty, and the glorious news received from him of "a land flowing with milk and honey," set out at last to unite with him—(sea-sick, as I noticed, a good part of the way)—are here. They meet, and though time has wrought changes, their meeting is family-like, and without extraordinary emotion on either side. The little girl becomes the pet, and receives many kisses; is happy in having a *pa*, whom she would not know, if not assured of it, as when last seen she was but a mere child. The elder was then a girl of only thirteen years. California life with him, like others during this period, had wrought surprising changes in bearing, look, and habits. None of this family were the same to-day. And after the long separation, it is not surprising that some disappointment should be realized, either for better or worse, to say nothing of the difficulty of recognition. The little daughter, however, seemed wrapped up in the happiness of a found and long-talked-of "pa."

Soon the mists seemed clearing away, and we could now see a few rods from the steamer. The anchor was raised, and the proud craft, which had so nobly borne us safely so far, now moved slowly shoreward. My attention was soon called by my Catholic friend to buildings, which, through the fog, seemed to be in the air. Sure enough we were passing, as I learned, directly at the foot of Telegraph Hill; and ONE—TWO—THREE—half a dozen dark-looking, half-discernible wooden buidings, thus passing before our vision,

or we before them, sitting high up above us, indeed more than a hundred feet, seemed wonderful; and the more so, as they were the first objects that came into view through the hazy fog; and all of this, so different from anything anticipated, lifted the imagination to a correspondingly high pitch. My young friend, filled with enthusiasm by these elevated objects, and their appearance, which seemed but shadows, quickly turned to me, and remarked with great ardor and earnestness, "I believe it's a great place!" In a few minutes the view was lost, for we had passed the hill, and were steaming along in front of the heart of the city, which being compactly located on level ground and, by reason of the bend at this point, making a straight line over the water, we were carried farther away, so that we stretched our eyes in vain to get a look at the city: all that we beheld was an occasional ship, and the ends of some of the long wharves.

Our steamer was making for the foot of Folsome street, which is the wharf of her landing. As we turned to run in, a few more ships and a few more buildings greeted the eye, and in another moment, like magic, wharves, buildings, men, and carriages stood before us, and by the goodness of Providence we were safely landed at one o'clock P. M. on this, the 12th day of November, 1859, in the young metropolis of the Pacific coast—the city of San Francisco, California.

Now we encounter noise and bustle, a perfect pell-mell, with carts and fine carriages on every hand. We are all excitement; our baggage is thrown upon or into a wagon, and a half dozen of us are stuffed into a coach, all in high glee; and a boy hands up to each of us, for a dime, handfulls of small mellow pears. How we ate, regardless of consequences, and how delicious the fruit seemed! The sun was now shining out beautifully. Where was all that

"fog!" Off we roll over plank streets for the American Exchange Hotel. Ordinary wooden buildings, at first, greet the eye. In this respect we discover nothing extraordinary, and are not particularly or favorably impressed. But the air is so clear now; the day has turned out so pleasant; the sun so genial and bright! And now the sweet voice of some caged songster is heard as we pass along. There is one lady among our company. She says, "It seems so delightful, I know I shall like it."

Of course we all feel happy. How could it be otherwise, in thus leaving the floating house after so many days of close and sickening confinement? We are at the hotel—though small, yet comfortable; and in a few minutes we are conducted to the dining room for lunch. We find the long table spread with three kinds of bread—the ordinary "white bread," the "Boston brown," and the "Graham," with cold meats, fruits, and the most luscious grapes in abundance. After a hasty meal, swallowed down in Yankee style, we sally out to perambulate the city; a short walk brings to our notice, in the windows of a restaurant, a box of what appears to be very large strawberries. But this is the 12th of November—and strawberries! They are out of season, and cannot be! Besides, they are too large, but truly a very finely magnified representation. They will not think us very green if we go in and look into this; and our inquiry settled the question by the response that *they were strawberries.* "And how is it that they are so large, and you have them at this season of the year?" "Because," he says, "they grow so; and we have strawberries in California nine months in the year!" We were in Montgomery street, the Broadway and Fifth avenue of fashion of San Francisco, and I began to form a more favorable opinion of the buildings of this young city. Some of them are very good; the street is not a long one, and the sidewalks, some

stone and some plank, are quite narrow. The fruit stands are numerous, and such a display at this season I never met with in any city. The apples and pears are of prodigious size, and their appearance in the many market places was pleasing to the eye. So I am in the land of fruit; and, as they say, having one of the finest climates in the world. The day, or afternoon, was charming, as I said before; but upon the approach of evening a kind of chilliness pervades one, and a much colder temperature is realized.

I know not when I experienced such a degree of gratitude as when, at the close of the day, I was about to pillow my head for the first night's rest in this distant city. I felt that I was here under circumstances of much mercy, having been guided and kept by that great and good Hand which doeth all things well. Truly thankful was I; and so well and happy did I feel over my deliverance, that I could not restrain a tear mingled with a familiar hymn which I hummed with joyful accent.

CHAPTER II.

First Sabbath in San Francisco—Visit the Sabbath Schools—Chinese—First Impressions of the City—Its Streets and Buildings—An Earthquake—Calvary Church—Jottings of Sermons—Christmas—New Year's Day—St. Paul's Mission Sabbath School—Communion Day—Business Prospects—Arrival of Japanese Embassy—Journal.

Sunday.—The next morning there was a slight fog, which lightened up, before I was dressed, with a beautiful sunlight, introducing my first Sabbath in San Francisco. To find my way to the house of God I felt to be a peculiar privilege; and, in company with a friend, was, at 11 o'clock, seated in Calvary church, listening to its well-known pastor, the Rev. Dr. Scott. It seemed peculiarly sweet and pleasant to get into a church again, of which I had been deprived, and therefore could the more appreciate. This was my first sitting under the droppings of the Rev. Dr. Scott. My impressions on this occasion were all that had been represented of him as an able, forcible, Gospel divine. In the evening, my friend Mr. P—— went with me to hear the Rev. Dr. Anderson of the First Presbyterian church, Stockton street. He seemed one of the best of men; and his words fell with an even simplicity, and were very inviting and soothing.

Monday.—The following Monday was spent in perambulating San Francisco in company with my young friend. It was a beautiful day, and to my notion exactly; but

closing with another chilly evening; to which sudden changes in the climate or temperature in a few hours I have not yet become reconciled. We roamed over the hills, and through the streets leading up to them, getting views of the city, the great San Francisco bay, and the distant coast beyond. We passed into the markets, which exceeded our expectations in the quantities of game, fruit, fish, and vegetables. I think the market at this season of the year is not to be surpassed by any in America. San Francisco, though not large, in many respects seems to us quite a remarkable city. It is a city set upon hills. With this view and short experience we sit down, write letters, and mail them to our friends dwelling on the Atlantic seaboard.

Living upon the European plan seems much in vogue in San Francisco. The city is remarkable for its many public saloons and restaurants. In these, the number and quality proportionately exceed those of New York. And nowhere can one be better supplied with all the edibles and luxuries of life. Meats and game average lower in price; confectionery and sweetmeats are higher than in Eastern cities. But the greatest variety of fruits and vegetables may be had fresh throughout the year. The eating saloons referred to are owned and conducted not only by Americans, but the Germans and French also are largely represented, so that all tastes may here be suited. The high prices, once obtained in San Francisco for almost everything consumed, have undergone a wonderful reduction, so that the prices of living rate quite as low as in large Eastern cities. Within the last decade, for a *single apple* many have paid the price of two dollars and a half! Now a half dozen may be bought for a dime,* and all other kinds are in the same proportion, thus placing them within the means of the poor as well as the

* Now (1862) between one and two hundred per cent. cheaper.

rich. All fruits and vegetables are sold by the pound. The best hotels, of which there are some half dozen, charge $2 50 per day for board and lodging; and from $10 to $25 per week, with a room. Many of ordinary and indifferent character offer "good board" for $4, $5, and $7 per week. So much for San Francisco at first sight, and what I have learned by a couple of days' citizenship.

On the following Sabbath, Nov. 20th, feeling an interest in Sabbath schools, I paid a visit to some of them, the first of which is that connected with Calvary church, holding its session at 9 o'clock A. M.

As soon as I passed into the school by the main entrance, I was politely met by one of the persons who seemed to be assisting, and who said he would introduce me to the superintendent. As we proceeded toward the door leading to the library, we met the superintendent coming out into the school room. And, strange to say, an immediate recognition between us was the result. A countenance familiar to me in my earliest days now seemed to still wear a striking resemblance to Mr. C. of my native town. As soon as his name was sounded as "Judge C.," we recognized each other, and declared our happiness at meeting; thus already were we acquainted. We sat down on the visitors' bench, and engaged in conversation concerning Sabbath schools; things of the present, past, and future. I found this school seemingly a prosperous one, composed of about 155 scholars. By the kind invitation of the Hon. Judge C., I accepted a seat in his pew in the sanctuary above, to listen once more to the Rev. Dr. Scott. At 1 o'clock P. M. I visited the Sabbath school and Bible class connected with the Rev. Dr. Anderson's church. I found the school also a flourishing one, and passing into the small room of the Bible class by invitation, I took a seat to review a chapter with them. At 2 o'clock, the time of closing, I

proceeded to the Congregational church (Rev. Mr. Lacy's) Sabbath school, and found this the largest and most flourishing I had visited, numbering upward of three hundred scholars. I was here kindly received also, and specially invited to unite with them in the Sabbath school, and in "this good work, by taking a class" on the next Sabbath. As I had not yet determined upon "my field," I could not then promise clearly to do so. At the close of the session of an hour, I proceeded to the new mission school on Mission street. Here I found a very small school started, and as a missionary work, with only from ten to fifteen scholars in all; and in a part of the city where it seemed to me a good school might be built up, and many poor children, who knew little of the Bible and God, might be instructed in His goodness. The building in which this was held was but a plain small wooden chapel, in which a few of the faithful were trying to build up a church under the auspices of the Rev. Albert Williams. I thought this the best and most needed field for me. In the evening I again attended Calvary church, listening as usual to a good and instructive discourse. Thus the second Sabbath was passed in the new city of my adoption.

The weather of this month seemed to me beautiful, and on week days I found enough to engage my attention and study; and, with some intentions of commencing business here, strove to ascertain what branch of my former business in New York would be profitable. I was surprised to see the quantities of goods sold in this city at auction. In one or other of the several auction houses I saw cargoes of boots and shoes from Boston struck off in a few hours, and, on some days of the week, cargoes of dry goods, of clothing, fancy goods, and hats; some from France, but the bulk being goods coming in large ship loads around the Horn from Boston and New York; and in some instances they

were sold for the benefit of the underwriters. It is a wonder to me where all these goods go to. I believe there are more goods consumed on this coast of 500,000 people, than in any other section of the North American continent having six times this population. In some cases the goods thus sold, on which a three, five, or seven percentage is charged, according to kind and amount of sale, come from the plethoric importing warehouses of overstocked or hard-up merchants, who, to raise money speedily, to ease embarrassment, or, perhaps, to avoid suffering further or greater loss—or, it may be, even to save their credit and solvency—thus throw in large lots under the hammer to be sold to the highest bidder. In some instances, a profit is realized above the cost to lay the goods down here; but, generally, a sacrifice of more or less is incurred by these operations.

Business is overdone in San Francisco. There are too many merchants for the population. Here, one finds not only the Yankee and New Yorker prominent in the mercantile and other business avocations, but a large number of enterprising and skilful Jews are engaged in every branch; besides, there are many French importing houses. People from all parts of the world are here found occupied in business enterprises. This city is an accumulated embodiment or tissue of hybrid natures and tongues. Men, women, and children from all parts of the American Union, with a goodly portion representing England, France, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, South America, the Islands, China, and Australia, may be found in any of its streets. Many of the Chinese merchants, of no ordinary means, do an extensive business, in stores lining each side of Sacramento street, above Montgomery. In the main, they are a filthy and disgusting people, yet quiet and unobtrusive in their way: many of them pick up a living where an American would die. Here they have their wooden god and false idol set up to worship, ac-

cording to our free land, in their own way. There are several thousands of this people in San Francisco. Here and there one meets, of the Celestials walking our streets, the more aristocratic of their number, shod in their native wooden turned-up shoe, a sort of crown fitting closely upon their skull for a cap, covering a partially-shaved head; with their long braided cue, pointing as straight as a pig's tail, down their back; while the plebeian moves around under a transverse stick on the shoulder, bearing a basket at each end, filled with whatever commodity pertains to his vocation, and all apparently as industrious and busy as any in the metropolis. While I was not otherwise engaged, I spent much time in the Young Men's Christian Association and Mercantile Library, among good books, to fill up the time thus to spare, preparatory to some well-defined course of mine, and some decision as to the manner of doing business and what I was to enter upon.

Several young men, who came out in the same steamer with me, with golden dreams, found themselves considerably straitened in their circumstances. Their purses became depleted, and as their efforts daily put forth to get some kind of a berth proved in vain, they began to realize how difficult it would be to live here under such discouraging prospects. Their vocation could not be one of choice; but whatever promised them the means of a temporary subsistence they were obliged to accept and follow, or starve. How many hundreds in this distant land have experienced the same, with their golden visions transformed into the most dire realities! From what I glean out of the history of this city in the past, I learn that many have thus been overtaken with disease, sickness, and want: others have gone crazy, as the State Lunatic Asylum at Stockton too clearly proves.

This city, the commercial metropolis of California, and

the queen city of the Pacific coast of North America, with a population of about eighty thousand souls, stands in a plain about half a mile wide, gently inclined toward the bay, with numerous hills rising behind it. This has reference to the business part. Many of the finest dwellings and private residences are built along these side hills, which rise terrace-like, one above another, both on the north, west, and south-east, to the height, in some places, of one and two hundred feet above the waters of the bay; affording those on these elevated positions a very striking view of some parts of the city beneath, the fine bay and shipping, together with the rising and undulating beauties of the Contra Costa range. A part of the city stands upon sand hills. It is regularly laid out, the streets crossing each other at right angles. The city was originally built around a semicircular bay, having Rincon point on the south, and Clark's point on the north: this has been filled in, thus forming the plain or level part comprising the business portions of the city.

The wholesale business part of San Francisco is toward the city front. Davis street is next to the bay; then, advancing west, one meets Front, Battery, Sansome, Montgomery, Kearney, Dupont, and Powell; then those running east and west are Vallego, Broadway, Pacific, Jackson, Washington, Clay, Commercial or Long Wharf, Sacramento, California, Pine, Bush, and Market streets. These form the checker board and business portions, which are thus confined to the created locality constituting the level plain. A part of the newer section of the city extends to the south, falling in the line of a natural valley southward, and between Rincon Hill east, and those rising still higher on the north-west, is rapidly advancing and growing toward the Mission Dolores. In this direction the great future San Francisco is to lie! There is room for a very large and populous city.

My first impressions of San Francisco, as I began to ascend some of her three or four hills, and through streets which I found not the most agreeable and easy to walk, and over rough plank sidewalks, viewing on either side rather diminutive one and two story wooden buildings, I must confess, were not highly favorable; nor did I think it amounted to much. Of course, my feet had glided over the smooth, well-laid pavement of a greater metropolis, and my eye had been accustomed to view the outlines and beauty of brown stone and white marble piled up to the height of five and seven stories; consequently the change to these things, and such views and realities, did not cause me to be overawed with silent wonder. But as I stretched out my vision, and went around and looked into things, I somewhat altered my views, and became every day more deeply and favorably impressed with her strength and importance. Considering her remoteness from other prosperous and civilized countries of the globe, and the disadvantages and barriers with which she has had to contend, with three great devastating conflagrations consuming her early and dearly-purchased property and substance, sweeping it off with such a repeated fatality, every one who views her aright cannot but conclude, again and again, that San Francisco, as it now stands, is indeed a prodigy!

The highest buildings in the city are only four stories, and the most and finest of these are on Montgomery street. These are as well built, of stone and brick, with as fair a modern appearance, as any of like dimensions and height the traveller sees in many of the Atlantic cities. The reason commonly adduced for not running them up five, six, and seven stories, is the uninviting visit of an earthquake, gently shaking hands with the peninsula; and the expectation of a "bigger shake" some time, is another cause. A third may be, that the demand has not created a necessity for them.

On the Sabbath I continue to worship in Calvary church, feeling more at home there by reason of some acquaintances, and because the "Doctor" is so smart a man. Some jottings of his sermon of the 27th of November may not be out of place here. Text, John viii. 31, 32: "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." This was the commencement of a series of discourses to young men. He said that Christ was the young man's schoolmaster, and the great head and fount to which we are continually to look. That because the miner, at times far away, could not get that which will intoxicate, does not prove that he abstains from choice; and were it in his power, he would not forego the temptation. So with the young man; because he is shut out from temptations to his lusts and passions that he cannot well indulge in, is not conclusive evidence that he does not desire these opportunities, or that he would not plunge into all that Christ forbids. It does not prove that he is kept from sin through choice. And to desire such, is sin, because already committed in the heart. But that young man who perseveres in well-doing, and is determined, by the help of Divine strength, so to act, and keeps himself pure from choice, may be said to be walking truly in the paths of Christian light, and can be commended for Christian principles, which render him happier here, and worthy of the crown of life hereafter.

During the night of November 30th, some time between the hours of 12 and 2 o'clock, I experienced a severe shock of an earthquake. This was the first I had ever felt. I had seen mention made in some of the daily papers of "slight shocks" which some had sensibly felt, but all that I had hitherto known concerning these mysterious shakes was simply the *notice*, and wondered if I should ever realize the same, or be able myself to speak from experience. I

thought I should like to know something more about them. Well, on this night, as stated, I was roused out of a sound sleep by one of these shocks. The first was a sudden, and, to me, frightful one. It may have seemed the more so, because it occurred in the night. It was like a sudden gust of wind upon a rickety tenement, without noise, but with a sudden, tremulous shake, and then a kind of wavelike motion, tapering down to slight tremors. In a few seconds all was over. There were at this time two palpable shocks, with their succeeding tremblings. My first feelings were peculiar. I did not think I should be thus affected. I was up, and would have been out of the house, had there not been a speedy dwindling down, showing me it was seemingly passing away. My first thoughts were that the house was likely to keel over this way or that. I did not need to be reminded that the building, though a new one, had the upper sill resting upon the earth, while the sleepers and lower sills, embracing nearly the whole area or foundation of the house, were supported from the side hill to a level standing simply by mere stilts and small upright joists, as are so many of the buildings in San Francisco. It struck me rather forcibly, that I should move with the house in a tumble or smash down the hill. I got into bed again when the shaking stopped, but not to sleep, as the apprehension of another continued to haunt me. In the morning, when I saw the notice of it in the papers as "one of the severest shocks," and reflected upon it, recollecting, too, the accounts recently given of the destruction to life and property by earthquakes in the Chilian cities, Concepcion and Copiapo, in South America, these threatening indications led me to care very little for living in such a town. But I was soon to outgrow this, and think little more about it.

On the 2d of December I received my first letter from home, from a brother whom I had left behind; and this

being the first since I pitched my tent in the land of gold, with the news it contained, seemed to be of double moment to me. Some changes having occurred, not, however, unexpectedly, made it the more interesting. The delightful December weather which I now was experiencing, seemed to be daily reconciling my feelings and desires to a climate which, in its geniality and pleasing temperature, I of course had been a stranger to all my life. Yet the evenings, and some of the mornings, did not, thus far, feel so agreeable to me. I was often chilly, which was not a comfortable or pleasing sensation; but I felt that acclimation would soon remove even this objection. The clothing worn by me was such as I had brought from the East; and its texture and quality—a rather light thin broadcloth, intended to be worn there with a thick overcoat—seemed an incumbrance here, though without it I was not, in my thin under suit, at such times, in this so-called mild climate, perfectly comfortable. With a good suit of fair body, a man can here dispense with an overcoat, from all that I can learn, the year through.

In coming to this coast, and while I was thus providentially placed here, I felt desirous of doing some good. I aimed scrupulously, as I had done all my life, to "keep good company or none." I had left behind me my friends and relatives, of whose countenance and society I was now deprived—and, indeed, it was to me a great deprivation—together with all I had acquired there of character and position. Here, I was a stranger in a strange land, and, as it seemed, set down in a new world, to encounter the experiences, struggles, and battles of a new life, and to make all over again. With my trust in a stronger arm than the weakness of my own flesh, I hoped for the best, and began to feel a particular and growing need of more of His strength and goodness, to help and direct me wisely, happily, and safely

through all the vicissitudes of life. It was my desire to grow better and wiser, and become also the instrument of good to others. It seemed that a beautiful field lay before me, and it was the Lord's vineyard. "Shall I enter as one of His laborers?" was the question suggested to my mind. What work, I thought, if earnestly and prayerfully entered upon, could be of greater importance, or of a more enduring character? All flesh withereth and perisheth, like the grass, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven. And man is like a flower, which flourisheth for a little time, and then passeth away. Flesh seeth corruption. The spirit and soul is immortal, and lives. Kind words, kind thoughts, kind and good deeds, will last. And what becomes of all these feelings, and this work? Are they not treasures secured in heaven, "where moth and rust do not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal?"

On Sabbath days I attended Calvary church regularly. A few more jottings taken from the sermon of the pastor, December 11th, I will insert here. Text, Colossians i. 9, 10: "Filled with the knowledge of His will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding," &c. He says, we are to do a thing because God commands us. However talented and learned a man may be, without that fulness of the knowledge of His will and spiritual understanding, he is no better—yea, he appears worse in the sight of God than the poorest and most ignorant of our race. *He must have a spirituality.* It is impossible to serve God without believing that He is. Religion is the highest attainment of human character. I do not know where to find religion in its fulness better demonstrated than in those sparks which burned in the hearts and souls of the Pilgrims or first settlers of New England, in 1620. When we work for man, we feel that such is perishable; but when we labor for the cause of Christ, we feel that it is for all eternity. Christianity is the

basis of our moral government, and of all happiness. The knowledge of God is the true foundation of all things. The Bible is the revelation of God, and from God. The chief end of the Gospel is, that God may be made known to us. The Almighty has written two large books. One of them is the Bible, with its Divine instruction, its holy teaching for a perfect life; the other is the Creation, showing His handiwork, and the beautiful and bounteous display of His goodness—the wondrous heavens, the diversified earth, with its gorgeous beauty and the plenitude of its blessings to man—the beautiful flower, in its simplicity and delight to us, teaching man to look upward. Such even will lead us from earth's sod to the worship of God. The sum of all religion is to be like Him whom we worship. There are those who use the name of Jesus only in blasphemy. Many despise the Word of God. Men's prayers are sometimes fixed upon their worldly interests more than upon the things of God and salvation. The more God is seen, the more we see our errors, the more spiritual we become. The more we see of ourselves and the justice of God, the more we are enabled to comprehend the great scheme of God in His goodness. The "blood of Abel" calls for vengeance; the blood of Christ calls for love and salvation. The power of this "new affection" is what makes us happy. How shall we gain salvation, peace, and a future reward, except "through the knowledge of God, and of His will, in all wisdom and spiritual understanding"—the knowledge of God "shed abroad in our hearts."

Evening.—The Gospel of Christ is the true support of liberty. The God of nature and revelation is the same. They are in harmony. God is both the author of nature and of revelation. The mind defines the man—it is the man. Man's tyranny is in his own bosom. From the first temptation and sin we have known all our evil. Where

there exists not the true religion, there may be found the false. Ignorance may be the mother of superstition, but not of religion. The Gospel, rightly received, breaks in upon the mind, and scatters Divine light through the soul. The power of the globe at present, he said, was in the hands of Christians. The Gospel is not presented to you as a means of force, but of choice. The Gospel is the only true source of national liberty. If we make use of the strength we may draw from its Divine import, we have nothing to fear of being overcome by the temptations of Satan. The Gospel not only delivers us from error, but gives us the truth.

For a few Sabbaths, in the afternoon, I went down to the little chapel on Mission street, to be present at the session of the small missionary enterprise commenced there; not simply for the purpose of looking on, but to fall into some place, or into the ranks as a teacher.

On Sabbath afternoon, December 18th, my first efforts at Sabbath-school teaching in San Francisco were entered upon, the cessation of which I determined should not take place while my abode was fixed within the "Golden Gate;" and such feeble labors, to some extent, I resolved never should cease, wherever my lot may be cast in the future, while I live. There is much labor and self-denial to be exercised on the part of every Sabbath-school teacher; but if entered upon simply mechanically, and not as a work of love, he will fail in making any impression upon the hearts and minds of his pupils. There is much labor in the study, in the closet, and in the school room, but there is a reward to the teacher, in the instruction and blessing to his own mind and soul—the power and happiness of doing good; and, according to his faithfulness, imperishable treasures are thus laid up in store for him in heaven.

At this time my Sabbaths were devoted in a great

measure to some religious exercise, in studying, hearing, or teaching. On the morning of this day I connected myself with the Bible class in the ladies' room of Calvary church. The chapters considered were the 17th and 18th of 1st Kings, showing the wickedness of a succession of kings, whose worship was that of idols, looking unto Baal as the source of power and wisdom, and despising the true God of Elijah's sincere and devout worship. Elijah triumphed over them by showing the sin of their mode of worship, and its futility, and proving to them the power of the true and living God, by the wonderful miracle the Lord enabled him to perform.

11 *o'clock.*—The sermon again by the pastor of the church. Text, 2d Book of Samuel, chap. xii., also drawing from chap. xi. David's sin in taking Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah, was the cause of her husband's (Uriah's) death; and taking his wife, who bare him (David) a son, which act of David's displeased the Lord. This chapter is constructed to make David unwittingly pass sentence upon himelf, by Nathan. David was called, in the course of a just Providence, to pay a fourfold death, by losing four of his sons. First the son of Bathsheba, on whom David had set his heart, was slain by the Lord; Amnon was murdered by his brother; Absalom slain in the oak by Joab; and Adonijah slain by the order of his brother Solomon, even at the altar of the Lord. His (David's) daughter was dishonored by her own brother, and his wives contaminated publicly by his own son. How dreadfully, then, was David punished for his own sin! Who would repeat his transgression, to share its penalty? Can his conduct ever be an inducement to, or an encourgement in sin? Surely not. It must ever fill the reader and hearer with horror. Behold the goodness and severity of God! Reader, lay all these solemn things to heart. Had David been faithful, God by

His providence would have turned all this aside; but now, by his sin, he has made that providence his enemy, which was before his friend. "The Lord hath put away thy sin" (verse 13). David, as an adulterer, was condemned to death by the law of God. He had, according to that law, passed sentence of death upon himself. God alone could revoke that sentence, or dispense with its execution. Therefore Nathan, who had charged the guilt home upon David's conscience, was authorized to give him the assurance that he should not die a temporal death for it. "The Lord hath put away thy sin. Thou shalt not die." Thou shalt be preserved alive, that thou mayest have time to repent, to turn unto God, and find mercy. If the 51st Psalm, as is generally supposed, was written on this occasion, it is evident that David had not as yet received pardon for his sin from God at the time he composed it; for in it he confesses the crime, in order to find mercy. Jehovah hath caused thy sin to pass over, or transferred it. "Thou shalt not die." God, therefore, has transferred the legal punishment of this sin to the child. He shall die. Here the infant child, in its innocence, was slain for David's sin.

From this point the Rev. Doctor preached on "infant salvation." He held strongly that all children, before having attained judgment and the consciousness of right and wrong, who die in infancy, *are saved;* that none perish at their death, but are borne to heaven, the habitation of our Saviour, who cannot punish them in their innocence. They had not sinned. At that early and tender age they are incapable of sin. They are not conscious of any sin, not knowing right and wrong. How could they receive condemnation according to the wages of sin, which is death to the soul? The iniquities of the fathers shall be visited "upon the children unto the third and fourth generation"—which means upon their *mortal bodies, in this life;* but

shall not debar them from heaven, when they die in infancy, which is entirely against the divine love of Him into whose special care they are received, and whose delight it is to receive them. Moses in the bulrushes was the special care of Divinity. This child, though the son of David through adulterous intercourse, and although slain in its innocence, was a child of God, and was received into everlasting bliss in heaven.

Six weeks had now been spent on this coast, amid customs, life, and scenes quite different, in some respects, from those in any Eastern city, with a climate the mildest ever experienced by me. My expectations were fully met, in the main. In fact, I had a very correct idea of some things here, by reading, and conversation with many returned Californians whom I met here and in the East long before embarking to this distant portion of the continent. I will make three exceptions, concerning which I think it is impossible for any person living out of San Francisco rightly to form an opinion, even through the minutest statements of others, or from the most extensive reading. These exceptions are: the nature of the climate of San Francisco; the peculiar aspects and situation of this hill-and-valley city; and the size and variety of fruits, the greater part of which are concentrated to this point. About these, we must come and live here to know. I had inquired particularly as to the style and position of the city, and not always getting the same view, I did not understand it. I had not the idea, that a portion of the residences were perched so high above the sea level. I did not think of seeing some of the finest buildings erected on sandhills, at an altitude of one and two hundred feet above the business portion of the city.

With regard to the climate I was greatly puzzled. You cannot understand it without coming here. Some of you will imagine it to be more disagreeable than it is; others

that it is the loveliest in the world, having one unbroken and perfect sunshine. You are led into error both ways. Before I state more in this respect, I wish to experience more; and a year's residence is necessary in order to state anything like what it is. I can give some experimental knowledge now as to a part of the winter. A gentleman with whom I conversed at Plymouth Rock, who had been around the world, and had spent a few weeks here, informed me as to the climate, especially the winter and "rainy season" in San Francisco. This, he said, was the worst; that it rained so hard, and so much, which was the worst feature of the climate in the winter season. How many rains have I hitherto recorded? A few have occurred, some of them in the night, with many a bright morning and day for two and three weeks, with hardly a cloud to dim the blue, clear, sunlit arch of heaven. Sometimes we had a rainy day or two, or a few nights, and then only at intervals, with thereafter a whole month of the clearest weather, with an average temperature of 50° through the winter.

Thus you have some idea as to the so-called "rainy season" (because the only season that it does rain) in San Francisco. For a day or two, but very rarely, I am informed, the mercury may fall with a colder state of the atmosphere to 40°, and has been down to 37° in December and January; but these are recorded as rare exceptions. Many days are warm, and all merchants and shopkeepers have their doors open through the entire winter, with perhaps a small Franklin stove in the rear of the building to kill the chill, which many feel to be necessary when not actively employed. After a day's rain the ground is saturated, rendering the mornings and evenings quite chilly; and for the purpose of drying the feet, or securing a perfectly comfortable state of body in the store or private dwelling, a gentle fire is necessary. This, in my mind, and

from what I can learn as to the whole rainy season, is about the most correct view which can be given of the winter months, or "rainy season," embracing November, December, January, February, March, and April, with sometimes a few spirts just before and after.

The newcomer, fresh from the New England or Western States of America, will, in his endeavors to dispense with a fire here, even in this fine climate, experience in the early and after part of the day a chilliness and discomfort, until he becomes acclimated. Though more agreeable to me, with this short experience, than at first, I must confess I should much prefer a still warmer climate, where I might dispense with every semblance of fire, or the thoughts of an overcoat, during all seasons of the year.

The peninsula of San Francisco is but a small portion of the vast State of California. It is a great State. Its variety of climate will not answer for the evenness which characterizes that of the bay and coast of this latitude. In the winter months, from all that I can learn, the valleys are much colder; and as the traveller advances northward or eastward over the hills and toward the mountains, he experiences a temperature similar to that of the East. In the summer months he will find it extremely hot throughout the whole valley, and not the quite even and cool temperature of San Francisco.

At Los Angeles one may find a soft and tropical temperature during the year, with the privilege of picking a sweet orange which has grown in the open air. This is 500 miles south. From that point, northward to the Oregon line, almost every kind of fruit in the known world may be produced. A thousand persons may be stationed over this vast State, and their reports will be as varied in regard to product, scenery, and climate, as if scattered through the States, or coming from the different climes of the earth

What, under the development and settlement of the thousands of intelligent and industrious persons which she invites, is she to become?

CHRISTMAS, *Sunday morning, December 25th*, 1859.—Selected his text this morning from Luke i., remarking from the first part of the chapter, relating to our Saviour's birth. His theme more properly was *Christmas*, as this, the 25th of December, is the supposed anniversary of the birth of our Saviour, though he did not think this was the day or month. There were many opinions in regard to the exact day. He believed it was April, or May—but he thought April. One reason for this belief was the fact of the *cold* weather of this month (December) in Bethlehem; that this season of the year would be unfavorable and almost impossible for the birth to take place in such an exposed manner as was the case of that of our Saviour. He did not see that we were commanded to celebrate the birth of Christ, nor was it a duty to keep the day holy, as the Sabbath. We are nowhere commanded in the Bible to keep this day ("Christmas"). This is very unlike that of his death, which we are commanded to celebrate, and "do in remembrance of me." The preacher did not disapprove of the keeping of this day, but he did not deem it incumbent upon any one to keep it; and if he chose not to keep it, he did not consider it as violating any command or duty. The celebration of Christmas as a holiday, is a pagan custom, handed down and grafted on to Christianity. He held the days of "Easter Sunday," "Epiphany," "Good Friday," and "Christmas," all under the same category; they were holidays, which one may choose either to celebrate or not. He said there were but *two sacraments*, "Baptism and the Lord's Supper." These were sacred rites, and should ever be performed and kept. He argued, contrary to the Roman Catholic doctrine, that there was nothing in Scripture

to prove that the "bread and wine" were converted into the body and blood of Christ; but are emblems and symbols of it.

December 25th.—Text from the book of Genesis, chap. xxii. In taking our farewell of the past year, we must recollect that we are so much nearer eternity. The objects of eternity, toward which we are moving, should seem enlarged. Sin is the parent of woe. You owe to posterity a good example. Man, at best, is an impure, sinful being, and a Saviour alone can give him peace and salvation. Young and old must die. Body and bones will be mingled with the dust which the ploughshare of future generations will turn up to the sun, and the rose and the vine flourish thereon. Man's thoughts are impure and wicked. Could all be presented to our mind, we should shrink with pain, and with true penitence turn with deep humility to God. He alluded to the many cases of insanity during the past year in San Francisco, and gave some causes. He cautioned his hearers against too much dependence being placed upon the things of this world, and said, Let us not grow old or die before our time. It is when the body and mind are asleep, that disease fastens upon us. We seldom ever take disease when on a steady and continuous journey; but when we stop. And so with regard to our souls: our spirits can be kept alive, and in the service of God, only by keeping ourselves awake and earnestly seeking after the truth. The purest man on the face of the earth is a sinner. Christ was born under the law—was made to suffer and to die, leaving the record of his life as a light and guide to future generations.

With these observations and reflections I will close this eventful year, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine, now consigned with others to the past!

The first of January, one thousand eight hundred and

sixty, coming on Sunday, finds me engaged in the usual religious exercises of the day. The Bible class in the morning; the services in the church at 11; at half past 1 P. M. teaching a class of boys in the Sabbath school of the little chapel on Mission street; evening, worship at Calvary church, which, with the study of the Scriptures, constitute the round of Sabbath privilege, and this the commencement of a new year. The pastor of the church and mission school on Mission street, after his discourse on the afternoon of this day, proposed that we should meet at his house on Thursday evening of that week, to consider the best plan to increase the school, and build up the little church enterprise connected therewith. At the school my first public prayer was offered, by request of Mr. R., for a blessing upon the enterprise. At the close of the school, Mr. R. and myself had an interview. He said to me: "Keep the Sabbath school going." "Oh yes," I replied, "we shall make it a success; and you will see, next Sabbath, a better attendance." The call was made, agreeably to the understanding for a conference to be held on the subject of Sabbath schools, at the house of the Rev. Mr. W——, and the work of systematic visitation was agreed upon. On Friday of the same week I commenced a work which, as I advanced, became the most happy, interesting, and blessed ever undertaken in my life. It was that of visiting each house, through every street which I passed, for that purpose, in the neighborhood of the school. Where no children were found, a tract was left, with the invitation to attend the services at the chapel evey Sabbath afternoon at 2 o'clock. To all of those who worshipped at no particular church, or were not in the habit of attending any, a special invitation was tendered. In this way the work entered upon could not be in vain; a double good might be effected, and, to say the least, the certainty of good results would follow.

The getting together poor children, and the building up a Sabbath school in which their benighted minds and souls could be opened to purity, truth, and the gospel of our Saviour, became the prominent object in view. As the sequel proved, it was not in vain. The result of an earnest effort made during a part of an afternoon of one day in each week, gave, on the 15th of January, the second Sabbath after the commencement of the work, an addition of 40 new scholars; which happy fact did my heart good. Our school was christened *St. Paul's Mission Sabbath School.* And on almost every Saturday, for six months, I made it my business to do something in the way of picking up children and bringing them out of the lanes and alleys to the school on the Sabbath. In a few weeks our number was increased to 125 scholars, many of whom had never before been within the walls of a Sabbath school.

On the 19th of May we treated our little band to a "pic-nic" across the bay, in the outskirts of the pretty rural town called Oakland, which is finely shaded by numerous trees, from which it derives its name. Here we had the privilege of an enclosed green, handsomely shaded, where they could bound, skip, swing, and play to their infinite delight. I drove to the field of Mr. Lusk, half a mile distant, and procured from him, out of his patch of 60 acres, 118 pounds of luscious strawberries, for which this country is so remarkable; and with these, together with six gallons of fresh cream from the ranch, we made the little ones doubly happy by a superb feast. A band of music was also in attendance to add to their enjoyment. Those more especially under my care I treated to a ride to several flower gardens, the property of private gentlemen, so many of which adorn Oakland. We were received with a friendly and very kind welcome, each receiving from the hand of the owner a handsome bouquet formed of every variety of flower,

which, when we departed, was very happily and gratefully acknowledged—and thus, with our safe return over the waters of our beautiful bay, the children returning to their homes, were ended the memorable diversions of the day. Previous to this, and on the 22d of April, Sabbath day, Judge C—— gave me charge of a class of girls in Calvary Sabbath school, in whom I felt a deep interest. My class not only increased, but the school generally, for which I also visited, inviting every child in the neighborhood of the church, soon running up the old number of 160 to over 200 scholars. And on the 9th of June a pic-nic was the order also for this school. In this instance the most ample preparations were made, on the ground occupied before, the whole work devolving upon myself; a huge entertainment for the little ones was prepared, and 300 pounds of the delicious fruit were consumed! A more delighted and happy band of children I never saw.

As time sped along, the duties of the week day and Sabbath increased upon my hands. I found enough to do with hand, personal effort, and influence; and though many of these duties were seemingly irksome, yet the blessing to me proved so great, that I never really became weary in well-doing.

On week days my legitimate business began to claim more of my attention; yet I sought every opportunity in which I might, in some way or other, do good in this community. I felt that I was wonderfully blessed, and that I could not do enough for the cause of humanity and my God, who has dispensed unto me so many rich gifts.

I was now engaged on the Lord's Day from sunrise till half past nine in the evening. Three sessions at different hours of the day, besides the church services, claimed my attention as a Sabbath-school teacher and humble laborer in the vineyard. The third school, if I may so term it, was

Class in Calvary Sunday School, San Francisco, Aug. 11th, 1861. (Last Day !)

opened through the desire of the children belonging to the family with whom I lived; and was therefore held in the house, immediately upon my return from the second school of the day. One of these children, an interesting girl of eleven years, fully anticipated my mind and intentions in the matter, and proposed that a few of her little acquaintances be called in, and that we organize a "regular school." And, according to her idea, the order of exercises was: first, "singing;" second, "reading the chapter to be considered;" third, "prayer;" fourth, "the study of lesson and chapter read," after which, "singing" again; the "distribution of papers and cards;" and, with "dismission," the order of exercises was closed. This was her plan for a Sabbath school, which was fully carried out. This girl I have ever found attentive, and eager to learn and treasure up precious truths, and always evincing unusual interest in all matters of the Sabbath school.

About this time, also, I made the acquaintance of a young man, who took a room in the same house with me, and who had just arrived here direct from Glasgow, Scotland, *via* Cape Horn. He having been recently converted, I took him with me one afternoon on a visitation for Sabbath-school children and the distribution of tracts. He took one side of the street, and I the other. He very soon loved the work, and thanked God for having been called into the field. But he was poor in this world's goods, yet evidently rich in abounding grace, as I found him delighting in the work; and every interval in which he could not get secular employment for his bodily support, he was around in the dwellings of the poor, and beside the sickbed to comfort and to pray. I have not met in this city a young man so earnest and faithful in the cause of our Saviour as he ever appeared; with so much concern, manifested both in prayer and deed, for the dying souls of men. Many a tear I have

seen trickle down his cheek. While conversing with him in his room one evening, and when thinking of his unconverted brothers and sisters whom he had left behind in Scotland, he burst into a flood of tears. The idea of their being forever lost, he could not bear. Up to a very late hour on that memorable evening he continued to weep like a child. He could not be soothed. He tried to pray, but could not, and requested me to do so, which I feebly undertook, and not to my satisfaction. It caused me to feel, with him, a desire to retire in secret, and pray continually for the souls of all classes of mortals throughout the whole world. It was midnight when I left him, and more earnestly than ever did I try to exercise faithful prayer, and, day by day, bear especially those who are dear to me in the arms of faith to the Lord, for the sake of my Redeemer, that their souls may be permeated with divine light, and all of them made new creatures in him. My young friend, whom I aided in supporting from time to time, from his inability to get steady employment, was obliged to go to a mountain town, where the Lord seemed to direct him into a permanent and remunerative situation. But the interest of Sabbath schools was so near to his heart, and here was so great a field for doing good, that it was with much regret that he took leave of San Francisco. And where was he going? It was among Spaniards and miners, and where there existed no church or regard of the Sabbath. Whatever the state of things might be there, I counselled him to "let his light shine." Upon his arrival, he seemed discouraged at the prospect of doing any good beyond the common labors of his avocation, and wrote me, "What can I do among a lot of wicked Spaniards?" I sent him some tracts and hymns, and soon he wrote me that two or three had become interested, and inquiring after their soul's salvation; and that he found them willing to engage with him

in prayer. He continued to write concerning these evidences, and the delight of his soul, and informed me that one had become deeply interested and concerned—loved these things, and soon after confessed a change of heart, and a desire to live a Christian. He also wrote for more tracts, and ordered a dozen Testaments of coarse print, to present to all of those over whom he was the overseer. And at another time he wrote rejoicingly from the encouragement which his soul received in the glad intelligence of "the conversion of his sisters in Scotland, and their union with the church, having made their peace with God, and having family worship every day!" Who will say that the Lord does not hear, and will not answer in his good time the prayers of all his sincere and faithful children? Let every believer in Christ take courage, and ever be faithful in continued petitions at the mercy seat.

Communion Day, *Sunday, January 8th.*—A few more jottings from a sermon of Rev. Dr. Scott. Text, Colossians i. 20: "And having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things unto himself; by him, I say, whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven." We are sinners. From every part of the globe we gather this proof. Man's own fault—the breaking of faith, for which God is willing to be the reconciliation. Truly Christ hath borne our griefs and afflictions. He made intercession for transgressors. Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of man! We are not redeemed by gold and silver, but by his precious blood. There is no mediation, then, except by the blood of Christ. He knew no sin of his own, but gave himself, and the suffering of a bodily death, as a mediation and redemption of our souls from sin, "as a sacrifice for us, and our sins." There is much upon earth to be reconciled. Men are sinners. Previous to Christ's advent, men and prophets looked

forward for the coming of the Messiah. Their faith went forward. Since his coming, the evidence of his life and works upon the earth, his death and ascension, our faith goes back to those events, and their contemplation. God is the justifier of those who believe in Jesus. All power of God is given to the mediatorial work of his dear Son. Let us then rejoice in this holy place in Christ. We want nothing to be added to the blood of Christ. He is all, and in all. There is no other Saviour. We want no other. Through him we have the offer of pardon. Will you come? "Do this in remembrance of me." In remembrance of what? His suffering. We care not about denominational preferences, but invite all to come! We invite all to our table.

Sabbath Evening, January 15th.—Text, Hebrews vii. 25: "Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." He has prepared a perfect justification for us, and is always able to save to the uttermost. Jesus alone can be the mediator of the human race. The church of the true and living God is a catholic church. We must come to God, through Christ as the Son of God. He is able to be the Saviour of all men. The priesthood of Jesus is that of Melchizedec. Jesus Christ is superior to all; he is holy and undefiled; he is higher than the heavens—knoweth no sin. He offered himself, not for himself, but for his people. His sufferings for his people are the foundation of his intercession. He ever liveth, and is able to save to the uttermost. Our religion arises out of the relation we sustain with Jesus Christ. We must know that there is a fitness and substance in Christ, to believe in him. He liveth forever; and though he is spoken of as the Creator, he is also our Redeemer and Saviour. Paul says, "Christ is the head of all things;" for it pleased God that

Christ should be all in all. The angels desire to see the plan of salvation carried out. The only assurance of hope is found in the text, "Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost." He redeems us; he redeems the body also. We find sin, misery, pain, and woe. Is there no hope? The Bible tells us that the wicked flourish. Is this always to be so? It informs us what to do. Do not fear; you have a Saviour who is able to save to the uttermost. None have ever been rejected. He is able to save you—every one of you. He formed the world, and all that is in it, and gave his life for our sins, and he is as able to save. Tell me, where can you find a better Saviour?

Wednesday Evening, January 18th.—Remarks from Colossians i., last part; also referring to chapter iii. of Ephesians, which he regarded as a good commentary of the text comprised in the 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th verses. The prejudices of olden times were stronger than now. Without Christ, without hope in the world, without the shedding of blood, there could be no remission of sins. The full apprehension of Christ, as revealed in the Gospel, is reconciliation, redemption, &c. Our Lord said, "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments." He has made the atonement, and gone to receive us in glory. The apostle says, "We preach him, warning every man, and teaching every man." In the 9th and 11th verses, the advice is that we should pray for one another, that ye might walk worthy of the Lord. Let us never forget what Christ has done for us, in reconciling us to God. Let us be satisfied that he was a Priest, then a King, and now a Saviour!

Sabbath Evening, January 22d.—Luke xvii. 11–19. Leprosy is a most distressing and loathsome disease. There are lepers yet in Jerusalem, and other parts of the Holy Land, as there were 2,000 years ago. It is sin that has sown the seeds of affliction in all the human family.

Jesus marked his benevolence among men by the working of his miracles, and so convinced the people of his willingness to do them good. Fellowship is a natural instinct of the human heart; and when the wicked join hand in hand, why should not the children of God do the same? It is sin that keeps us far from God, and far from each other. As the great distress of the lepers made them earnest, why, then, should not the weight of our sins lead us earnestly to Christ? They went to the priest, that the law might be fulfilled. The man who had the leprosy was not permitted to touch any man until he had been to the priest. If we desire to be healed, we must go to the Priest. They had no plan of their own to propose. They were free agents, and so are we. The lepers prayed for mercy. The worst kind of leprosy is sin; it separates the soul from God. The more sick the lepers were, the more they cried to be cured. The worst of our spiritual diseases is indifference, or the belief that we are good enough. No man is in greater danger than he who thinks he is good enough. A deep sense of sin is one of the best evidences of a good state of the heart. It is necessary that you should have a deep sense of sin. One of the lepers, when healed, turned back, and gave glory to God. Christ is our refuge. The poor Samaritan was the best Christian. It is possible to have a fine house of worship, to attend to all the duties of a professor, to be regular at communion, and to observe all the outward forms, without being a Christian. The leper returned to get his companions, but they mocked him. He went back, glorifying God, falling down at the feet of Jesus. We see him at once obedient and repentant. His late associates had to be forsaken, in order to seek a Saviour. The chasm is not so wide but that God will heal all who cry, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" It was not the priest's function to heal the lepers; so ministers of the Gospel have no power to

forgive, but they may declare the goodness and mercy of God. Sin is worse than leprosy; it carries its victim into everlasting torment and misery. The power and willingness of Christ to save are unlimited. In all cases there must be a personal application of the seeker of Christ, as the one leper came, forsaking his associates, to bow before Christ, crying, "Mercy! mercy!" Jesus put their faith to the test, by sending them to the priest. They went; and as they went, they were healed. The more a man seeks, the more he will have. You say you are not a member of your church, because you are not good enough. It is certain, that if you stay away because you feel you are not good enough, you never will be healed—you never will be saved. You never will be good enough.

How few there are who return thanks for signal mercies! Where are the "nine," who have not returned to give thanks? So with many of us. We lie down at night, not knowing whether we shall see the morning's sun, without thanks to our Heavenly Father for all the mercies, blessings, and protection received at his hand every moment of our lives. Let me warn you (in regard to making a public profession, and uniting with the church), that your feelings are not to be the standard of your duty. A few weeks passed without prayer, either while absent from your home, travelling, or being called away by some business—in short, a little neglect is quite enough to develop the infidelity of our hearts. Many do not return thanks for the protection, mercies, and blessings of God. Let me beg of you to act up to your conscience. Do as the one leper did. None of your companions have anything to do with you.

The Doctor closed very earnestly and feelingly with the words, "Brethren, it is my sincere prayer that every one of you may be saved."

Wednesday Evening, January 25th.—Colossians ii., first

five verses. In this chapter we are warned of false philosophy. We know no other mode of keeping the darkness out, than by letting the light in. The first five verses of this chapter are the exordium of the matter. I suppose a variety of things are comprehended here by the apostle. The agony of the apostle was the agony of prayer. As the anxiety of a parent is greatest for the most sickly child, so the apostle seems to have had the strongest desire to look after those who he knew were strangers. It is presumption, it is sinful, to believe in any "spiritual manifestations," or in anything but the Word of God. It is the preaching of the cross, by the living, that we want.

Now over two months a Californian, and a resident of San Francisco, I had during this time taken many important observations, with a view to realize the condition of things existing here. During a portion of each day, for the past month, my attention was turned to the prospects of business, the manner in which it is transacted, and what, upon the whole, could be judiciously undertaken for my employment. The auction rooms were often filled with commodities of various kinds, shipments from Europe and the Atlantic cities, which were closed out by the auctioneer at prices so low, with such a continual round of business, that it was a wonder to me how shippers in the East could profitably ship so many goods; and, more than that, where all the goods thus sold went to; and, also, how the legitimate importer and jobber, in the face of these things, could maintain a successful and highly profitable business. It became quite evident to me, that the wholesale dealer here who did not import, but who watched the market and attended the sales—in short, picked up lots in the auction room, was the one who thrived the best, and was most likely to succeed. A little closer inquiry into these matters, however, assured me, that though this was true to a certain ex-

tent, and in many branches of business proved the safest, yet it was not wholly so; for in some respects the judicious importer, with proper facilities in the East, would be sure to make the most money. I was therefore not long in arriving at the conclusion, that, according to my present circumstances, I could only make a part of my legitimate business profitable. Consequently, on the 27th of February, I forwarded an order overland to New York, for goods. These were received and disposed of at a small profit. More goods were ordered, and sold, paying a fair advance; and thus shipment after shipment was sold, with paying results. A part of the goods disposed of was for cash, and a part on fifteen, thirty, and sixty days' time. For the first shipments cash was realized almost entirely. As bills increased in amount, some time had to be given, in order to encourage liberal purchases. As the year advanced toward the fall, the fact of my having opened a little institution as a "Straw Goods Importer and Jobber," became patent on every mention of "straws," and proved the sure direction of the "wind," beside an awakening of semi-dealers who had hitherto striven to do something in this branch, and supply the trade on the Pacific coast. The ladies are "not very good at secrets," and, notwithstanding the interests of those who styled themselves "milliners" and "dealers" in my line required their silence as to good bargains, yet the thing did leak out that I "sold cheapest." My little trade loomed up to quite extensive "bonnet" transactions; and during the months of autumn, with every signal of the steamer's gun, a plethoric swarm gathered in and around my diminutive premises, rendering memorable my first year's business in San Francisco.

Sunday Evening, February 12th.—Text, the second commandment in the decalogue. The first commandment establishes the unity of God. We must love the Lord our

God with all our heart. The sin, then, is in neglecting the Divine command, and the true worship of God. "Will-worship" is especially forbidden in the Bible, and every other worship than that of the true and living God. We are intent upon will-worship. We are forbidden, in this second commandment, any corporeal worship. If we worship God contrary to his known direction, it is will-worship. We should acknowledge God's sovereignty. We are his workmanship, and it is sin to go contrary to his direction. Jealousy is the rage of man. So God is jealous of his true and supreme worship. The ten commandments are the summary of the moral law. God's visiting the sins of the parents upon the children unto the third and fourth generation, we do not think, should be so strongly accepted. Here the Doctor referred his hearers to several passages of Scripture, to prove that the children need not suffer for the sins of their parents, provided the children seek their salvation by true repentance and the service of God, as he proved by reference to different passages of Scripture. Yet there are often transmitted to children bodily infirmities, and those miseries of the flesh arising out of the parents' corruption. A man may, by a life of wickedness, lose his health and break down his constitution, and afterward repent; yet the act of repentance cannot purchase back to him his ruined health and wasted energies; nevertheless, repentance and faith in Christ will carry him to heaven. A child may inherit the fruits of the parents' iniquities, but if he become repentant, fearing and serving God, the bliss of heaven will be his final reward. The sum of the matter is, God makes us personally accountable for our sins. Each one is judged for the sin of his own doing. (The following chapters the Doctor referred to as giving the meaning of the latter part of the second commandment: 2 Kings iv. 5, 6; Deuteronomy xxiv. 16; Exodus xxxiii.

33; 2 Samuel xii.; 1 Kings xiii., xiv., Jeroboam's race cut off for idolatry; Isaiah xxxii.; Ezekiel xviii.; Leviticus xxvi. 39.) The children, upon repentance, will be forgiven. In the East, it is said, the children suffer for the iniquities of their parents. According to the Chaldee, it reads thus: "Visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon their children, when the children follow the iniquities of their parents." All Scripture proves this assertion. In one way the children do suffer—through the parents' education of them to deism, atheism, idolatry, &c., in which they are led to persist until they go to their graves, when there is nothing to hope for but an everlasting curse and punishment. Certain iniquitous habits and educational sins are often handed down from generation to generation. But there is a remedy, through sincere repentance, and a life of holiness unto the Lord, offered to such children for their acceptance. One generation may continue in the sins of their predecessors, and thereby inherit their guilt.

On the 29th of March, the Japanese embassy, per steamer *Powhatan*, arrived, making their first visit from Japan to the United States. They were *en route* to Washington, to pay their respects to the President, and study our system of government. They became objects of interest here, and were hospitably received and grandly entertained, and were the observed of all observers. About this time also, there was quite an exodus of San Franciscans to the Washoe silver mines. These mines were discovered last fall. The reports have been confirmed, and the interest and excitement have been on the increase ever since. The imaginations of many are wrought to a high pitch. Many who go will stake off their claim, and may be so fortunate as to do well. Others will spend their means in attempts to do something, and perhaps become the victims of some wily fellow, and, through misplaced confidence and the ex-

citement of the occasion, sink their little all. This stampede during the spring and summer does not help San Francisco and Sacramento, and has not only somewhat diverted the channels of trade, but has in no small measure confused the merchant in his calculations, and rendered obscure the extent of future demand for his goods, to say nothing of present loss of trade and inability to get immediately many of the outstanding claims due him; for all those who are bent for the silver region stake all the ready money they can command for speculation and buying claims, when they get there. As was the case in the Frazer River gold excitement, a couple of years ago, as I learn from those who went, many now will also be ruined. The interest now is but superficial, compared with the wild and reckless enthusiasm which then convulsed San Francisco, and penetrated her to the very heart. Homes were broken up, furniture, houses, and lots were hastily disposed of at great sacrifice; much valuable property of every kind was sold at auction; business, real estate, and everything in the city was prostrated; and thousands of citizens established in a good trade, and prospering more or less in their respective vocations, hurried off to the new El Dorado of untold richness, which so far exceeded everything in the history of California discoveries, that those who had hitherto confidently marked out for San Francisco great progress in the future, now began to feel that she was receiving a death-blow, from which she never would recover, and her present and future greatness was to be merged into another young city, settled on the shores of Georgia Gulf, or Puget Sound. But the new discoveries at Washoe cannot for any length of time affect the steady and more substantial progress of this city, though many are leaving, but not enough to detract from the importance and inevitable prosperity of the city. Many, too, who have not been made wiser by these,

and similarly exciting occasions of the past, will come back poorer, and be more contented with San Francisco and its offerings. Those of my acquaintance whom I counselled not to go, they having little more than would carry them there, were soon made acquainted with the difficulties attending success; besides meeting some who had returned with discouraging accounts, they became satisfied with well-doing, and were content to remain. At the time of the great Frazer River stampede, when so many sold out and rushed away, real estate on Montgomery street took a serious decline; and those who were considered "foolish" enough to buy at a time when all hope for the metropolis was lost, by the sudden turn which things took, as sorry mortals were coming back by thousands, the holders and purchasers of real estate proved the most successful gold-hunters, and found themselves in an astonishingly short time the possessors of a snug little fortune—all discovered in the streets and sandy lots of San Francisco! From that time to the present day, real estate has rapidly increased in value, and the city has been favored with a steady improvement and substantial prosperity. Nothing can now shake the confidence of her citizens in her natural advantages and the great destiny to which she is rapidly hastening among the great cities of the world. Nothing but a tremendous earthquake can shake the purpose of San-Franciscans, thus emerging from destructive fires, reverses, trying difficulties, herculean deeds, exciting reports, and dear experiences.

Many of my evenings and spare hours during the day, before my business began to claim so much of my attention, were spent in the Young Men's Christian Association. I became acquainted with many young men who frequented these rooms, and found comfort and consolation not only amid good books and papers, but in social converse with them, and in their prayer meetings each week. I was ren-

dered more happy by taking part in all, and, feeling peculiarly indebted to the Association for its privileges and blessings, I strove to do what I could in its behalf. To this end, early in the month of March, I became an active member, striving to call the attention of many wandering young men to a participation in its blessings, making them members, bringing them under the influence of the prayer meetings, and performing every work to benefit the Association, and aid in its professed influence for doing good. I made it my duty and pleasure always to be present, and should have continued regularly at all the Saturday evening prayer meetings, had not one been started by the young men of our church, to be held at the close of each week, the commencement of which occurred on Saturday evening, the 31st of March. Since then, I have not missed one of them during the year.

On the 6th of August, the annual election for the officers of the Young Men's Christian Association took place, and notwithstanding my absence, and without my knowledge or consent, I was nominated and elected as one of the board of managers for the ensuing year. The number of books at present in the library is two thousand, besides many of the religious papers of this State and the Eastern States, with many of the choicest pictorials and magazines of London and New York, received by every steamer. The reading-room is free to all, and many poor young men avail themselves of its privileges, thus obtaining food for their hungry minds. This Christian Association is a great blessing to the city. There are many who have not yet availed themselves of its benefits. The term "Christian" seems uninviting to their unsanctified hearts; but to how many do the sounds "Billiard Saloon," "Theatre," and the "Willows," both on week days and Sabbath, lend enchantment to their vitiated mind and taste—confirming their walk more surely in the

broad way which leadeth to destruction! Alas! this mistaken view and blind conception of life—real life!

Sabbath, February 19th.—Text, Book of Numbers, xxxii. 23: "Be sure your sin will find you out." There is no sin which, were they sure that punishment would find them out, men would commit. If a serious thought comes in their minds, they speedily dismiss it. The text refers to all sin. What is meant when Moses tells the people their sins will find them out? What is meant by sin finding us out? According to the laws of God, we find that sin brings with it evil consequences. The transgressor sometimes does appear to sin without punishment. But at length, when least expected by him, a man's sins overtake him. There is a delay, however; and during this delay, time is granted for repentance. It is altogether a mistake to think otherwise than that a man's sins will find him out. Though the ways of transgression at first seem pleasant, a terrible retribution sooner or later follows. Sin and suffering are inseparable; and the summing up of this is, fear, shame, and punishment. The full measure of sin, or the full measure of punishment for the same, does not immediately follow at all times, nor do we receive all punishments in this life. Those of Adam and Eve did not fall on them at the moment. The reason why great sinners do not see the enormity of their sins, is because they have risen step by step in crime, without heeding the dictates of conscience. They become so much seared and hardened, that they cannot see the great evil of it, and so continue on in some of the greatest sins without feeling the slightest compunctions, or are but little affected by them. That evil pursueth a sinner as a hound pursueth his prey, is seen through all the ways of a man's life. There is no getting away from it. It is true that men go on in sin for years, and their worldly business prospers, and the course of life seems to run smooth with

them. While this is so, it is not the whole of their life, nor at this stage has the matter yet been summed up. Sooner or later their punishment comes. We have no doubt that the ways of God are right. The goodness of God is allowing them to have their comforts in this world, by a delay of the retribution. The day is coming when sin will be revealed. No sin is unseen by him. He will judge you for your works. Young man, consider it. God hates every sin. If your sins do not now find you out, why is it? Is it because God does not see your sin, that you have thus been permitted to go on for a time? Beware! The text speaks too surely on this point to be mistaken. "Your sin will find you out." Man's moral feelings preach his accountability. Then, if God has made nothing in vain, he has made us to know right and wrong. Each act of a man's life will, sooner or later, meet its reward. Our inner spirit is a self-registering instrument. It is impossible that sin shall go unpunished. Call to mind your sins, and repent of them; you should fly to Christ. "Come now, and let us reason together: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." They may all be forgiven. To this end, true repentance is necessary. As you go away, think of these things. Wherever you go, take with you this idea, that it may be profitable to you: "Be sure your sin will find you out!"

Sabbath Evening, March 4th.—Matthew viii. 21, 22: "And another of his disciples said unto him, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father. But Jesus said unto him, Follow me, and let the dead bury their dead." The expression *dead*, the Doctor said, he understood to mean the dead literally. Spiritual death is the separation of the soul from God. Death is but a transformation from life to life. "Let the dead bury their dead." Let the spiritually dead —those who love not God—bury the dead. Let those who

have any pretended hinderances in the way—let the dead bury the dead. Come, follow me. What is taught here is that we are to be subordinate to the requirements of the Gospel. You say you are not yet a child of God, but hoping. (The Doctor here presented some strong reasons why we should come to Christ without delay. I could not follow him in the rapidity of his discourse, but must say I indorsed all he said.) For deferring to make a public profession of your faith in Christ, there cannot be any reasonable excuse given. It is not expected, in coming forward, that the church is to receive you as a ripe Christian. To remain away on the ground that you do not think yourself good enough, or that you desire first to become better, or to have a clearer knowledge of Bible truths, is no excuse, so long as you realize that Christ is the only Saviour. There is no need of delay in making this public confession. You must come repentant, confessing your sins, believing on Christ. That you were bidden to come a long time ago, and that you thought of doing it, is not going to help you. You are bidden to come at once. "Let the dead bury their dead—follow me." All excuses are to be put away. No Christian professor is deemed perfect. Each one is received into the church on "his faith." And it becomes the best and oldest Christian to repeat the words in penitence daily: "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." When a man believes in Christ, and strives to lead a Christian life, intending to make a public profession of his faith, but continues to defer it, it is an evidence that he wants to serve the world and the Lord at the same time. This cannot be done.

"This is the work you are called to do!" seemed often whispered in my ear while engaged on Saturday afternoons in distributing tracts and visiting for Sabbath-school children. Those who labor here need strong faith, deeply fixed

in their souls. There are few willing laborers in the field. The contagion of wickedness on every hand, and of indifference on the part of so many, works against the efforts of a few who strive to make all men, women, and children Christians. The unsanctified influences of wealth, learning, and social position, coming in contact with the humble laborer in the cause of his Master, conspire to discourage him in the blessed work. Were it not for the grace of our Lord and Saviour, Satan and his emissaries would have complete control. While I have thus found myself alone, on many week-day afternoons, in this business, it would sometimes seem that the devil was just as active, and that the jeers of men were following me. Then the thought would come, "Is this not so? Look around you; who is at this work?" But the candle of my Saviour lit the way, and its loving light made beautiful the pathway bedecked with Sharon's rose. I have to thank God, the result has proved a blessing to me, which has so warmed me in the Sabbath-school cause, that wherever I may be, I trust and pray that I may never be found doing less, but more.

Monday, February 27th.—Rev. Dr. Scott and lady called at my place of residence, and left their card.

Monday, March 5th.—Rainy and cold. Proceeded to Calvary church at 2 o'clock, to meet Rev. Dr. Scott, with others, at a meeting in the basement. On account of indisposition, the Doctor had gone home.

Wednesday Evening, March 7th.—Attended the meeting preparatory to communion. Those who contemplated uniting with the church were requested to remain at the close of the services. Some six or eight, with myself, remained. Was introduced to the officers of the church, and held a conference with them and the pastor.

Friday Evening, March 9th.—Attended the special lecture preparatory to the celebration of the Lord's Supper on

the coming Sabbath. At the close of the services I remained again, with others, and was very cordially received by the Doctor and the elders of the church, and without farther question was solicited to come forward on the approaching Sabbath.

Sabbath, March 11th.—A memorable day in my life! Consecrated myself to God. The declaration of solemn vows, in the external rite of baptism, was made this day before Him who knoweth all hearts—the espousal of the cause of my Redeemer, and a desire and pledge, with God's help, to live fully the Christian life.

Communion Day, *Sunday, March 11th.*—"In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace." Ephesians i. 7. I can record nothing of the beautiful discourse preached this morning from this precious text, which of itself is a sermon, and the words of which will never be forgotten by me. They express everything, and are sufficient for me. May this occasion ever be remembered as one on which I received baptism as an external sign of an internal cleansing from sin by the blood of Christ, binding me in fellowship to be a true follower of Him! The bread, an emblem of his body, bruised and broken for our sins; the wine, in token of the precious blood of Jesus, shed for our salvation —all in remembrance of my risen Lord and Saviour! I feel the preciousness of his love to-day, in thus coming with my whole heart to acknowledge and follow Christ. There were ten others beside myself, one, with me, receiving baptism. I pray God that this day may ever be remembered by me, while it pleases Him to spare me on earth, and that it may form an epoch from which to date many more sweet communions with my Saviour, until called away, when I hope to dwell with Him, and the redeemed, and the holy angels in heaven forever. Oh, precious season! "Happy

day, that fixed my choice." I thank my Heavenly Father for his goodness to me, and I pray Him to be very merciful to me a sinner, and forgive all my transgressions for Jesus' sake. O precious Saviour, thou who didst condescend to come from thy habitation of glory to dwell in mortal rags, in a world of sin and misery, what love is thine! taking upon thyself the burdens of a fallen world, persecution, suffering, and death, for our sake! Having so graciously laid down thy life to accomplish the great scheme of man's salvation, by thine own power and majesty didst rise again from the dead, and hast ascended to heaven, and sittest at the right hand of the Father, to reign supreme in glory! Our intercessor and advocate with the Father, who knowest us altogether, art acquainted with our griefs, and touched with the feeling of our infirmities. Our Friend, our King, our Shepherd, our Lord and loving Saviour, with an eye of tenderness and pity, says, "Come!" "In my Father's house are many mansions." Come, and take of my spiritual waters, and abide in my grace. Come, pilgrim of the earth, heavy-laden and sorrowful, and give me thy burden. I know thy weariness. Come, believe in me; give me thy heart in faith, nothing doubting, and I will take up my abode with thee, will comfort thine heart, and thou shalt dwell with me at last in my blessed and eternal habitation. The Father hath given all things into thy hands. Oh, our best Friend, our Redeemer, and our all, I come! I come! May the Lord ever help me in this solemn covenant, and blessed be his name forever and ever! Amen.

Thursday, April 12th.—The news by first Pony Express arrived to-day, telegraphed from Placerville—time, nine days from ocean to ocean*. This is the first feat, and the inauguration of an important event in California history,

* By telegraph, now in twenty-four hours from ocean to ocean.

which will be the precursor to still more speedy overland communication. The opposition on California steamers has ceased.

About this time I began to write to some of my relatives concerning the interests of their souls. In view of my happy experiences, and a somewhat changed mind in regard to life and its solemn obligations, I now could not but feel deeply interested for those near and dear to me. Some had early professed His name, others seemed to be living without God and without hope in the world. This painful thought inspired me to daily prayer for their conversion and their acceptance of a Redeemer. Why should any whom I love perish, and thus speedily run their course without a saving knowledge of Christ? Could I be innocent, without offering a prayer at least for them, with the feelings which God had given me, and knowing, too, the infallibility of his decrees and law, while they were out of the fold, and without the knowledge of that Saviour who alone is able to redeem them from their state of death, unto life; and, if so continuing, they must be lost? No; it is my fervent desire that we may *all be one in Him.* This expectation is the happiest I can indulge. I believe the Lord will yet show them his goodness; and they be made willing to choose that good part, freely offered them in the prospect of an endless eternity! "Able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by him," seems soothing to the weary and humble pilgrim, happy and consoling to the trustful, and broad and inviting to a whole world of soul-famishing and perishing mortals!

Thursday, April 19th.—My young Scotch friend and myself organized a prayer meeting to be held in his room, inviting Mr. P., a young man occupying the small room on the same floor with us, to join in these desirable evening devotions. Mr. P. professed to be a "close-communion Baptist." He was a quiet and amiable young man, and at first seemed reluctant to engage with us in social, and, as

we styled it, "family worship." We were a kind of little family, occupying separate rooms on the same floor, and though of different denominations, professed the same faith in the merits of a Saviour. Why not acknowledge and offer grateful praise and prayer to God in His precious name with the returning shades of every evening? We sang a Psalm, read Romans ix., prayer by me, and closing with the beautiful hymn, "Rock of Ages," we parted, retiring to our respective rooms. Thus a little meeting was started which we proposed to continue regularly so long as we remained under the same roof.

Friday, April 20th.—Sent my first letter to New York by Pony Express. Postage, five dollars!

Thursday, April 26th.—We carried on our family worship, by permission of Mrs. A., in the parlor, to be conducted in the presence of all the inmates of the house, composed of Mr. and Mrs. A., their children, and ourselves. The 16th and 90th Psalms were read; a hymn sung; then prayer by Mr. T., when we retired to our respective rooms; and so continued for several weeks, Mr. T. and myself taking turns in leading each meeting. Shall I say that none of these meetings were fraught with good, and that our petitions, however weak and imperfect, were without blessing to some, if not all of us—that the same have not been heard, and will not, according to His good pleasure, be answered? The Lord sees, knows, and remembers; and He is so good and watchful, that not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice!

CHAPTER III.

First trip up the Sacramento—Appearance of the Country—Business—Weather—Japanese—Trip to Petaluma—San Francisco from the Water—Islands, Mountains, &c.—Petaluma—Dialogue on Climate—A Magnificent Bull—How to receive a Blessing—San Rafael and Prison—A Crazy Man—Convicts at Dinner—Their Appearance, Food, &c.—View of "Camo Pice"—Jews' Day of "Atonement"—A Surprise—Interesting Varieties.

June 25th.—On one of those windy afternoons peculiar to the climate of San Francisco in summer, I concluded to make my first trip up the Sacramento river to the second city of importance in the State of the same name; and at ten minutes after 4 o'clock I was on board the steamer *Eclipse*, skimming the great bay for the mouth of the river, through which I was thus introduced to the interior, with a peep at the valley of the Sacramento. Finding the knolls, hills, and small mountain spurs looking arid and yellow, nearly all vegetation dried up, and being told that such was the usual state of the country at this season,—as I proceeded up the river, I regretted that I had not taken the trip earlier, or soon after the cessation of the rainy season, when these hills and this great valley wear a beautiful garniture of green. Yet these smooth, round, and yellow-looking mounds and prominences, with live-oaks of a deep green foliage scattered over the surface, dotting the ground here and there, give even now a peculiarly beautiful aspect to the country.

As we pass through the higher prominences which skirt the mouth of the river and bay above, "Mount Diabolo," the point of which only is seen from San Francisco, now shows to a better advantage, and discloses no common proportions. The hills surrounding us have a bleached appearance. I am told they are covered with wild oats, which spring spontaneously from the soil every season, and grow in abundance; and, with the cessation of the rains and advancement of the "dry season," become ripened into a yellow harvest, a great deal of which is cut down by the farmers. The cattle, too, roam over the country, and fatten on them. This brings me to the recollection of seeing many bales of this valuable spontaneity of nature piled up on Market street in San Francisco. The San Pablo bay, through which we passed, is a beautiful expanse of water, of circular form, hemmed in with small mountain spurs. The Suisun, though smaller, and of oblong form, is also a beautiful sheet of water, much larger than I had previously supposed. Meeting a Christian brother, whom I was happy to see, we proceeded to the upper deck, and there, in a social promenade, with a cool, pleasant breeze, we spent several hours, discoursing upon things past, present, and to come. He disembarked at one of the landings above. I then went down into the cabin, where I met one of my little Sabbath-school girls, with her mother. This little girl, with about a hundred others, I had induced to attend St. Paul's Sabbath school, now one of the most interesting mission enterprises in San Francisco.

As far as I had noticed this river on our upward course, I found it wanting in that variety of scenery for which the Hudson river and others of the East are noted. The water, which, previous to the discovery of gold in the gulches and mountains above, was so clear and pure, is now, as far as I could discover, of a muddy or dark yellow color; and in this respect exceeded, in its filthy appearance, any other navi-

gable stream that I ever saw. In consequence of this, salmon, which were formerly abundant in the San Francisco and Sacramento markets, are now very scarce in this river, and the supply is drawn from the Russian, Eel, Columbia, and other streams of the north. Gold, and less fish, is the case with regard to the valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin. Every rill and tributary of the two great rivers brings into these main channels mud, dirt, and sand, the result of extensive mining works and hydraulic washing carried on in all the up-country.

The next morning found me in Sacramento City for the first time. Getting out early, and giving my trunk, containing bonnets, in charge of a porter running for the "St. George Hotel," I started up one of the main streets for this large and reputable house. The atmosphere was clear and warm, compared with that of San Francisco in summer. The clear sky and lovely quiet of the morning augured a pleasant day. Finding, upon my arrival at the hotel, an hour or more to spare before breakfast, I started out to see something more of the city, and enjoy, in a quiet stroll, the serenity of the early dawn. Walking in the direction of the Capitol, and then through the principal streets on the outskirts, I saw much that was attractive in the many neat dwellings and villas—some of them, after the New England model, having fine yards, with fruit and ornamental trees, vegetable and flower gardens, and all apparently luxuriant. Some of the smaller cottages were quite embowered in evergreens and shrubbery, so inviting to the eye; while scores of sweet songsters were breathing out their melody in delicate and varied accents, that I was lost in happy contemplation. At this stage of my walk I stopped under a large sycamore, to drink in this morning's repast. The first rays of the sun, now rising so gorgeously, and falling softly around, conspired to render the scene exceedingly pleasing and attractive; more

so, I think, than any morning hour I ever experienced in my life. It was my first full realization of summer this season! Having been accustomed to the Eastern summers, and then coming to San Francisco, where the weather is evenly cool at this season, one can scarcely realize that it is summer. The temperature of the air, with the trees, foliage, and vegetation, as found here this morning, was the full experience of what I had been accustomed to, and which cannot be realized in San Francisco. In the thinly-settled portions of the town, high, rank weeds were growing, proving the strength of the soil; and along the walks, in many of the streets, much of the same spontaneous growth was to be found. Sacramento, the capital of the State of California, is situated on the Sacramento river, 120 miles from San Francisco. It is located on ground perfectly level, and therefore does not present a very grand appearance at a distance. The streets are broad, and laid out at right angles; and the sidewalks are shaded with cottonwood trees. The city is surrounded with a levee, to prevent the waters of the American (which enters the Sacramento just above the town) and the Sacramento rivers from overflowing it. Captain Sutter was the first white settler near this point, in 1845. In 1848 a settlement began to grow upon the site of the present town. In 1850 the town was almost totally destroyed by fire, and in 1852 it was entirely submerged. By these two mishaps property to the value of $12,000,000 was destroyed. The estimate of the present population of the city is between 12,000 and 15,000. There are many good stores, large churches, and hotels. The Capitol building is of no ordinary dimensions. The whole country around is perfectly level, and seemed one unbroken expanse for many miles, with the distant ridge of blue mountains rising in the northeast, which bound this beautiful valley of the Sacramento in that direction.

Immediately after breakfast I set about my business, calling upon the hatters and milliners of J street, making the acquaintance of some, and selling goods to others. In the space of a couple of hours I succeeded in disposing of seventy-five bonnets (all I had brought), and concluded, as I had no farther business, to return by the afternoon boat. The day throughout was beautiful, and at 12 o'clock the thermometer stood at 80° in the shade. The weather was so much warmer than in San Francisco, that I was compelled to throw off my heavy broadcloth, and substitute a linen coat and vest. I must confess I like a real summer temperature, when the season for it arrives, better than the cool and windy weather which prevails at this season in the Bay City. Most of the inhabitants here I found attired in a light, thin dress, running around in the hot sun with as much energy as the denizens of San Francisco. During the middle of the day I enjoyed a profuse sweat, which made me feel that my visit here was a benefit to me. At 12 o'clock I took the boat down the river, thus abandoning the purpose which I had entertained of visiting Marysville. I now obtained a view of the Upper Sacramento, which was shut off the previous evening, about halfway up. The country, of course, presented the same flat appearance, with occasionally an expanse of tule land, which, with a few fields under cultivation, and vegetable gardens, comprised the principal verdure along our course. In short, the country generally was now dry and parched, and the scenery quite monotonous and unattractive.

I met several acquaintances on board, among them a Mr. P. and the Rev. Mr. B., the latter having had a narrow escape, as he stated to us, on his mountain trip—that himself, stage coach, driver, horses and all, were precipitated down a small mountain, the stage making a couple of somersets, and arriving at the bottom with a crash; but,

providentially, no one was seriously injured. Mr. B. was somewhat bruised on the head, and otherwise racked and jarred, but realized only a slight soreness, with a little less pliability and nimbleness the next day. We had a good dinner on board at about 4 o'clock, and were safely landed on Broadway wharf at half past 9 in the evening.

Thus I made my first trip to Sacramento. Before bidding adieu to one of my friends that evening, we thought a little plain supper would not hurt us. This we found in one of San Francisco's best restaurants, in the shape of some good bread and butter, a dish of our famous strawberries with cream, and a cup of French chocolate, after which we parted, feeling happily regaled. I proceeded to my home, and there, lingering an hour over the good Book before retiring, was, about 12 o'clock, comfortably nestled, and sweetly locked in the unconscious embrace of Morpheus.

Thursday, June 28th.—Received news of the great reception given in the East to the Japanese ambassadors. In the evening of the same day a large meeting took place, with much rejoicing over the rejection of "Peter Smith titles." Great eclat, and booming of cannon on the Plaza.

Tuesday, July 3d.—In the evening a prayer meeting was started in the chapel on Mission street, in behalf of the Sabbath school and church interest. This meeting, though composed of but few, was regularly held on every Tuesday evening for several months, in which I participated.

On the 4th of July a very creditable anniversary celebration of our national independence took place in San Francisco. A part of the festivities consisted of a grand display of the Episcopal Mission Sabbath-school children, who were drawn in cars embellished and fitted up for the occasion; together with an oration by a Unitarian minister in the great Pavilion; and winding up in the evening with

an extensive and jubilant cotillion party. On this day another event in San Francisco was signalized by the opening of a railroad extending south from the city to the Mission Dolores, three and a half miles from the city. This is the more important, since it is the first "steam horse" running out of our city, which some maintain is to be the western terminus of the great trans-continental railroad.

Monday, July 16th.—News came of the arrival of the Great Eastern in New York. Time for the trip, twelve days. The people of Gotham all agog. We feel some interest in the matter, away off here on the Pacific coast. The events which agitate the heart of New York send a pulsation through to San Francisco, her commercial sister and aspiring compeer.

TRIP TO PETALUMA.

Wednesday, August 9th.—Feeling a desire for a change of air, I concluded, on the 9th of August, with but a few minutes before me, to make a short trip to a part of the country which I had not yet seen; and laying aside my pen, I started up with all possible haste, taking a bandbox with a few samples of bonnets, and a bundle under my arm, and passed through Montgomery and Pacific streets for Vallejo-street wharf, to take the model little high-pressure steam craft *Petaluma*, for the growing little country village of the same name. I had hardly a moment to spare. True to time, the boat steamed off at precisely 1 o'clock P. M., bearing up over the northern expanse of this famous bay with about fifty passengers on board. San Francisco, viewed from the water, as on former occasions, and from this direction, presented the same inconsiderable and rather insignificant appearance, and not that beautiful and metropolitan aspect which it ever does when the eye rests upon

it either from Telegraph, Russian, or Rincon hills. I would say to every stranger approaching our city for the first time by the water, Please withhold your judgment; hold back all opinion by this introduction; wait until your foot touches the wharf, and you have entered the city, and grope your way through the business thoroughfares, and are among the fine buildings, extensive stores, and busy crowd of Montgomery street, the Broadway of San Francisco. I would ask you farther to perch yourself on Telegraph Hill, and take a peep at this sea of houses, this terraced wonder of eleven years' work. Consider, then, that the heart of the city has been swept off during this decade by three terrific conflagrations. Look again, and behold the skill of man—a prodigy indeed!

The day was beautiful, the sky clear, and the temperature of the air about 70° Fahrenheit in the shade. The water, with its clear blue appearance and slightly ruffled surface, increased by the foaming trail of our little craft, was sparkling in the sunbeams. The Contra Costa range of mountain prominences, though shorn of their vernal freshness by the long absence of rain, still wore a sombre beauty, shaded, as they were, on many sides obliquely presented to the bright rays of the sun just over the meridian. The city, thus viewed from the upper deck, where several of us were sitting, was, to say the least, pleasing to the eye and refreshing to the senses.

Soon we were moving over the line which marks the entrance to the harbor from the Pacific. We experienced a stronger current of wind, rushing directly through the "Golden Gate," the direction of which was plainly marked by a column, or mountain, as I will term it, of dense white fog pouring through, and pointing, as with a bee line, in the direction of the great central valley of the Sacramento. It appeared like a cloud of smoke as we approached from the

distance; and when in it, and passing through it, we could see nothing but the water down by our side. When out of it, there was the same long white bank, stretching from the ocean as far up in a northeasterly direction as the eye could reach. The day was bright and beautiful; and this stream of fog, travelling swiftly in one continuous line before a stiff ocean-breeze, extending far up into the country, explained to me the manner in which the atmosphere of the hot valley above was equalized and cooled, rendering it agreeable and healthy to the inhabitants of the interior. The residents of Sacramento City, one hundred and twenty miles from the bay, must receive a slightly tempered influence from this cause.

Before passing through this bank of fog, we reached on our left a unique little island, rising cone-like, called Alcatraz (Pelican), or Bird Island, on which is a light-house, and around the base of which is built substantial masonry, forming an impenetrable bulwark, with a fort and all its essentials, in view of the "Golden Gate," to resist invasion. But would little Alcatraz stand? That, of course, is a question. There is no doubt that stronger forts are needed than have yet been built at the entrance of the harbor, to afford proper protection to this city and State against a hostile foe. With the present very limited fortifications at the heads, a powerful foreign fleet may easily gain an entrance into our harbor; and when the armies and navies of other nations are once nestled in this large and beautiful bay, the city, the State, and the whole Pacific coast is at their mercy. To our right, on the northeast, we behold the Solano coast range, with "Red Rock," some distance out in the bay, which is a natural beacon to the Sacramento and Stockton pilots. To the westward, a little farther up the bay, we passed "Angel Island," rising in the form of a round-topped mountain, having at this season of the year a barren ap-

pearance, especially on its southern projection; while the northern and eastern sides disclose some verdure, with many of the native green oaks, resembling an apple tree, dotting the surface, giving a bold, enlivening, and rather beautiful appearance.

At fifteen minutes past 2 o'clock we neared San Quintin Point, where the prison is located, for the purpose of landing some twenty-six persons (not convicts), who were let down into a small boat. The company comprised two American ladies, dressed in mourning, one Mexican, and one Mongul—the rest were supposed to be Yankees. This is the only landing-place for those going to San Rafael, a small town hemmed in by high hills on the north, east, and west, and lying at the extreme head of the San Francisco bay, with a road winding along the base of these elevated ridges. Thus situated, it is said to be completely protected from the strong "summer afternoon winds," which introduce such an unwelcome dust to the eyes, ears, and olfactories of the San-Franciscans. This town I expected to visit on my return.

This little jaunt afforded us not only resuscitation, but quite a variety of scenery. Soon we got a fine view, in the west, of a majestic mountain peak, towering up above all the others as the king of the coast range. Approaching the head of the bay, we passed on our right, and east of us, a couple of small islands near the Solano coast, called "The Sisters," from their near resemblance. A short distance farther up were two more, named "The Brothers," for the same reason. On and about these islands may be seen at any time innumerable pelicans and black sea-gulls. The islands are literally covered with guano, which is sought here by the agriculturist.

We now left the San Francisco bay, steaming through the narrows into the San Pablo bay. On our left, the round hills, with their beautiful undulating appearance, whitened

through the dry season, and dotted with the live green oak found everywhere near the coast; on our right, and toward the east, lay stretched a wide expanse of green tulare land, over which the white and black sea-gulls were flying. All this, under a clear sky, mellowed by the declining rays of the afternoon sun, presented no dull scene to my eye. This bay, with its round appearance, skirted with light yellow-looking hills, of irregular form—in fact, entirely surrounded by them—reminded me of a very shallow, flat-bottomed wash-dish, notched in the rim. Its length and breadth are said to be twelve and fourteen miles. Passing over this beautiful bay, we entered the mouth of the miniature river called Petaluma Creek—quite a pretty stream, winding, as we ascended, through green-looking flat tulare land all the way up to the town of the same name, whither we were now hastening. I have never before seen so crooked a stream as this; it was perfectly serpentine in its course, turning now east, and then west. I have glided over rivers with an occasional bend, but have never travelled in so snaky a manner as now. It would seem that some great sea-serpent, some time since the flood, had imbibed the notion of an overland trip, to take a view of the country; and having twisted himself up through this valley, tail foremost, had, in his efforts, penetrated some hidden fount, which, frightening him by its miraculous flow, caused him to beat a hasty retreat, never having been heard of since. Hence the Petaluma Creek! A more appropriate appellation would be, "Serpentine Creek." I shall always recollect this famous little stream for its meandering course.

At half past 4 o'clock we touched the wharf at Lakeville—a place comprising the "Lakeville House," a couple of whitewashed cottages, one *not* whitewashed, two plain wood-colored and good-sized storehouses, and a barn, the latter being a rare sight in this country. To the south were

six new white-canvas tents, temporarily pitched for the abode of surveyors, who were engaged in their first thorough work in surveying this valley. The particular object they had in view I did not learn. Bales of wild oats were piled up on the banks of the river at this place, awaiting transportation to the San Francisco market. The valley, thus far traversed, did not show any fine fields of corn or other grain, and I began to think, though the foot hills and country generally looked productive, that there was nothing but grass and wild oats raised there. In fact, the strength of the soil was proved by the growth of wild oats in great plenitude.

We made our last stopping place at the Petaluma landing, some three miles below the village, at ten minutes past 5 o'clock. Finding four or five stages in readiness to convey the passengers to the village, and getting into one of the neatest looking, with three others, in a few minutes I was safely landed in front of the Washington Hotel, which had the best reputation of any in the town, and there took up my abode. Supper, in country hotel fashion, was announced about fifteen minutes past 6, after which I took a stroll through the town, a quiet little village indeed. I will not call it a city; but there is a "Main street," which is the Broadway, or principal business thoroughfare. Many of the stores are of brick, two stories high. Like all great inland cities, it is situated on the banks of a river; and this, up to this point, is but the tail-mark of the frightened sea-serpent, with just sufficient water flowing sluggishly to make the matter plain that it is the great Petaluma. The town is situated mostly on elevated ground, with still higher prominences rising in semicircular form on the south and west, affording protection from the strong winds of the coast. The village overlooks on the east the flat green valley; and farther still, the highlands

beyond, and the lofty spurs forming the continuous line of the Sonoma range, which divide the Petaluma and Sonoma valleys. Many of the little cottages, isolated and rather pretty, much resemble the villas of New England. The town contains four churches—Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, and Episcopal. There are also four hotels—Petaluma, Washington, City, and American; one armory, two flouring mills, and quite a large and substantial brick building, just completed, for a public school or academy, which is said to be one of the best buildings for this purpose to be found in the State. The town contains 2,500 inhabitants, and continues to grow, notwithstanding the disputes which arise here, as almost everywhere in the State, in regard to land titles. With this view of the place, I repaired to my hotel, read the papers, and, at my request, "mine host" politely conducted me to room No. 8, of which I became the sole occupant, and turned into a clean white bed, feeling grateful for my blessings, and at peace with the world.

I was up the next morning at half past 6, when I was greeted with a regular San Francisco fog, hanging like a dense smoke, confining the view to the nearest objects. I did not think this of Petaluma. But it was not to continue long; for at 8 o'clock the influence of the sun had vanquished all, and the morning, at this hour, augured a bright and beautiful day. The last traces of this fog could be seen moving in white sheets and columns gracefully along and over the mountain peaks of the Sonoma range, paying tribute to these rustic prominences of nature's pride.

As I started out, after breakfast, for a walk through Main street, I met a gentleman, from whom I sought some information with regard to the country farther north, and was made acquainted with the fact that he was one of "Old Columbia's" honored sons, having migrated here some four

years before from Lebanon Springs; and though he had prospered, as he informed me, yet he had not become reconciled to California. He loved "old Columbia" the best. The people, and all the early associations there, even with the caprices of climate, presented an endearing thought to him. He was evidently charmed in the recollection of things and people once existing there, much of which he forgot had changed, and which he would have realized, in a measure, there on the old ground, had he never left it. Like hundreds who have returned with the expectation of finding things as when they left, a part of which was a kind of enchantment which distance lends to the view, he too would no doubt feel like coming back to this modern golden Ophir, and adopt California as his idol home. "But," he said farther, "this California climate, of which there is so much said in praise, I do not consider so comfortable as that of the East." "You do not consider it so cold, do you?" "Oh, no; we seldom have ice or snow here in the valleys; and my health is better, with fewer ailing days during the year; but there is an unpleasantness in the chilling atmosphere during the winter and spring; and the custom of trying a good part of the time to dispense with fires, when they are not absolutely necessary to keep from freezing, but which would materially contribute to our comfort, has been a source of geater discomfort than any of the winters and springs which I have spent during my life in the East. There, a fire for many months is a necessity, and we have a blazing one at that; in short, the room is made warm, and the doors and windows are kept shut. When we go into the house there, we do so to sit at ease, and be comfortable. When we go out, we do so prepared to meet whatever temperature of the air or severity of weather then exists." I am inclined to agree with him in some respects, and that to dispense with a fire all the year round, in this climate,

is uncomfortable. But in other respects the climate of California is one of the finest I have ever experienced. He, like many others, would not be perfectly contented anywhere. Do not the best of us become discontented too often? Mr. P. positively asserted that the time spent there had been unsatisfactory, and, to use his expression, "a blank in his existence." I think Mr. P. may not be in possession of those natural qualities of mind which dispose one to easy contentment with health and prosperity anywhere. A man may be in Kamtchatka, or anywhere else upon the face of the earth, and if he lives right, and strives to do good, he cannot feel that, while so living, his life, or any part of it, is "a blank in his existence." Good deeds, good thoughts, and kind words and acts to others, will never die; and when the mind takes a retrospect of such, wherever they have occurred, it will kindle the soul with a happy thought, making one feel richer for having done something; and the time so spent will be full of blessed recollections, to be contemplated with gratitude and pleasure through all time, and will constitute a part of our blessedness in eternity.

Before taking my leave of him, he desired to show me his "Durham bull," which had taken the premium at all the fairs since his advent in this country. Truly, I found him a magnificent animal. As a "blood" animal, he was estimated as high as $5,000. This sum had once been offered for him. I thought it a good story; but a "Columbia County" man said so, and I believed it.

With somewhat more of a walk through the town, I repaired to my hotel to write a little, and be in readiness for dinner. I now felt some desire to pass farther up the valley to Santa Rosa, and the so-called pretty little town of Healdsburgh, some sixteen miles up the Russian river country. I was told the country was rich, and the valley

well adapted to the growth of corn, which does not thrive in California, generally, as well as the other cereals. This is accounted for by uniformly "cool nights," which is proverbial of California. But this particular valley produces the best of corn.

In the evening I followed up the sound of a bell, which led me to the Methodist church, and met the sexton in the vestibule, while yet pulling at the bell-rope. He informed me that the Congregational church was "right around on the other street;" and added, "but they have only a prayer meeting, and that in the pastor's study, and not in the church, as only eight or ten meet." Notwithstanding this intended discouragement, I thought that was just the place; and the promise, "Where two or three are gathered together, there am I in the midst of them," seemed peculiarly sweet. I hastened to the place, and was taken by the hand at the door by one whom I felt to be a Christian brother, though having never seen him before. We walked in together, and found about the number stated by the sexton of the other church. It proved a pleasant little place, and a very happy meeting, feeling, as I did, that it "was good to be there." I quickly recognized the presiding officer, whom I knew to be the pastor of the church, as the Rev. Mr. Broadt, who, in May, addressed the great body of children in Calvary church at the meeting of the Sunday School Union and Convention then held at San Francisco. A hymn was sung, when a passage from Scripture was repeated from memory by several present, which was remarked upon, principally by the pastor, with many comments and exhortations, and in a very instructive, feeling, and appropriate manner. One or two prayers had been previously offered. Mr. Broadt spoke to us, in a sitting posture before his table, principally upon the subject of prayer, and the manner in which believers should ever present themselves while

offering their humble petitions. In order to enjoy the presence of the Holy Spirit, he said, we must not only ask with unwavering faith, but, to receive a blessing, we must ever come under a sense of the deepest need, conscious of our entire dependence, our unworthiness, and sins, and unable to do anything ourselves; to come, pleading not any merit of our own, but in the name and for the sake of Him who took upon himself all, even death, for us, and who is the advocate with the Father, knowing all our necessities, and who can bestow according to our needs. "If we come," said he, "clinging to any cherished object of this world, we need not expect a blessing; for as we cannot serve two masters, neither can we expect any spiritual communion, when anything stands between the soul and the great Source from which we are to draw light and peace. Every worldly thing which we bring in with us to our meeting, or to which we cling with desire, must be relinquished, and we must come in earnest prayer, believing that we shall be heard and answered, and under the consciousness, also, of our utter unworthiness, and need of help. Unless we are willing so to come, our services will secure no blessing. We must come with a feeling of confidence and trust, as we would come and make known our request to our best and dearest friend. When a believer comes feeling any degree of restraint, with something within drawing him back—when he comes in a timid or halfway manner, as if something was in the way, then there is too much in the way—he is far from God; he may then know that he is not a Christian. If he has never realized a palpable blessing in any of his petitions, it is an evidence to him that he has not even so much as approached the new birth. He has not been born again. His heart has not met with a change. He has not been made 'a new creature in Christ Jesus.'"

Mr. Broadt alluded feelingly to the remarkable faith of

Christian missionaries in Patagonia, and the evidences of transport and joyous rapture one of them gave in shouts of Christian triumph at his death. One, in a famishing state, crawled away into a cave, and there found his tomb; another took refuge in a small suspended boat, and with his last breath cried out, in a song of glorious triumph, "Arise, my soul! arise!"

At the close of Mr. Broadt's remarks, prayers were offered by several. Those who composed this assembly were middle-aged men. The exercises were conducted somewhat differently from our Saturday evening prayer meetings by the young men of San Francisco. I was very happy in coming to this meeting, and retired to my room refreshed, as I always am when I seek the Lord.

At a quarter to 7 o'clock the next morning I was seated in the coach, with seven others, to return. By a mistake which the boy at the office made in his statement of the hour for starting, and his neglect to have me called in season, I lost my breakfast. Another gentleman was in the "same boat" with myself, and, with but a moment to spare, we were obliged to obey the unmistakable, "All aboard!" without even so much as a peep in the dining room. We supposed the hour for starting was 7, instead of "a quarter before," and so we were wheeled away without breakfast. We did not grumble, but passed it over with a smile. One of the company was a lady bound for San José; four were *en route* for San Francisco, one of whom, a plump, smooth, and glossy old gentleman, with a pair of gold spectacles elevated far above the root of his nasal organ, sat on the seat with the lady, and seemed as musical and jocose as a young boy. Of course, I could not but notice him; and I was not a little pleased to see the happy spirit which the old gentleman evinced. He sang all the way to the boat, and I found him humming away when on board the steamer. I should

judge he had seen not less than fifty-eight or sixty summers. "What a sample of happiness and easy content, at this age!" I thought. He was decidedly the happiest-feeling man I ever met with. He seemed to have it in him by nature.

The day was beautiful. This meandering creek, of course, had become no straighter. We reached San Quinten point at half past 10 o'clock, which, with the State Prison and San Rafael, I desired to visit. As we stopped, some twenty persons came on board. I was the only one going ashore, which could be accomplished only in a small boat, on account of the difficulty that a steamer encounters in approaching, from the shoal water at this point. A wharf is now building, and this difficulty will be obviated in a few months. Proceeding, with my modicum of baggage in hand, to "Shepard's Hotel," and having about two hours to spare before dinner, I set out to visit, a few rods distant, the State Prison. Entering the office of the superintendent, located on the left side of the passage way, through which carts as well as convicts and visitors enter, I had my attention called to the "rules," which were plain and well defined, to "register my name, to pay half a dollar, to speak to none of the prisoners, and to deliver no letters to convicts except by and through the keeper of the prison." This understood, and complied with, my guide led the way through a small iron door admitting but one person at a time, and the next moment we were within the great yard. These walls enclose five acres of ground. They are substantially built of brick and stone, mounted at their angles with little round sentinel houses. The walls, and all the buildings, grounds, &c., connected with the prison, are located between two knolls, which, with their guard houses on the highest prominences, command a full view of the prison and all belonging thereto. These hills, rising on the east and west, with the prison and grounds thus between them, and the waters

of the bay on the south, admit of a gentle and pure breeze, making the location very healthy. Several other outside guard houses are stationed still higher up on the hill to the northeast, having at hand large brass cannon, with which, in this commanding position, they may successfully repel every prisoner who may attempt to escape.

The whole grounds, including prison, hotel, and environs, rest upon rather a beautiful promontory bearing to the eastern side, and nearly at the head of the great San Francisco bay, about twenty miles from the city. In the rear, outside and north of the great wall of the prison, are engaged every day some three hundred of the convicts in extensive brick-making operations—mud mills, with a single horse pulling at the lever of each in a circular or cider-mill fashion. Some were carting the clay, some forming the bricks, some carrying and placing them on the level grounds to dry in the sun; and others were engaged in preparing the bricks for baking in the kilns. Everything seemed to go on with regularity and silence. Many a brick palace and warehouse has been built in San Francisco, Sacramento, and other cities, with bricks made here by these convicts. I will here mention one very remarkable subject, who made such a fearful noise in his crazy outbursts, that my attention was directed to him, with surprise and pity, as soon as I entered the prison. I was informed that he was a Spaniard, who had, in a crazy fit, some two years before, "cut his wife to pieces in the mines up the country." He continually seeks the yard instead of his cell, with the rays of the meridian sun pouring down upon him; there he walks, sits, stamps with his foot, dances, and at times breaks out from a humming sound into a wild and crazy howl, which may be heard at intervals from early dawn till the midnight hour. The guide informed me that the monotonous subject of his humming and howling was the Spanish reel; and the sud-

den outbursts in Spanish dialect were one continual stream of obscenity, blasphemy, and execration of the Almighty. This poor creature changes his clothes twice a day; and under the hot sun of midday, I saw him in the centre of the yard pulling off his shoes, pantaloons, and under garments, to shake them; and in this state of nudity he seemed perfectly wrapped up in his frenzy, without regard to any one around him. Desiring to pass through some of the workhouses inside of the prison building, I was informed that work was mostly suspended—that the shops were nearly all closed for that day, and that those who were not in the brick yard, were in their cells, for the purpose of taking an "inventory" of tools, and all that comprised the internal working arrangements of the prison. We, however, passed through a couple of shops, in one of which the Governor (Downey) of the State, with his private secretary and other *distingués*, was busily engaged in taking an inventory. We now retired to a small building, the abode of the person waiting upon me, to await the dinner hour of the convicts, when the whole number confined within these prison walls would appear in regular order. At precisely 12 o'clock, the clear sound of the bell announced the hour when they were to partake of their plentiful but common fare. Soon they came pouring into the yard, and, falling into regular line, marched under the eye of overseers to the dining room. Five hundred and thirty convicts passed before us on their march over the north end of the yard, down the stone steps, through the wide door into the long room built of brick and stone, with a floor of the same material, there to realize, it may be, their highest comfort and good, in the gratification only of that natural sense of pleasure which the Almighty in his goodness has given to every one, in the use of food for the support of the body. And is this their only food? No; they are, even here, not denied a more delicious fare,

on which they may feast eternally. Here each one is to remain during his sentenced term. As I looked upon this company, comprising Americans, Spaniards, Africans, Mongolians, and aborigines, I thought they were the worst-looking band of mortals I had ever beheld. Some few had a heavy chain fastened around the ankle, with a block attached thereto; and which, in order to walk, they were obliged to carry in their hands. I was told, such merited the infliction of a severer punishment than others. In their dress they were unlike the convicts of the Eastern States, being attired in coarse clothing, without any uniformity, or particular mark of distinction, as the shaved head and beautiful striped habiliment which so quickly meet the eye at Auburn and Sing Sing. They moved along in silence; nothing but the clanking chain, fastened to the feet of some, broke the quiet. Some of them wore an ugly look, others a benighted and sorrowful countenance. As we passed in behind them, we found in the dining room the same order, all of them being quickly seated on their long benches, with rusty-looking basins before them filled with a kind of stew composed of boiled potatoes and beef, which was placed upon a long, narrow stationary slab raised at a proper height for a table. The basins were of good size, and were filled before the convicts entered and took their seats, that the business might be quickly and orderly done, and that all could partake at once; thus avoiding the necessity of waiting upon them one by one. Whenever the signal for more was given, it was quickly responded to by the waiter, who seemed to understand his business, as with but a single dip of his large ladle out of the great kettle his duty was performed. Their spoons were of metal and horn, and each man, when through, took such with him, which they are required to keep, for method, safety, and their own convenience. Their food in the vegetable line is potatoes one week, alternating

with wholesome beans the next. They are also served with bread. I was informed by the commissary, that they consume six hundred pounds of flour, together with beef and potatoes, in one day! What more do they deserve? What other consolation have they? Yes, they should feel they have a greater in the bread of eternal life, which is offered for their acceptance every Lord's Day. This dining room is also made to answer the purpose of a chapel. The elevated desk at the eastern end of the room, now occupied by the commanding overseer, is then filled by one whose eye is less keen and vigilant, and whose countenance is less stern, fitting his voice in pathetic strains to the lovely theme of the cross. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow;" "for God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Here is the promise, and here the true bread and richest of all blessings, denied not even to you. Oh, vile mortal of the earth! why will you perish? Repent; believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. How sure and peace-abounding to you, if you will but truly believe! You are subject to pains and penalties, and the conflicts of sin and Satan, which are ever striving within us. Are any exempt? And what shall prove the eternal cure? "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." What a sweet message from the Governor of all the living! What precious news! And what a balm, what a consolation to the weary body and the troubled and heavy soul! Here we find the cure. Here we find the water of life—an exhaustless well; draughts from which will prove sufficient to eternal life. Here is the "Rock of Ages," upon which the burdened soul may forever recline. And why not rest here? Who bids all to "come"? Why so much love? "Come," is the loving

invitation. Oh, thou soul in the dark, look out of thy windows, and behold the glorious light! Oh, let us endeavor, in the exercise of faith, to get a spiritual vision, looking up to the never-failing Fount, through the windows of the soul, to the lovely face of the Redeemer, who in power and majesty surveys every object of earth, penetrates every heart, and is acquainted with every sorrow and infirmity of our fallen nature. Holy Redeemer! altogether lovely art thou —the portion of the loving and trusting heart—the balm to the broken-hearted—the crowning good and glory of man! Dear Saviour! ever the same, merciful, long suffering, true, just, and kind, thy hand is extended in compassion, thy Comforter is speaking peace and joy; thrilling, with a sense of unspeakable blessedness, the souls of an otherwise comfortless and lost humanity! Who would not come and drink of this living water, and never more thirst? Whence come these convicts, and this prison confinement and suffering, and the strivings of such hearts, made hideous by disobedience, who are now expiating their crimes by confinement in these dark cells, within these walls, at hard labor? *From man's fallen nature. Sin! sin! sin!* Alas! for this blight upon the primitive beauty of the first being who was perfected in the image of God—man, the last and most glorious of God's works, having dominion over all things living in earth and air. Shall we find the subjects of sin in the State Prison among the condemned, and there only? Do we not find the fallen in Adam, in the form of every living mortal upon the earth? Alas! many, who never enter the walls of a prison, will, notwithstanding, never be received into heaven. There will be a retribution far greater than that of the convict on earth, and to those who wear a better worldly name, and this, too, will never end. How important to keep the law of God, as well as that of the land in which we live! Far more terrible will be the verdict of

the Almighty Judge; and as sure as his statutes have gone out to all tongues and nations, will be the certainty of retributive justice. Oh, the boon! oh, the joy and rapture ever to be imparted to the faithful pilgrim from the inexhaustible treasure of divine love! "It is I;" "let not thy heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Oil on the troubled waters, life to the soul, peace forever! Again we see thee, ever the same, ever shining in thy glorious attributes, the root and offspring of David, the bright and morning star! Now a cloud obscures the view—now a little light—then drops a small beam—now the effulgent flood of glory again falls full into the soul. We are with and of God—self is left below in the dell—the earth and its blessings all are, with their good imparted, turned in gratitude to thy praise and glory. Nothing here to which to cling—all is frail and perishable—the road clear, straight, and narrow—our home far, far away! Bright and beautiful view! Our eye fixed upon it, our feet are ever steady—our step sure—our progress begun. We have set out with joy for that life of which this terrestrial abode is hardly a beginning, and but a foreshadowing—of which celestial beatitudes there is no end.

Having seen all in the prison, and while I could not restrain some feeling of pity for those whose ignorance and sins have thus brought them here, shut out from society and privileges which commonly belong to every American resident of law-abiding character—in thus taking leave, I felt that I had something more to pray for. I could not petition so much for their deliverance from these prison walls, as a deliverance from sin and Satan—to be born again—to believe on the Lord Jesus, and gain, through the riches of his grace, eternal life. Before passing outside of the walls I was shown over 300 live rabbits. These little innocents of drab, white, and spotted hue, of all sizes, were hopping around, in and out of their little wooden houses, in which

they breed every month (but one) in the year. Some were as small as rats, and prettier in my eyes than kittens; others full grown; the latter, as fast as needed, constitute the delicate dish of flesh for the officers and others attending the prison. At 2 o'clock P. M. I got into the "hack," with two other gentlemen from the hotel at which we had but a few moments before dined—one of these, a Mr. G., the preceptor of the school at San Rafael, and a Mr. ——, formerly from Ghent, Columbia County, N. Y., and with a good jog we were on our way to the unique little town hemmed in by high hills. The distance, four and a half miles, the road dusty, and a perfect zigzag along the sides of the round hills, proved just about as much of a ride in this style as I desired. As both the gentlemen were residents of the town to which we were going, and desiring a comfortable rest for the night, I made inquiry concerning the "hotels," and was informed there were "two." Desiring to know which was the "best," I was informed as readily that one was kept by a Mr. so-and-so, and the other a new comer, who had just opened the "brick," a new house, and that "both" were "very good." Yet it was apparent by the actions of both of my fellow travellers, and their furtive glances, that in their opinion one was decidedly the best; and they were altogether too squeamish about it. Repeating very politely the question as to the point, and looking at the preceptor as if to call from him something clear in the matter, I was, with much hesitation and a fawning smile, answered, that he did "not like to say." The Columbia County man appeared just as careful to express an opinion; and at the same time the driver's big ears were open to catch the decision, and perhaps would be the instrument of causing one or the other of my friends to be regarded by the one unlucky keeper of the hotel in not a friendly light; and thus make him a target at which spiteful virulence might be directed

for a whole year. This would not be an enviable position. As I was in the country, and where, too, much ado is made about a trifling incident, I thought this carefulness was quite proper; and to say the least, it would be impolite and improper to press the question any farther. Learning, however, that the Governor and his suite stopped at one in town the night previous, I very carefully asked which it was; the "brick," was the quick reply. This settled the trying question: I concluded that I would roost at the "Brick," too, and soon found it was a decided hit. The other, I afterward learned, was kept by a Spaniard, and there was plenty of swearing, drinking, and billiard-playing there, and was otherwise uninviting.

Here a fine view of "Camo Pice" was presented, a beautiful mountain peak, rising above all others on the west, overlooking the Pacific coast, and from its top may be seen the broad, blue deep of the ocean, about seven miles distant. The temperature of the air I found much higher here. The town, screened as it is from the winds, with the meridian sun pouring down, renders it a pretty hot little place sometimes. This collection of houses could hardly be called a village, having but few more dwellings than the little borough once familiar to me in my youth—called "Smoky Hollow—yet covering less area, and more compact: it could boast, however, of its market, its stores, post office, school, hotels, and church, with an air of happy and secluded quiet all around, and rather sublime mountain scenery greeting the eye from the west. Soon after supper I ascended the high bluff rising up east of the "brick," at which I stopped. Leisurely I walked over the dry grass, and amid the low evergreen oaks, dispersed among the hills. Now getting up far above the cosey little town below, I began to feel refreshed; and with a peculiar exhilaration my mind and frame felt clear, with a deeply realizing sense of

contemplation stealing over me. I could now think of the privileges and blessings I enjoyed, and that I was here, standing where my foot had never before rested, and far from the hills of my native clime. How different the scene! With the waters of the great bay of San Francisco to the south, the round encircling hills on the west, and "Camo Pice" pointing grandly above them all, thus almost completely screening the town lying prettily in the dell below, the bright starry heavens above, and the gentle zephyrs blowing their soft, pleasant, and life-invigorating influence upon me. The hour was solitary, but not comfortless. Not a soul here—none to molest—I found not only a happy contemplation, but communion with Him who formed all so beautiful and glorious. I love nature; and here, lingering till the ushering in of night's curtain, set with the bright starry lights, and under the free, wide, extended glories of heaven's dome, I thought of God's goodness to me, and realized a blessed hour of prayer to him. My heart was full of gratitude to my God.

The next morning I found equally pleasant and beautiful; and the first sounds, while rising from my "Pulu" bed, of the lowing of cows not far distant, carried me in thought back to the farm and country of early youth. At 9, I set out again for a return in the same hack for San Quinten. The Governor and others still there. At half past 10 I took the boat for San Francisco. The Governor and suite, having finished their business, went aboard the same steamer, and we arrived in San Francisco at half past 11 A. M. Finding that, during my absence, many had called to see me, I was glad to return. As usual, at this season, I dined on fruit, now in such abundance in this market, including many of those belonging to the tropics: and were relished in this clime in preference to a heavy dinner of meats.

September 3*d*, 1860.—Shall it be in vain that we ask our

Heavenly Father for blessings? Shall not our prayers for our friends be heard? And does He not know upon whom to bestow, and in what manner to answer? Man has his mode of attaining the end he desires. The Lord has his own way of conferring his gifts, different from the weak and imperfect conceptions of man; yet it may be granting the full measure of a mortal's request. This day seems the most joyous and blessed of my life. My friend, have you ever rejoiced in tears? This day was wholly spent thus, and seemed the most precious of all I had hitherto passed. How do wealth and fame sink before those everlasting treasures, far away from moth and rust, when our good Father, in whose mansions they are securely kept, grants us a momentary view of them! An earthly conception of heaven is like the slight twinkling of a star, for a moment seen, then gone; like a sparkling atom, so far distant as not to afford even the remotest idea of its vastness and splendor—then obscured, although the spiritual windows of man's soul may be opened to receive the full effect of its beauteous light! He feels God's love, and the full confidence of a Father's tender regard.

A letter is received from a dear mother. The superscription plainly tells that it is from her; and the broken seal reveals the glad tidings of the heavenly desires of loved ones. They have come forward, and are standing up for Christ. Shall we all meet in heaven? What a blessed thought! To dwell together in the flesh, and to enjoy the society of dear kin on the earth is pleasant; but flesh is burdened with aching pains, and this house of our earthly tabernacle will soon be levelled with the dust. Then where are immortal spirits to be which have tasted love divine! That morning I had asked for good tidings; and walking to my place of business under the light of peace, found in the awaiting epistle more than I had asked for, and sooner than expected.

How sweet to have the interest of souls at heart! Blessed be the name of our Lord. He is kind, long suffering, and willing to make us happy, despite our unworthiness, our manifold sins, and the evil inclination of our hearts continually.

Thursday, September 6th.—Magnificent display of the "aurora borealis," or northern lights. I have moved into the room overlooking the bay. This is through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. A., who have given me their best room, proving quite a surprise, and calling forth my inmost gratitude.

Wednesday, the 26th day of September, was one set apart by the Jews of this city to be observed as the day of "Atonement." All business was laid aside; their stores were closed, and quite a large body of them assembled in Platt's new Music Hall. The other portions of our people (the Gentiles) were as busy as bees. I stepped into the hall, and, as I entered, respectfully took my hat off, as every gentleman should do; but noticed immediately, as I stood near the door, that the congregation were all sitting with hats and caps on, while the exercises of chanting and singing by their Sabbath-school children were going on, accompanied by instrumental music under the leadership of the Rev. Dr. Eckman, with the utmost uniformity. While I was endeavoring to comprehend this sitting with hats on, seemingly so rude and uncivilized, and contrasting so strangely with the apparent solemnity of their exercises, it appeared that I was not long to remain ignorant as to the peculiar phenomenon; for but a moment had elapsed when I saw a man with a quick step coming from the interior of the room toward me, who said to me, in a decisive tone, "Put your hat on, sir!" I did so. And it was not till then that I knew I had been as disrespectful as I had at first studied to be reverential. The same want of respect with my hat off, thus ignorantly

perpetrated by me, was equivalent to a like rudeness by one of their number walking into our sanctuary, during service, with his hat on! This was new to me, and the remembrance of this custom, if ever visiting them on another anniversary, will cause me to pay suitable reverence to them and their rites by its strict observance.

Sunday, September 30th.—While on my way to the St. Paul's Mission Sabbath School, walking rapidly down Kearney street, I heard my name familiarly called, and, on looking around, was a little surprised to meet a young man formerly in my brother's employ in New York. He informed me that he was on his way to China. It happened, however, that the expedition which was to convey him to the Flowery Kingdom had fallen through, and he was obliged to become a resident, for a time, of the Golden State. But gold, with him, as with many other young men, soon leaked out of his pocket entirely, and he became so much straitened that economy became a forced virtue. A little more lavish at first than prudence would recommend, he indulged his proclivity to feast his ideal and romantic sense upon the splendid valleys and gorgeous mountain scenery of our State—a diversion more becoming one whose feet could move more easily over the "rocks." His pocket becoming depleted, he was summarily made acquainted with the difficulties which attended the getting "the needful," and he found great trouble even in obtaining sufficient employment to enable him to earn his livelihood. An occasional job at shovelling sand or assisting in loading a ship at the wharf was offered. The little aid which this afforded him, made retrenchment necessary; and instead of a soft feather bed, some huge empty box, or the hull of an old scow at our wharves, became his nightly resting-place, with the sublime picture of the starry heavens for his quiet view and thoughtful study. Experience often proves a severe teacher. For a long time

matters grew no better for him. A little "change" was frequently given to him, to keep body and soul together. Finally, after looking about, I succeeded in getting him a situation in a large house, in the capacity of an out-door clerk, and to be principally engaged in driving a cart, loading and unloading at the wharf, with comfortable and quiet lodgings in the store of his employer. He thus has a permanent situation, at the fair salary of $900 a year. A couple of months afterward I noticed him in the society of chaste and intelligent ladies, and sufficiently flush to take them to a concert. Who knows but that Mr. J. will some day be numbered among the merchant princes of San Francisco! Another young man, whom I met one morning (formerly of Nassau street, New York), looking "hard up," begged of me the small sum of a "quarter," with which to get a meal, which he had not had since "yesterday noon." Another, with a rich father in New York, came in, and wished the loan of $150, offering to give me a draft on his father in the East, as security. But having little confidence in his integrity, and recollecting some of his past exploits at Saratoga in days gone by, I could not consent to grant the request. Meeting him about a month after on Montgomery street, he begged imploringly the loan of half a dollar. Having none to loan, I handed him, as a gift, the sum he requested.

The close of the year 1860, among other experiences, was peculiarly sweet. On the 24th and 25th of December, the season of the first winter holiday, while going to my office in the morning for letters, and to meet acquaintances, I was almost overwhelmed with the kindness and regards of friends who testified their sincerity by the bestowment of several valuable Christmas presents. To expect such was far from my thoughts. Surely I could not but feel that, having

come here but a few months before, a stranger in a strange land, my Heavenly Father had showered upon me blessings without number, and was particularly gracious to me. Thanks to Him for the kind and sweet manner in which I have been led!

CHAPTER IV.

Start for Sacramento in Winter—Wharfage—Comparison—Scenes at the Wharf—Reflections—Winter, Prices—The next Morning—Lecture—Start for Marysville—Sacramento in Winter—Sudden Stop—Pleasing Episode—The River and Country—Annual Export of Gold—Arrival at Marysville—Population—Climate—An Englishman's opinion of California—Folsom—Chinese Mining—Experiences at a Hotel—Sacramento again—Opposition Steamer—The splendid Chrysopolis—Our Company on Board—Passage down the River.

January 15*th*, 1861.—Getting ready in a hurry, with but seven minutes to reach the boat, I mounted the box of an express wagon with my trunk, and started for the wharf at the foot of Broadway street. Arriving there quickly, I handed the driver seventy-five cents, fifty of which was for my fare, the balance paying a tax for wharfage, which is exacted from every cart, carriage, or dray passing to the steamer. This is a reasonable toll, designed to meet the expense of building and keeping in repair this and other good wharves, which, I believe, are wholly constructed by the city. Should one confine his vision to the wharf, men driving and running to and fro, bales and boxes of merchandise, and the steamer, all of which may be seen in any large commercial city—it would be difficult to decide whether he had just stepped from the wharf of San Francisco on board of the fine steamer *Antelope*, or from that at the foot of Murray street, New York, to take passage on the *Isaac Newton*, for an afternoon or evening trip up the silvery "Hudson." I can see but little difference in the general aspect of things around me.

Men are as "sharp," the flurry and bustle as great, newsboys are as boisterous, and some of them as saucy, with the spirited cry, "The Evening Bulletin" (without the "second edition"), "two for a quarter." Fruit peddlers crawling up, with one foot on the wharf and the other on the plank, and hands extended, lingering to the last moment, eagerly crying, "Apples, Mister!"—"Twelve Oregon apples for two bits!"—made it seem like a September day in the East, and New York right over again. But you say, "We never hear about 'Oregon apples' here; neither do we hear 'The Evening Bulletin.'" Well, that is so; but substitute "Nice swate oranges!" the "Evening Express, third edition!"—and, excepting the Mexican cinnamon-colored, broad-brimmed, sugar-crown hat, to which many of the San-Franciscans, and most of the up-country Californians are so partial—in all other respects, you will be reminded of the denizens of the city and State of New York. The boys here seem to monopolize the business of apple vending; for "Biddy" is not on hand; which may be accounted for by the fact of a scarcity, as yet, of Erin's invincibles in this country, and the particular demands made upon the Hibernian stock of the feminine gender for "house servants," commanding, as they do, from $25 to $35 per month; and therefore, I suppose, they have good reason to feel not a little independent here, with a dignity exercised far beyond their more humble countrywomen in the Atlantic States, where they are more numerous.

On the south side of this substantial wharf, the steamer ——— moves off for Stockton, striking out over the westerly portion of the bay, thus getting a few minutes' start of us; yet the *Antelope*, true to her name, was not long to plough in her rear, for we soon passed swiftly ahead. There being a pretty strong wind, we were considerably tossed up before reaching the mouth of the Sacramento. I commenced pacing

the upper saloon with a determination that Neptune, on this short sail, should not get me in his power. As I walked about I asked myself, How much better are the Eastern craft than this? This "long saloon," I thought, is just as comfortable, fine, and capacious as any I have found on the Hudson, Ohio, or Mississippi. When I halted and looked back over the water and the city of my adoption, I could see but little more than the northern outskirts, with white cottages and little isolated villas, surrounded, as many were, with a neat white fence; and these domiciles, scattered over the green hills, with that called "Telegraph Hill" pointing above them nearest the water's edge, were all garnished with so pleasing a carpet of velvety green, that I was no longer reminded of New York and her surroundings; for a temperature so mild, with the absence of snow and ice, and so enlivening and pleasing a verdure as was now seen, is more suited to the month of June on the Eastern seaboard of my native land, than the middle of winter! Soon the curtain of night was thrown over us, but, with clear and starry heavens, the moon came up with her cheerful face directly from the south-east, her rays giving light and lustre to our foaming wake. And now, as we were passing out of the bay, and I had mastered the feeling of sea-sickness, I betook myself to an easy seat, to pore over the "Bulletin," and to make ready for supper, which was good, and well relished. I paid the usual charge of one dollar, after which I took to reading again; and, in the absence of the "good Book," perused the "Sunday School Times," which occupied my time till 11 o'clock, when I "turned in" a very comfortable state room, with the right of only one half of it to myself, my mate being a stranger, who spoke and turned over in his bunk, when it soon became evident, from his hard breathing, that he had fallen soundly asleep. Upon commending myself to the Giver of all good, I "followed suit," hoping, with

the dawn of day, to find myself in Sacramento. As this was not the opposition day, the charge for passage on this steamer was $3; for one half of stateroom, $1 50 more; for supper, $1—in all, $5 50 for the trip. As the opposition have but few boats, they can as yet affect the regular line only every other passage, which occur three times a week. But a few years since, the price for passage to Sacramento (120 miles) was $25 and $50! beside $10 additional for stateroom; and for supper, $2. The days are past when a steamboat on this golden river made over $200,000 per annum! The average price for single passage the past year has been about $5, which, by Californians, is considered very low. Would a New-Yorker think so for a ride up the Hudson—120 miles?

On getting out the next morning at 7 o'clock, I found the sky clear. The wind had not abated, or, at least, it was blowing up here, and the weather colder than in San Francisco. The "City of the Plain" presented not so inviting an appearance as in the summer; for the streets were muddy, the foliage stripped from numerous shade trees, and the sweet voices of little songsters were not heard, as then: I suppose they have flown to the more genial clime of Mexico. The thermometer, though the weather here is not cold enough to make ice, is down to about 45°, instead of the high temperature of 80° in the shade, which I experienced while here in the month of June. I found my overcoat comfortable, and a warm breakfast ready, of which I partook immediately upon arriving at the "St. George." My quarters at this hotel were comfortable, with a good fire and closed doors. The polite host of this establishment gave me a room consideraby more elevated than in the summer, on account of those lower down being occupied by members of the Assembly and Senate, now in session. By this altitude, I was favored with a fine view of the valley extend-

ing in every direction, as level as a floor for many miles, until broken by the rising chain of mountain peaks on the east, west, and northward, literally covered with snow, now glistening under the bright rays of the morning's sun. Snow, however, I am told, rarely falls in Sacramento; and though colder in the winter, it is also hotter in the summer than in San Francisco. A more even temperature and salubrious climate than San Francisco, I think it would be difficult for the traveller to find on the American continent. After obtaining some information from merchants, to guide me somewhat in my importations for the future, and a general tramp among the hatters, I dropped my business, and proceeded to the Capitol, visiting both the Senate and Assembly chambers, to witness the deliberations of those bodies. In the Assembly there seemed to be much active work, the room being filled with spectators, who with myself were deeply interested in their ballots, cast three times by audible expression, naming the man for whom they voted, as the clerk called out the name of each assemblyman for his vote. Three rounds of votes were cast in the short space of half an hour; but coming no nearer the point, on account of party predilection, each seemed to hang for his man. As some eight or nine days have been spent in this way, I could not see but that this would continue in the same manner, unless the struggle was brought to a speedy close by the election of a "Speaker." "Thirty-nine, upon the last ballot, was necessary for a choice." Upon this I passed out into the Senate, and as I came in, a vote was put, and "carried," to "adjourn." I then proceeded to the hotel, where a general convocation of the Republicans was held in the parlor. In the evening, a special Republican dinner was given, at which there was much good feeling manifested, "toasts" drank, and felicitous addresses made. Clamorous drumming on the table and boisterous cheering continued up to a very late hour at night.

At 8 o'clock, though late, I went to get the benefit of a lecture delivered by Dr. Morse, in the Methodist Episcopal church on Sixth street, between K and L streets. The audience appeared to be quite select, and, while seated in their square, box-like pews, it seemed their minds were intent on the subject, and that the speaker had in his exordium so completely enchained them, that they must have received something more than I could then realize; for up to its close, notwithstanding their enthusiastic applause, I could discover nothing remarkable in it. It seemed to me very tame.

The next morning I was up at 6 o'clock, and at 7 went on board the *James Blair*, bound for Marysville. The morning was clear and cold, the ground and plank showing a pretty heavy frost during the night; and though the weather was no colder than is experienced in my native State in the opening of November, yet it is called cold or "very cold" here, as it is the lowest temperature realized during the year. How little dread does a good frosty morning offer to the citizens of New York, or any of the old farmers of the Empire State, when, at this season of the year, the ponds, lakes, and rivers are hermetically closed, and over which an ox team, with a couple of tons weight, may be driven; the windows thickly coated with frost, the eaves and outside cornices fringed with long icicles pointing down into huge snow banks, the thought of which seems to give an unpleasant chill to a Californian; the snow on the ground piled up to their knees, or drifted up by a fierce wind before their doors, and filling up their lanes and alleys, with the mercury of the thermometer down to 10°—to "zero," and oftentimes 10° below! Ah! this is icy cold. To get that state of weather in California, one must go up the country into the mountains a couple of hundred miles. A writer at Downieville in this State gives an account of

ten inches of snow up there; and, while speaking of the large flakes, compares it to a New York winter ostensibly, but not really, "as," says he, "the weather is not so severe." Ice is never found in the Sacramento river, and there is nothing to impede the free passage of steamboats the whole year round. This steamboat, running from Sacramento to Marysville, is necessarily small, being a neat little propeller, with an upper cabin, after the style of the Ohio and Mississippi river boats, extending nearly the whole length of the boat. There were some forty passengers on board, including six ladies, and a heavy load of freight, with which our little craft, though occasionally impeded in her progress by a sandbar, made a smooth passage until within ten miles of Marysville, when she was brought to a stop. After repeated efforts, the impediments proved a "dead set," the "bar," hidden by the murky-looking waters, offering a positive barrier; and there was no other alternative than to run back a couple of miles, and throw off a part of the freight; which, in the mean time, afforded the passengers an opportunity to go ashore, bask in the sunlight, pick up pebbles, admire nature, inspect the earth, indulge in visions of gold, or turn their minds temporarily to the study of geology, mineralogy, ornithology, or anything else into which the penchant of their minds led them at this interval of our unexpected delay.

An hour or more before this, according to my time, at half past 12, a very good dinner was prepared by the officers and steward, consisting of meats, vegetables, and pudding, for all who wished to partake, the charge for which was one dollar; the price of the passage was four dollars; distance 56 miles—which, with the omnibus charge of fifty cents from the river to the Merchants' Hotel, makes the round sum of $5 50. When we started, we were told we should be landed in Marysville at or before 4 o'clock P. M.

Our passage, in consequence of detention by the river bar, consumed ten hours, for we did not get there till half past 5, or nearly 6 o'clock.

The day was pleasant, the air bracing and clear, but not cold. The general aspect of this river reminded me of the Illinois river, though with no such great trees as in many places skirt its banks; that stream having also many prominences, with a uniformly higher shore and some hills on each side; while the Sacramento and Feather rivers have nothing of the kind noticeable, and wind through a perfectly flat valley, with rather low banks, which at high tide are overflowed, leaving water in places on the land for several days. These once pure, crystal-like, and beautiful rivers have now during the whole year a yellow and muddy appearance, and a cup of pure water cannot be obtained anywhere, from the mining districts to the bay of San Francisco. The land of this great valley, through which the San Joaquin (san-haw-kee) and the Sacramento rivers find their way, averages in width from 30 to 50 miles, with an entire length of about 500 miles, nearly all perfectly flat; the greater portion of which is arable, excepting the "tule," which eventually will undergo a process of drainage, making it the very best. Better soil than the present tillable portions of this great valley cannot be found anywhere. Under the genial California sun there are produced with ease some of the finest crops of wheat, oats, and barley grown in any country. Besides, I feel certain I shall venture nothing in saying that the most prolific and prodigious specimens of the vegetable and fruit kind ever beheld, have been seen in the markets and fair at San Francisco during the past year. As I passed up through this valley, offering to the view occasionally a large tree of the oak species standing near the banks, and scattered sparsely in the distance, with a prairie-like extent of land, affording shel-

ter from the hot summer's sun to the herds of cattle which roam over it, and fatten upon the luxuriant grasses—it seemed to me that all that was needed was a couple of million of Eastern farmers and mechanics to settle in this fertile valley; when this State, with its agriculture, its commerce, and gold mines and mountains, would speedily become one of the richest in the American Union. Not, however, until the titles are better settled, about which there is much dispute in many portions of the State; and not until we get a railway reaching through in one continuous and unbroken line to St. Louis, Chicago, and New York, will anything like this be realized. Now California is great in some respects. Her product and export of gold, to say nothing of her agricultural interests, already advanced, are from $50,000,000 to $65,000,000 annually! The present aspect of this valley, as I now beheld it, is as yet but slightly green; while the trees and many small willows and shrubs skirting the river banks, which two months since put off their autumnal garb, again appear with swelling buds, very soon to put on their spring array of green foliage. But even with this, and all the vaunted glory of such a scene meeting the eye through the valley of the Sacramento in her best March, April, and May dress, what is it to the connoisseur, in point of scenery, when compared with the world-renowned "Hudson," with her spring, summer, and autumn kaleidoscopical views of unequalled beauty! I am quite sure there is no river coursing through the temperate zones of the globe, which can present, in either of the three seasons, views so varied, unique, and picturesque as the beautiful Hudson.

But now about Marysville. We were landed, as before stated, not on the wharf, but on the sloping banks of the river, being the nearest point, and this about three quarters of a mile from the so-called city with about 9,000 inhabitants. Stopping at the Merchants' Hotel, I found it a good

house, with an over-attentive and staring waiter, and an accommodating host, who relieved me of my paraphernalia with one hand, and pointed me to the dining room with the other. After a hasty and light supper, I started to take a look at the town and attend to some business. I was well satisfied with my visit to this place, now for the first time. My business was completed in two hours. Marysville is located on rather higher ground than Sacramento, and is situated on the north bank of the Yuba river, near its junction with the Feather. The town was laid out in 1849, and named Yubaville. Subsequently the name of Marysville was adopted, in compliment to Mrs. Mary Couillard, the first white lady settler here. This city is the entrepot for a large portion of the northern mines. It is a very thriving place. It is handsomely and regularly laid out, with wide rectangular streets, and good sidewalks, flagged and neatly paved with brick. Many of the stores are of substantial brick foundations, and though of but one story in several instances, yet with a high ceiling; they are airy, and of good depth, and so constructed that at any time, when business and the wants of the city require it, two or three stories may be added, making as fine and commodious buildings as the traveller finds in most cities. Here, as in Sacramento, they rarely, if ever, have a fall of snow. I was also credibly informed, that such is very seldom seen throughout the great Sacramento valley. Marysville, being somewhat colder than Sacramento and San Francisco in the winter, is termed in summer "the oven of the State," for it is ever the remark that it is one of the "hottest" of towns to be found.

Desiring to return by the boat leaving at 7 in the morning, I requested the clerk of the hotel to call me at 6; and with peculiar gratitude to the Giver of all good for mercies, and with the remembrance, also, of those who are near

and dear to me in the land of my birth, I was nestled once more for repose at 10 o'clock. The morning found me up and dressed in time, with a carriage full of others, rapidly wheeling away to the little *James Blair*, on our return. Partaking of a good breakfast on board, we found ourselves making splendid time with the current; and as dinner was prepared just before reaching Sacramento, most of us concluded to give the steamer the benefit also of the one dollar, which was a little more than it would cost us in Sacramanto to procure the same. We arrived at half past 12, which was one hour before the train started for Folsom, during which interval I employed my time in writing. This was my second railroad ride in the State of California. In a short trip of twenty-three miles more to Folsom—a town but three or four years old, with a population of some 1,300—I was favored with a good look of the valley land, so level, and saw many farmers there, in the month of January, turning up the rich mellow soil for spring wheat. I entered into conversation with an intelligent Englishman, and his son, who was formerly a resident of London. He came to this country in 1849, and had seen its "ups and downs;" he had lived in San Francisco, and thought there was no climate to compare with it and the "City of the Plain," and was pleased to settle and make this country his permanent home. Here, in Folsom, I saw about its outskirts mining operations upon a small scale, some claims paying $10 per day, which had been deserted by the more enterprising white man for more extensive operations above, the same being now worked by unflagging Chinamen, who, it seems, are doing a paying business. "John" possesses a faculty for living so cheaply, that he is willing to turn his hand to almost anything, and make money out of almost nothing.

The town of Folsom does not amount to much. Two

or three stores command all the business. There are a number of small rookeries, or shops, not excluding liquor and billiard saloons, a church, and two hotels. "Patten's" entertained me with a supper, and one of the hardest beds I ever slept on, which I suppose was their best. As I took a poor light from the hand of the young man in attendance, I requested him to be sure and call me an hour before the train started in the morning, as I did not wish to be left—desiring to get back to Sacramento in time for the boat, in order to reach San Francisco that night, and be in attendance at the Sabbath schools on the morrow, and attend to other things claiming my attention. He said he would call me at "6," that I might have ample time for the first train, starting at 7, which, if missed, I should not be able to reach home that week. My bed proved something else beside hard, as my olfactories detected without even a close inspection. It was evident that the sheets and pillow cases had not been introduced to soap and water for a long time. Some persons can pass these things over with an easy nonchalance, but I must confess I have not the faculty to do it. But, get in I must, or have no rest. The next morning I was called at the eleventh hour. The young man whom I noticed so pert in handling cigars and dealing out whiskey, and who seemed more adapted to such things than accommodating a guest, came, on this dark, cloudy morning, rapping at my door, saying, rather unconcernedly, that "the cars" would "be off in five minutes." And sure enough, on looking at my watch by his light, I saw that it lacked but a few minutes of 7. I thought this did not look like calling me at "6." I was determined, if possible, not to be left, and hardly stopped to put on my clothes respectably, but threw them on, and hastened through the rain, which was pouring down, for the depot. The most of the day was wet and chilly.

This railroad of 23 miles, and the only one of any importance in the State, reminded me of one of the short branches of an Illinois road, over which I had travelled in years past—a small steam engine, with a baggage and one passenger car hitched on. Thus we glided back, in railroad fashion, if not time, for Sacramento, which we reached at half past 9, much sooner than we expected. This was in time for a fashionable morning meal, which in this country is enthusiastically announced, as soon as one pokes his head into a second-class hotel. The location of the "What Cheer," so near the depot and steamboat landing, induced me, for convenience, to take up my abode there for a few hours. Taking my breakfast, I sent the porter to the St. George for my prodigious black trunk, so as to be in readiness at half past 2 P. M. to take the boat leaving at that hour for the "Bay City." This interval I occupied in writing. At 2 o'clock it was evident that the "opposition" went down the river that afternoon, as a more importuning set of "drummers" I have seldom encountered. The price of passage, in consequence, was knocked down on both steamers to a low figure. The *Chrysopolis* charged one dollar for cabin, and twenty-five cents for deck passage; the opposition from fifty cents down to almost nothing, in efforts to secure the greatest number. The opposition, though offering to carry passengers at a lower rate, was, however, no inducement to the travelling public, for the largest and finest boat took the biggest crowd. At the hour of starting, the *Chrysopolis*, on which I took passage, moved proudly off, with 350 passengers for San Francisco. I must here remark that the appearance of the *Chrysopolis*, while beholding her size and model, together with her internal structure and arrangement, reminded me so much of the *New World* on the Hudson, that I could hardly realize it to be otherwise, while walking her long and beautiful cabin.

Everything seemed to be in keeping with an Eastern craft, with as intelligent, enterprising, and civil a body of people on board, as may be found anywhere in America. The length of this model steamboat, of pure California manufacture (save the machinery, and this even could have been quite as well manufactured at "Donahue's" great works in San Francisco), is 260 feet long. Her cooking arrangements are complete and far from being wanting in any respect, as the supper for one dollar, which was grand, proved, with almost everything spread before two hundred of us in the long cabin, with a multitude of waiters darting around, who were as black, attentive, and genteel as any that ever passed a chicken salad or lifted a chair at the Metropolitan in New York, or provided one with a "calves' foot" or "charlotte," in the "Congress" at Saratoga. Her saloons, fitted up with running water into marble wash basins, are furnished no less superbly in every respect, with their sides adorned with paintings of mammoth size, representing the queen cities of our land, together with unique mountain scenery overlooking Lake Bigler, sketches of our Golden Gate and the rivers over which we are gliding; and also a faultless toilet, with registers admitting the warm air to kill every unpleasant chill even in this climate, constitutes this, on the far-off coast of America, as beautiful and comfortable a floating palace as the traveller would wish to meet with on any river in the civilized world. California, though but a decade in years of civilized progress, is now in very many respects not far behind the older borders of our land, with the experience of a century. Her next decade will show the world in other respects a proud position. This afternoon and evening being the last of the week, our company on board comprised many members of the Legislature, who, desiring to visit their families and friends at points along the river, and in the metropolis, San Francisco,

favored us truly with a company of *literati*. The serious evils of recent manifestation which now threaten our proud American Union, were the grave subjects calmly and feelingly treated of by nearly all on board. California, though far away from the strife, no less takes this matter seriously at heart, frowns upon the spirit of secession and disunion, and declares herself emphatically for the Union. While we were thus gliding so smoothly down this river, we hardly realized that we were shooting swiftly over the cool murky stream of the Sacramento, at the rate of eighteen miles an hour, in a floating palace, and not amid a pleasant company easily reclining in our own parlors. We reached San Francisco a few minutes after 9 in the evening, and as we neared the wharf, a picture was there presented, under the bright rays of the moon, as it seemed, of New York right over again. Such a medley of cab, carriage, and express drivers, with whips in hand, looking as eager and voracious as one could imagine a flock of starved wolves, ready to devour everything before them. And such a Babel-like cry of "Carriage!" "Cab!" "Take you up!" "Now for the International," "Merchants' Exchange," "Metropolitan," "Oriental," "What Cheer," &c., coming from a multitude of hoarse throats of every tone; and what they could not do with their voices, they performed in every imaginable gesticulation and beseeching posture possible for a biped to assume, each with a whip sticking high up, that no one should fail to observe they had charge of a "nice carriage." Indeed, they were about the sauciest looking lot of fellows I ever met with at any wharf.

My advent in San Francisco seemed again happy, feeling glad to get home. It seems to be the only city on this coast in which I would care to live.

CHAPTER V.

What one finds in San Francisco—A Hint in regard to California Fruits—Fine Climate—Everything Grown—Climate of San Francisco Defined—The Summer Months—July most Dusty and Disagreeable—The "Rainy Season" Described—No Thunder and Lightning—An Occasional Earthquake—Advantages—San Francisco is Healthy—Things in and around San Francisco—Good Society—The Salaries of Divines—The Spirit of the People—The Flowers of California—Lone Mountain Cemetery: its Position and Characteristics—Humming-Bird and Quails—Camels—Chinese: their Habits, Festivities, &c.—Currency—Rates of Interest—Fashions—Exports.

San Francisco can boast of a custom house, a branch mint, a marine hospital which cost over half a million, a fine music hall, an academy of music, five or six theatres, a city hall; eight to ten first-class hotels, with a score of indifferent ones; a splendid mercantile library and mechanics' institute, a Young Men's Christian Association, thirty-three churches, two colleges, numerous grammar schools of the first order, a Sabbath school connected with every church, nine or ten banking houses; thirteen daily newspapers, printed in the English, German, and French languages; several foundries, gas works, a sugar refinery, woollen factories, flour mills, an orphan asylum, and, in short, everything which belongs to the largest and most populous cities of the East.

I would, before going farther, give a hint in regard to fruits in California. The report sent in from Solano County, thirty miles from San Francisco, speaks thus: "We have produced apples, this season, of beauty and flavor unsurpassed even in the far-famed State of New York; while the nectarine, apricot, and gooseberry have so improved by

their removal to California soil, as scarcely to be recognized as the same fruit. We are in a favored country for fruit growing. We raise the pomegranate, olive, and fig, side by side with the apple, pear, and quince; the grape of Malaga, with the hardy Isabella, Diana, and Catawba; the almond and olive, with the black walnut and shellbark—the natives of the far north and the far south grow side by side, and all flourish well. In Santa Clara County, one may see in a single view upward of sixty different varieties of fruit, such as California alone can produce, consisting of apples, pears, peaches, plums, pomegranates, quinces, oranges, nectarines, grapes, soft and hard shell almonds, walnuts, and white, blue, and black figs. Some apples measure sixteen and a half inches in circumference, and weigh as high as two pounds each; pears fourteen and a half, and peaches ten inches in circumference; grape vines, two years old from the graft, bearing one hundred pounds of black Hamburg grapes, in the open air."

The report of Los Angeles County says: "Among other facts, we have a climate unsurpassed in any other country. The genial rays of our almost tropical sun produce in abundance the fruits of the most favored regions. Our vines attain a luxuriance unknown elsewhere; our grapes astonish by their size and delicious flavor the most experienced growers of other States. Beside these, we have lemons, oranges, olives, apples, apricots, aloes, figs, nectarines, plums, pears, peaches, pomegranates, pineapples, quinces, raspberries, strawberries, and walnuts. The currants of commerce will grow here; so, also, will corkwood. Our wine is even now of the first quality."

The *Bulletin* concerning peaches says: "We don't like to touch the raw of our Eastern friends, but as steamer day is past, we can't resist the temptation just to tell the truth, that San-Franciscans are going to have peaches ever

so plenty and cheap, this summer. The other day, 1,000 baskets came down on one steamer from the Sacramento river, and they are retailing at from 5 to 8 cents the pound. Within two days this week, probably not less than 3,000 baskets have been brought in. They are not very large, but sweet and good, and the prospect is that for weeks to come we shall have peaches as abundant as strawberries have been for two months past. This is the town, after all, for fruit; this is the country for white men to live in."

California will soon become world-renowned for her fecundity, as manifested in the wonderful size of her fruits, vegetables, as well as animal productions, and the remarkable rapidity of their development. In short, I would say, after much personal observation and experience, I believe it to be one of the finest fruit countries of the world.

CLIMATE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In summer the greatest variations of temperature are found to occur. The physical features of California present every diversity of character; and this difference of conformation is the cause of the variety of climate met with within its area. One cannot speak intelligibly of its climate as a whole, as of Cuba, or of our Southern, Middle, or New England States; for it has many climates, anomalously distributed in abrupt contrast, and setting at nought our accepted notions of the effect of latitude and altitude. One third of the average yearly rain falls between October and the first of January, one third in January and February, and the remaining third subsequent to the first of March. March and April supply nearly as much rain as any two months.

San Francisco is cool the year round. Nearly all of the mornings of summer are soft and beautiful, and quite warm

up to 12 o'clock, without that extreme heat and the enervating tendencies which characterize other climes. From 12 to 2 o'clock P. M., during this season, the wind commences gradually to blow in from the sea, and steadily increases through the afternoon, often rendering a thin overcoat quite necessary to keep off a chill. With hundreds of San-Franciscans this extra article of clothing is not used. The greater part of them regard the sudden changes of atmosphere from heat to cold, a great desideratum, and attribute the general healthiness of the city to this cause. A newcomer almost invariably dislikes the change; and the clouds of dust which, for three or four hours in the afternoon, are whirled up by the strong cold breeze into the eyes and ears of persons, are deemed at once perfectly disagreeable and intolerable. One would think this wind, judging from its fury, was to continue through the whole evening and night. But generally it is found to decline with the approach of twilight, and often, by 8 and 9 o'clock, it has tapered down to the slightest breeze, or has wholly ceased, leaving a state of atmosphere several degrees warmer, and a clear and starry heaven standing over you—just the time when an hour's walk may be taken with the greatest comfort and pleasure. Besides, as the nights are cool, one sleeps comfortably under a sheet and light woollen blanket, which cannot be said of the summer nights on the Atlantic board, where, during many of them, it is so hot, one can hardly bear the slightest covering. In the morning, during the summer, on rising, one may notice a heavy or lighter fog, with some clouds; perhaps the sun, for an hour or two, may be entirely obscured, and, upon stepping out, it will be seen that a heavy dew has fallen. At this hour a greenhorn, or newcomer, not understanding the features of the climate, would begin to calculate for a shower, or, from the ominous look of things, a rainy day of it; and, with umbrella in hand, his

thickest boots, and perhaps a waterproof coat, if ever used, would now be called into requisition; when, before he had reached his office, or walked three quarters of a mile, one of the sweetest sunlights would be found breaking out around him, to laugh at his folly. All vegetation, during the morning and a good part of the forenoon, seems refreshed; and wherever you find a garden or yard of trees and flowers, they meet your eye smilingly under the yet heavy dew, and under the bursting sunlight sparkle with beauty before the delighted observer.

The summer mornings of this city may be said to be most lovely and enjoyable. A temperature higher than 80° is seldom known, the average being from 60° to 70°, which I think is the most pleasant degree we can have; without experiencing in the least those enervating effects which characterize many of the summer days of an Eastern climate. Between the hours of 12 and 5 P. M. the mercury falls from 10° to 15°, and it has been known to show twenty degrees' difference in a few hours; thus changing from the genial softness of 70° down to the cool stiff temperature of 55°, and sometimes 50°. Before retiring, however, the thermometer will be found to indicate about 58° or 60°. One who has been reared in the Atlantic States and has experienced the cold winters and hot summers of that clime, will here, as the month of May is introduced, begin to look for quite warm weather. The whole month will pass without its being realized. June follows, and passes away in like manner, during which the same thick woollen suit is worn, and the old-fashioned summer, to which the person has been accustomed, is yet absent. And instead of its becoming warmer as the sun approaches the meridian, as in New York, there commences in San Francisco a moderately blowing wind, which grows stronger and cooler with the advancing afternoon; and if the wearing of a linen coat has

been ventured for a few hours in the forenoon, it has to be quickly changed for one of woollen, and this, too, to be one of the thickest texture, in order to feel comfortable. July, the warmest month of the New England and Middle States, comes in, and the new San-Franciscan surely and most naturally looks, but in vain, for real warm weather. Experience taught me the very reverse, as I found it throughout, the coldest, most windy, dusty, and bluest month of summer. The mornings were generally fine, however, but no real natural summer yet. As a recompense for its loss, a healthy person passes through it here without those disagreeable physical lassitudes, which are experienced by the most healthy in all the climes of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. Before the beginning of this month, and with the weather of the month of June lasting to the first of November, we have this consolation to make up for the strange summer: the most luscious fruits grown in all climes are produced in the State of California, brought to market to delight the palate and satisfy the greatest gormandizer. Why need I name them? for everything I have found in the tropics, I find here in abundance. There is grown here every kind of fruit which is known in the temperate zones, in the States of the East; but with this difference—that they are brought to greater perfection here, the size of every kind so far surpassing those of the East, that they can only be summed up in the one general term of *immensity*. August has its quota of wind and dust, and no summer yet; and with its decline, the afternoon winds begin sensibly to wane. With the introduction of September, little or no wind is experienced. It is the warmest month of the year, and I think one of the most lovely. September, October, February, and I might include March, are the jewel months, and the most delightful of the year, in the city of San Francisco.

No rain falls during the summer months in San Francisco, and by the first of July the green hills of winter and spring become changed and dried to a whitish aridity, the rounded knolls and much of the scenery of the State wear a dry and yellowish appearance, and, in fine, this city, with the most of those of the plain, becomes quite dry and dusty. A few light rains sometimes fall in the month of October. The dry season continues from April to the 1st or middle of October. During this interval one may clearly calculate as to the weather, and can dispense at all times with an umbrella, as he will neither require one for the sun, nor to ward off the rain, for none falls. As I have said, winter is the pleasantest season of the year; and, strange to say, it is the "rainy season"! More or less rain falls at intervals, perhaps for three days; then the San-Franciscan is often treated with three or four weeks of the clearest and most delightful weather. Again, the rain will come down, falling at intervals for a day or two more, succeeded by a like term of the most charming weather. And so it is the winter through. This looked at coolly, some idea of the "rainy season," which is talked of so unfavorably by non-residents and those who have never been in the State, may be correctly formed. When it does not rain at this season, the air is clear, the sun genial, and the sky blue and majestic. If thunder and lightning are a terror to any one living in the East, let him come here, for he will experience nothing of the kind. During my residence of nearly two years in San Francisco, I saw neither a streak of lightning across the heavens, nor heard a clap of thunder. But in lieu of this, the novelty of two or three shakes from an earthquake may be realized during the year. The climate is so fine in San Francisco, that, in the absence of rain and great heat during the summer, none of those annoyances and temporary hinderances occasioned by inclement weather, which occur in the

Eastern States, causing delay in the erection of buildings and the gathering of crops, and risks to other branches of industry, are met with here. The farmer goes on to cut, cure, and gather his grain and hay, without needing a barn to put it in, or a shed to cover it from an expected rain, for none is expected; the pedestrian and traveller needs not an umbrella; the builder and architect is unmolested and unchecked in his plans; and building, painting, &c., progress without special pains or care to prevent a deluging shower from spoiling the more delicate touches of the work. And withal, throughout the long summer and autumn, immense quantities of produce and thousands of sacks of wheat find their way down the rivers, and are piled up on the long wharves in San Francisco, and lie there at the pleasure of shipper and owner, under the azure sky and sunlight of day, and the clear moon of night, without any other care than the occasional peep of a water policeman while walking along, thinking of the bare probability of a skulking thief.

Another feature in the climate, when understood, may not seem to many so pleasant. We cannot here, when invited out of doors, on summer evenings, by the full moon riding the zenith, enchanting with its soft and mellow light the vision and eliciting the admiration of man, sit in a verandah or upon the piazza of a dwelling, in the open air, for the atmosphere is too cool; but instead thereof, we may have the pleasure of an invigorating, healthy walk.

As the six months' "rainy season" embraces a portion of the fall, the whole of the winter, and a part of the spring, these portions of the year seem the freshest and most pleasant; for the ocean winds are absent, the dust is laid by the copiously falling showers, the hills wear their mantle of green, and the buds, blossoms, and roses look up with smiling beauty, while the air, a good portion of the time, is soft, clear, and bracing, abounding in the most gentle zephyrs.

The climate of San Francisco is also characterized by its fogs. These are not regular, however, and occur only at times; often they are quite heavy, accompanied with a cold wind blowing in from the sea. But what seaport town has not its fogs? Some have said that the climate of San Francisco is a very healthy one for all having sound bodies. Others say the periodical winds and occasional fogs are too much for bronchial and lung complaints, and that those thus affected would do better elsewhere. But on the other hand, it has been proven by many, who are now living testimonies of the fact, that they have been greatly benefited, and their lives prolonged, by a residence here. Those who could not live in Boston and New York without taking the severest colds in winter, with their system declining in vigor from wasting lungs, have found, with the same care taken of themselves here as there, that their health has become gradually reinstated, though so weak when setting out for this shore as scarcely to be able to walk any distance without exhaustion—and some so much so, that they have had to be carried from the steamer to the cars in crossing the isthmus. Some such invalids have gradually improved, with system and constitution built up, and are here stepping around with a great deal of vivacity, and bid fair to live quite long lives of usefulness. Again, some come here with the germs of consumption so deeply rooted that, if they have escaped death on the passage, their health entirely lost and irrecoverable, they are here at too late a period, and have come only to find an early grave in Lone Mountain, beneath the golden sands of the setting sun. Only keep out of the cold afternoon winds and heavy fogs, which occur for a few hours during summer afternoons, and all who suffer from lung complaints and bronchial affections will be benefited, with equal care in other respects, by a residence in San Francisco.

The remarks of this chapter are mostly confined to the

city of San Francisco and the peninsula, which is but a grain of sand of the great State of California, and which of itself possesses the largest variety of climates and products of any composing the glorious Union. Books will be found to contain accounts of the mountains and grand scenery of wonderful California, by those who have scaled them and been carried away in transports of rapture by their romance and beauty. There are so many erroneous impressions entertained, and statements made, by our Eastern friends in regard to the climate and seasons, and the flavor, size, variety, and plentitude of fruits, &c., of this State, especially as found in this young commercial city, that I have labored herein to be thus explicit; and I leave the favored ones of this clime, and old San-Franciscans, to vouch for their general correctness.

The State of California and many of the cities have two drawbacks, or palpable hinderances to a speedy settlement of its vast dominions, which may here be mentioned. One is, the unsettlement of land and lot titles to a great extent; the other is the absence of the railroad across the continent. The first of these hinderances is becoming more and more cleared up, and in time objections to purchasers and settlers will be removed; and the second will, before many years, be overcome, as it is quite certain that the great Pacific Railroad will be built, sooner or later.

THINGS IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO.

San Francisco is to-day better governed than New York city. Life and property are as secure, and the police regulations and fire departments are organized and carried out by the best and strictest rules. The thief, pickpocket, and rascal cannot easily elude the sharp eye of detectives, and are as quickly caught and summarily punished, as in the best

and most thoroughly rigid communities of our land. San Francisco, in the earlier part of its progressive career, having suffered much by devastating fires on the one hand, and from rogues on the other, who had, on the discovery of gold, flocked to this spot from all parts of the world, instituted the most thorough regulations and appliances to put down and extinguish like threatening catastrophes, and to-day can boast of the most efficient firemen, some of the best engines, both steam and hand, with buildings the finest and most costly, in which much pride has been taken for neatness of arrangement and utility, with reading room and library connected, and the whole, in these respects, stands before anything that I have hitherto met with. The "Vigilance Committee," which sprang into existence by the serious demands of those earlier times, became a terror to bands of wicked scoundrels, who had vanquished every other civil means of trial by jury and the course of law, and long since vindicated its efficiency by capturing, executing, and cleaning out every vestige of this bane to morals and security, giving San Francisco, for some years past, peace, prosperity, and happiness. There are but two grades of society here, and a man who cannot stand upon inherent qualities of morality and character, must float down along with the undercurrent, for he cannot long remain perched upon any intermediate round, as upon an Eastern ladder; for the sharpness of the people, and the local experiences by which they have been schooled and are governed, together with the reasonable suspicions which are directed toward all newcomers until they are known, form the test, employ the scrutiny, and establish the principle which of the two—the top round and the bottom of the ladder—is determined. He may stand at the foot of the ladder and gradually ascend upward, but he is first to find his level, and that will be done quite soon enough to bring him in the position he deserves. A

man is emphatically known by his acts. He is here distinguished as a good, worthy, and moral citizen; or is quickly classed with the flock of his feather; no pretensions to higher relations will stand their scrutiny. It is a mistaken notion with many in the East, that San Francisco is not blessed with good society. If any early visitor to these shores carried away that idea, it was before the wild enthusiasm had ceased. The coming in of families and ladies from the East—the week-day and Sunday schools, the pride of San Francisco—the many churches for worship, of all denominations—and the moral, progressive, and Christian spirit, which now and for the past six years has moved within the minds and hearts of her people, have wrought great changes. Some of the best talent at the bar, in the courts of justice, in the pulpit, in the schools, and in all the branches of trade and profession, are to be found here. Popular clergymen are paid a yearly salary of $6,000 and $8,000. Happily viewed as this young city may be now, it needs no prophet to discern, through the veil of the future, that it is to become as remarkable in all the respects of peace, piety, and virtue, saying nothing of its inevitable future greatness, as it has been wonderful for the receipt and shipment of its $550,000,000 of gold! Whatever is undertaken by the San-Franciscans is performed with great spirit. They lack nothing in courage, originality, and executive power. Every convenience and modern comfort of life may be had in their city. It is the inlet and outlet of the State.

Everything produced in the State comes down to the city, and one may be here supplied with a finer quality of fruits than is found in the markets of small villages and cities about which the same are grown. It is the grand market and receptacle for all things. Flowers flourish beautifully in California, and there are many extensive gardens across the bay, and within the borders of San Francis-

co. They not only adorn the garden, nursery, and field, but the grand hall on fair days; and constitute the principal attraction on occasions of "floral festivals," at which times, being grown so plentifully, they are used in great profusion. The hillsides and fields, in spring, even in a distant view from San Francisco, are beautified by the wild flowers also, standing thickly, throwing over their surface their charming shades. Green meadows, starred with the blossoms of the colchicum, are no less enchanting to the eye. As people and representatives of every country in the world have come to San Francisco, all the provincialisms have been naturalized here. Everthing is looked into; competition, climate, and a desire to excel have sharpened the wits of the people, and everything that is attempted is prosecuted with greater spirit and activity than in the cities of the East. A man becomes brightened up and smart, from necessity and the rubbing strife around him. San-Franciscans, with a wider experience as a body, are better informed, and have become more drawn out than the masses in the East; because they have been led to embrace things of an intellectual and physical character, which the circumstances surrounding them in their native land would seldom, if ever, lead them to look into or undertake.

VISIT TO LONE MOUNTAIN CEMETERY.

On one of the loveliest of July days, I found myself, for the first time, leisurely walking through this cemetery, which is but of yesterday. It is quite extensive and beautiful, and is the more remarkable when considering the short time in which it has been created. San Francisco itself is a prodigy. Her earlier residents came here in a whirl of excitement; they did business in haste; they died in haste, quickly running their short career, and were buried here, many of them,

perhaps, in haste; though with most of the graves, tombs, monuments, and vaults, no expense, taste, or labor has been spared in their embellishment and construction. It is located 3½ miles from San Francisco, and most of the grounds are quite undulating, the graves occupying gentle slopes which look toward the bay and greet the rising sun. Here stands the native oak, lending its freshness to these abodes, interspersed over the whole area; the wild-sage bush here and there, in blossom, without symmetry or order, yet wearing a kind of rustic beauty; with the more graceful and pretty acacias, planted in corners of little yards or around and over many graves, amid other shrubs, rose bushes, and flowers, in some instances very beautifully laid out, and all with as much care and expense as one finds in other cemeteries of the East. The whole grounds take in gentle acclivities, glens, and rolling prominences. Prominent on the main thoroughfare, looking toward the city, is "Tucker's" unequalled marble vault, with mounds on either side sloping upward to the west, decorated with choice flowers and evergreens, the whole of which is said to have cost its owner $10,000. Here lie entombed the remains of his first wife. Still more prominent upon the hill, to the south, stands the beautiful "Newhall" monument, occupying a large space, the grounds finely adorned with green sward, rose bushes, and trellis, surrounded with a pretty fence of substantial and pleasing masonry, and laid out in alleys and walks. This yard and monument cost $8,000. All parts of this cemetery are traversed by well-graded carriage roads leading around and over the undulations, embracing no small drive up and down, and throughout it, which, with other things too numerous to mention, characterize the different views and positions of the grounds. Lone Mountain, in time, will become a very beautiful cemetery.

The afternoon wind here, as everywhere over the penin-

sula, blows strongly through the liveoaks, in some places raising a dust from the road, rendering such parts of the grounds less inviting and attractive. Far up on the hill, and the highest elevation looking east and west, north and south, stands a single pole, to mark the spot where lie the remains of the lamented *Broderick*. Here, in time, is to rise a monument of towering magnitude to the memory of one loyal, true, and patriotic. Lone Mountain, from which the cemetery derives its name, stands to the south-west a few miles distant. And a "lone" mountain indeed it is, rising up in conical form, and separated from the rest of the chain which lies to the south and toward the Pacific coast. The distant waters of the blue Pacific, in the direction of the Golden Gate, are now seen, and turning again to the east, the road which continues Bush street from the city in almost a straight line to the cemetery, is visibly marked out, with a few scattered dwellings of San Francisco in view, standing on the south-western slopes of her many hills. In the same direction the eye falls upon Hay's Valley and Park, and a part of the great bay; and just below, to the south, is the Catholic cemetery; while far beyond and over all, may be seen the beautifully undulating Contra Costa range of mountains, peculiarly attractive to the eye, as they are said to be Italian in their aspect. Many of the resting places in this cemetery are handsomely laid out and finely embellished.

Here lie the remains, as their tombstones indicate, of those who were born in every country, having sought a home or a business on these shores, or drawn hither by the world-renowned fame of the California gold mines, little thinking, it may be, that *Lone Mountain* would become the repository for their mortal bodies. I see here those who were born in almost every State of the Union, beside the countries of England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, Denmark, Prussia, and other countries of the world. Here

they lie. But none of those wild slabs testify of great age. And where is to be found a cemetery of this extent in which all who are buried are young and middle-aged persons? From three months to fifty-five years, in all that met my view, were the youngest and oldest here interred. No "threescore and ten," no octogenarians; but the ashes of the young, and of those who among the living are termed the "strength of our land," and full of the spirit, enterprise, and enthusiasm of youth and manhood in the prime of life—here they have found a quiet resting place, cut off in the blossom of their days, with high hopes and great expectations of earth speedily closed, and ceasing with their short and excited career. Blessed are those who put their trust in Him, and who die in the Lord. Their sleep is one of peace, their light removed to continue in bright and ceaseless glow in a fairer Eldorado, and to dwell in a city whose streets are paved with gold.

Wandering in a more rural part, amid thick liveoaks, and while standing pensive, a beautiful hummingbird, to my delight, fluttered right before me in the air. This little cherub of the creation lingered for a few minutes, taking alternate rests on his favorite bush, and disclosing his tiny, needle-like tongue, with which he took sweets from the flower. Another step, and with swift bounds a wild rabbit started from its hiding place; and a few more paces onward introduced still another surprise of a flock of quails, rising with a flutter, and soaring quickly away with flapping wings.

A few minutes more, and I was riding on the road leading *via* Hay's Park back to San Francisco. Half a mile from the cemetery, over the road under which I pass, stands a semicircular or signboard arch, bearing on the face of its curve the plainly written text: "But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep." —Thess. iv. 13.

CAMELS IN CALIFORNIA.

The Bactrian camels, as beasts of burden, are made useful in California. Not long since these Siberian quadrupeds were landed on these shores from the Amoor river. The ordinary pack saddle fits in finely between their callous protuberances, and upon this, barrels, bags, packages, and miscellaneous articles are bound, and tightly fixed by the girths about the neck and under the belly, and the animal, thus laden, walks off as easily as the best-trained mule. They drink water but once in ten days, and then quench their thirst with two buckets of water. They are very tractable, readily obey their master, and meekly kneel to receive their burdens. They vent their spite by kicking, and ejecting their saliva. By this introduction of so valuable an animal in this State, no doubt experience will prove that they are admirably adapted for the safe and speedy carriage of goods across the plains and through the mountains—indeed, a very needful mode of overland transportation, in the absence of a better, until the Golden State can boast of more railroads than at present.

CHINESE.

A word about the Chinese, of whom there are many thousands residing in San Francisco, may not be out of place here. They seem a quiet and inoffensive people, with peculiarities and habits, however, not the most agreeable to our people. They also seem an industrious class, generally minding their own business, are "'cute" in trade, work cheap, and make money where an American would starve. They stand up like bold men to their rights, repel any indignities, usurpation, or attempted violation, and, as our jail and State prison indicates, they are not always innocent, honorable, and honest. Of course, "John" has as many

imperfections as any of the whiter races of the human family, and no one expects to find him a sample of perfection. They are untidy and filthy in their habits, and the neighborhood of their abode generally wears a greasy aspect, with not the sweetest odors. They are emphatically a pork-fed, tea-drinking, and opium-smoking community. Their religion is strongly adhered to, and embodies the same doctrines and principles embraced in the Flowery Kingdom of their birth, and which was handed down by their great lawgiver, Confucius. The middle of Sacramento street is the locality of their storekeeping, marketing, and business transactions, although other less pretentious thoroughfares are dotted with their tenements. Quite a number of their large tea-warehouses may be seen on Sacramento street. Many of their owners have amassed snug fortunes, and are the aristocrats of their race, to whom the plebeian order are bound to look with deferential awe. They have their idol "Joss," which, according to their religion, is worshipped with characteristic fidelity.

They have their holidays and festivities, and are not parsimonious in the use of the good things of earth. The Chinese New Year, according to their unerring chronology, occurs on the 9th and 10th of February, and is kept with strict observance and the most hearty demonstrations. Their festivities are heralded by firing huge bunches of firecrackers, which is continued throughout the day, to the great terror of horses and bipeds who pass the Chinese neighborhoods, and producing a stench which is anything but "celestial" to barbarian olfactories. Within doors the disciples of Kong-Fuh-Tsee give themselves up to feasting and jollity, very much after the fashion of their "barbarian" neighbors. The wealthier "Johns" load their tables with ample dishes of pork and poultry, with various national delicacies of strange aspect and curious savor, which none but the most

venturesome of American or European palates would care to taste; and confectioneries and sweetmeats, with tea and stronger beverages, were by no means wanting. Visits are paid and received, and cups of tea and pipes of opium dispensed with as much hospitality and dignity as prevail among our own people on the first of January. Particular honors are also paid on this occasion to "Joss," as the pious Chinamen take care that his idolship does not want for meat or drink, or for the delightful scent and sound of exploding crackers. The quantities of fire crackers set off on these occasions, is immense. I have seen such localities in Sacramento street, completely matted over with layers of these burst crackers, giving one the idea of a whole cargo of them having been blown off at once.

Another custom among the Chinese, according to the laws and requirements of their country, is that of forwarding the bones of dead "Celestials" to China. It does not matter how many die; the rule is scrupulously adhered to, and it is rarely the case that one is buried and forgotten, thus to lie and moulder in the soil and become mixed with the sands of America, without reclamation, as in the case of all other nations and tribes who die and are buried here. When and wherever they are interred in the State of California, directions are given at the time in regard to the future of the remains. In about five months, little or nothing will be left of the body but bust and bones, as it is said Chinamen decay very quickly. The information of the demise of "John," when dying in any town of the State, is transmitted to the officers of the company to which he belonged in San Francisco. There are four companies. Each has two or three men, whose business it is to travel over the State, making proper calculations for decomposition, and gather up the relics of their late members. At the proper time the persons will go to such town and make due application

for disinterment. They take from the box the longest bone —say the leg—get a box made of that length, and eighteen inches or two feet wide and deep, for the reception of the bones. Each bone is then taken out of the large box, and dipped into a bucket of brandy and water. They are then polished with a stiff brush, until they almost shine, and are then packed closely in the smaller receptacle. The polishers do not touch the bones with the hands, but handle them very dexterously with two sticks. They are very scrupulous in preserving every bone. The small box is then nailed up, and addressed to San Francisco, and the bones of the "Celestial," in due time, are laid in his native land, as per agreement and "Celestial" law.

Money commands a good interest in San Francisco. During the year 1860, first-class loans were made, with ample security, at from 2 to 2½ per cent. a month, or at the rate of 24 and 30 per cent. per annum. The year 1861 found a decrease, and the rate stood 1¼ to 2 per cent. a month. It is working down yearly, which is better for the country and State at large, especially for the farmers, who, being involved, and having to pay these rates, often sacrificed more than their profits to meet the ruinous demand. As high as 3 and 5 per cent. a month has been paid.

The currency is one beautiful feature of California, and is much liked by the San-Franciscans. There is no paper money or copper coin in circulation. Nothing but the pure *gold* and *silver*. This is held to be a pride of the country. To present a bank bill on one of the best New York city banks would be laughed at. The only thing that could be done with it is to sell the same to a broker at a discount, who will have to forward it to the East for redemption. The smallest coin is a half dime, and rarely a three-cent piece is

seen; and if such are produced plentifully, or offered at an apple stand, it is taken for granted that you are verdant, or that you have been set down in the land of gold by the last steamer from the East. Newcomers are also known by the length of time they stand gaping before a fruit store, and taking up and then laying down a large and luscious-looking pear, when the price for a single one is a dime! Also by the staring manner in which they move along the streets, peeping into show windows, and by the many wrinkles in their recently unpacked coats. These are some of the simple evidences which appear to the eye of the busy San-Franciscan as he quickly moves along. A "bit," in common parlance, is the lowest sum you hear mentioned in the smallest operations of buying and selling. It is understood to be the value of a dime, or a ten and five cent piece, according to the change or coin handed. For instance: if the price of an article is a "bit," and you hand the vender a dime, the demand is answered; if you hand him, instead, a twenty-five cent piece for change, all you receive back is a dime, or its equivalent in two five-cent pieces, as it cannot be made nearer, and you have paid fifteen cents instead of ten. The same are the general rules, well understood by both buyer and seller in San Francisco. The people of this city are likewise known for their magnanimity and generosity. Those in the most moderate circumstances, as well as the rich, respond to every good and necessary demand with great liberality. This spirit grows in one, with the months and years spent in California; and the "penny" idea, so tenaciously held on to "in the States," becomes superseded by one far transcending that of "smallness." On the other hand, the easy Californian spends his money altogether too freely for things and purposes which he should not. The citizens of California have also a great deal of pride; they love to look well, and therefore dress well. They are not

wanting in the "latest fashions." New York and Paris are looked to, and from the former city the first novelty may be seen on Montgomery street, in San Francisco, twenty-two days after issue; and in the short space of thirty-two days' time, the *nouveaute* which has appeared on the boulevards of Paris comes out in all the touches of reputed Parisian beauty upon this shore. Better-dressed citizens the traveller will not find anywhere than on Montgomery street. The gentleman's silk hat, however, is not after the foreign design, but a semi-yearly fashion is created here, and the San-Franciscan prides himself on wearing no other. The custom has been long in vogue, through the difficulty of their importation ready made, and the room and expense required in their transportation. Not so with the lady's bonnet, whose model must be that of New York and Paris, trimmed with the best ribbon, and decorated with the richest French flowers, before it can be regarded *bon ton*, and the beau ideal for dames of the Pacific metropolis. Another fact must strike every one, and that is, there are very few aged people on these shores. The population is mostly made up of young and middle-aged citizens. A very few quite advanced in years may be picked out, but the grand majority stand at ages between twenty-five and forty-five; men and women who have not lost any of their buoyancy and spirit in this their prime of life. A rising generation of children, from a day old to twelve and fifteen years, is one of the most promising features and conditions looked upon by the people of this community. In proportion to the population, the larger cities are well blessed with bands of the finest and most interesting children, which seem like shining little lamps to constitute the future glory of the State.

The city of San Francisco will, at the end of the year 1861, show a greater improvement than for a number of years past. That portion of Montgomery street between

Pine and Market is undergoing the most complete renovation, and fine stores and several hotels are rising over the old sites. No less than forty new buildings, in a continual line on this thoroughfare, will be completed in a few months. Building to a great extent in other parts of the city is also going on, and many of the residences take the forms and models of the most modern of New York State and New England cottages. The city is furnished with two kinds of pure, soft water, brought through large pipes from lagoons situate on the peninsula, from two to three miles back of the city.

Goods, wares, and merchandise of every sort come into this commercial city in great quantities. San Francisco having its juxtaposition with all the islands and countries, washed by waters of the great Pacific, carries on a commerce with all, which is rapidly increasing with her advances toward the proud and important position she is destined to take among the commercial cities of the globe. But a few years ago, the very grain, flour, and produce here consumed, together with every article of wear, and not excepting the domiciles the people lived in, were imported, traversing a sea of from 5,000 to 17,000 miles.

Times have changed, and the people are awake; the eager mind for gold-digging has been turned to the considerations of climate, soil, and the astonishing fact of the richest products to be grown here. Consequently, for five years past California has been a heavy exporter, and has been enabled, with profit, to ship to the old and favored countries, the boast of the world, all (except goods) of those necessaries and commodities which, in the infancy of the Golden State, were drawn from foreign sources. Woollen factories, flour mills, and sugar refineries now are also steaming away here. Immense cargoes of wheat and barley have been sent to Australia, Chili, and other portions of our globe, not excepting

England. The surplus of product is increasing every year for export. But I am not to dwell upon particulars, and the grand features of the State, for a volume could be filled with these alone. It is the opinion of some that there is much less gold than formerly; but this is not the case. The sums stated in published shipments to the East, to pay for goods, are only sufficient to meet the cost of those imports; and that there are not a couple of millions of gold thrown into New York and London by each steamer, is no evidence of less gold than formerly; for the balance, then employed in the payment of various imports now not needed, remains in California, and is more and more finding investment in lands, houses, real estate in general, and manufactories. There is more money in circulation throughout the State, and everything local is becoming more benefited thereby.

With the completion of the telegraph from the Pacific to the Atlantic shore in one connecting line, with intelligence sent through from one end to the other in the short space of twenty-four hours, the daily overland mail, and the recent grant of the trans-continental railway bill, this great work to be accomplished in a few more years, who will not say, while looking at San Francisco and the vast State and coast of which she is the commercial emporium, that she is destined to become, at no distant day, one of the first cities of the American Union?

Swift steamers ply the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers, and up the coast to Oregon and Washington; a line of steamers is mooted to take place between the islands, China, and Japan; with the extension of the French and American submarine telegraph through India and China, and thence to the western coast of the United States, across Behring Strait, or by the Russian extension through Siberia, under the same narrow sheet of water (and these last, when perfected, will make San Francisco the American terminus); and no very

elaborate argument is needed to demonstrate that incalculable advantages must necessarily accrue to California from the realization of these projects. San Francisco must then become the centre of intelligence, as well as of commerce with the Indies, China, Japan, Australia, and the Asiatic ports. In the absence of direct telegraphic communication with the Atlantic cities and Europe, all magnetic correspondence will, under such circumstances, pass through this city.

With prosperity San Francisco has the effect, after a lengthened sojourn, of winning the desires and likes of one for more settled views and a permanent residence here. Hundreds who migrated to this and other quarters of the State for only a limited stay, have not returned; and those who have, with the intention of dwelling once more in their native country or city, in a short time became discontented, and sailed back, to spend their days on the Golden Shore. But it must be borne in mind the thorn flourishes here as well as the rose; and nowhere upon the earth can we find a place which, like Eden, before the visited judgment of its Maker, and while in the serene enchantment of perfection, is without a thistle and a thorn! Yet such are the charms which it possesses, though they may not be at first apparent, they will, however, after a time, have their weight, and attract us more than any other city and country in which we may have lived.

Having prospered in business, beside receiving blessings beyond measure, I have reason for gratitude to Him who has kept me by His good hand. About two years spent here, my business left in charge of a relative, and I was ready to depart. My experiences here have proved the richest of my young life, and to cite them would fill a volume of itself; while the inspiration and place have won for me a peculiar fascination, which it may not be in my province to entirely outgrow.

CHAPTER VI.

Departure—A Long Voyage—The Beauteous Sunlight—Ship Iconium and her Captain—Sea-sickness—Golden Gate—Last Look—Regrets—Gloomy Weather—Our Company—Slow Ship—Winds and Heat—"Doldrums"—The Equator—Sunsets—Whales and Sharks—Our Dog—Birds—Additions to our Company—How I kept well—First Thunder and Lightning in Two Years—Interests at Sea—Throwing the Log—What we did—Crossing the 180th Meridian—Gale at Sea and Peril—Its Severity—Not expected to Survive it—Calm again—"Southerly Buster"—Sabbaths, how Spent—The Great Desire—Swearing by the Sailors—Work among them—Death and Burial at Sea—Preferences and Dislikes—Conclusion.

The sun never shone brighter to me, the day never more beautiful than was Saturday, August 17th, 1861, when I took a small boat at the foot of Clay street, to be rowed to the sailing vessel *Iconium*, of 550 tons register, lying in the bay, bound with a cargo of wheat to Sydney, Australia. Having arranged my affairs on shore, and bid adieu to friends, one of whom accompanied me to the wharf, invoking upon me Heaven's benediction—with a few strokes of the oar by a stalwart boatman, I was by the side of the stately ship with my baggage, and on being hauled on board was introduced to the small company, both young and middle aged, with whom I was to be housed for a long voyage of from two to three months. The bay looked unusually beautiful at this hour of 10 A. M.; numerous sea-gulls were flying around, and the placid waters sparkled in the sunbeams. Other and still larger ships anchored in the great bay, with a multitude lying along the city wharves, loading and discharging valuable cargoes, impressed me, as

often before, with the present commercial importance of this rising city, and the great future which is to place her among the queen cities of the globe. The sailors commenced weighing anchor at half past 10; soon the pilot came, followed by Captain Charles P. Huestis, Mr. Bradshaw and two sons, one of whom took passage with us, while the father and younger son came only to pay their parting farewell. Half an hour later, the sails were spread, and slowly we commenced drifting with the tide in the direction of the Pacific.

With the advance of the day a light breeze struck upon the sails, and we began beating our way in a zigzag course toward the Gates. With the sun now past the meridian, and the prevalent afternoon winds strongly filling our sails, we passed diagonally west of Alcatraz; then reversing, ran toward Angel Island and back toward the Barracks, and with a turn or two more were beating over the now rolling waves, with symptoms of no very agreeable feelings rising within me. I had very early premonitions of a disagreeable and severe sea sickness, the expectation of which was too soon realized. This I was called to endure with Christian fortitude, as an unavoidable prelude to the luxury of a sea voyage. As I anticipated, I experienced it before I passed fairly the "Golden Gate." My easiest position was that of bending over the bulwarks, with my vision at intervals fixed upon the white-capped wave alongside, and was thus in a posture to admire (under heaving proclivities) much of the supposed wonders of the great deep. I was ill enough on that afternoon, and all that I had seen in the form of food in the fore part of the day was very liberally given in copious spews to the welcome and roomy Pacific. "This," I thought, "is sea life;" or rather what I now conceived the introductory "scenes and experiences" of a sea trip "full of interest" and "stirring incidents."

I had taken, perhaps, my last lingering look of San Francisco, and her light and gray colored surrounding sand-hills, and thought with gratitude of many kindnesses extended to me by her citizens, the least of which I shall cherish in memory, with the many happy seasons and experiences it has been my privilege and pleasure, under the goodness of Providence, to enjoy; and I am thus much indebted for all the kindnesses thus dispensed to me in the city of the far West during a stay of nearly two years among her people.

My sea sickness continued five days, during which time we were favored with even winds and a pretty rough sea, sending us along at the rate of four knots an hour. As I believe is the case with most every one making a long sea voyage, I experienced some regrets at having started upon a trip requiring such length of time before we could reach the point of our destination. We were thus to be housed or prisoned for at least sixty long days, and to be subject to the freaks of variable winds during our passage over the most extensive expanse of waters of our globe—the great Pacific!

The first fourteen days out, we had continuous cloudy weather; so much so, that it was with difficulty that an observation could be taken of the sun. Also many days were very misty—in short, a profuse moisture came down in the form of what many would term a kind of Scotch mist. The state of the atmosphere during this time was colder than we felt to be agreeable, calling in requisition extra clothing to keep ourselves comfortable.

Our crew consisted of the captain, first and second mates, purser, steward and wife, and ten sailors; and the passengers were an Englishman, wife and three children, a young painter by trade, who, in the last stages of consumption, took passage for his health, and myself as first-class passen-

ger; also three in the second cabin—making a company of twenty-six, which comprised our whole number on board. Our ship is not the fastest, but one of the staunchest that sails the Pacific. Having a length of 150 feet, and carrying a cargo of 19,141 sacks of wheat, barley, and flour, together with provisions and other things, it is estimated her burthen amounts to over 1,400 tons, making her too heavily loaded for good running. She was built to carry only 800 tons, thus having 600 tons more than she ought to have; the consequence was, we were obliged to throw overboard 400 sacks of barley before reaching one half the distance we had to go. She is called by her boasting captain not only a very safe, but fast ship; but the eye detects the very blunt proportions of her bow, and experience showed us that in the best of winds she could not make more than four or five knots an hour, when a good sailing vessel with the same breeze would make eight and ten. To use the expression of several on board who took passage, "She is nothing more than an old tub, and I should never take passage on her again." Of course, while she is a very slow ship, she floats with less motion over the billow than a clipper, affording all that is necessary to make a trip pleasant and agreeable to one who is in no hurry, and possessed of an easy and contented mind. I cannot say that she suited me.

WHAT WE SAW AND REALIZED.

Though the distance of the globe we circumnavigated was so great, it was not much that we saw in proportion, and of course the passage was rather wearisome and monotonous. The weather, after striking the tropical line, was thereafter quite mild; and in but one instance did we experience a tempest and a very high rolling sea. This, I suppose, is proverbial of the Pacific, a striking contrast with

the Atlantic, thus encountering now and then a little squall and pretty strong wind, which we prayed for; and when from the right direction, it sent us along on our course, as the sailors say, *a kiting*.

On our twelfth day out we struck the tropical circle, and continued within the great torrid belt of both north and south latitude twenty-nine days, with the thermometer standing from 80° to 85°, never higher; though warm and somewhat enervating at first, we soon became accustomed to it, adapting our dress of thin linens and straw hats to the requirements of the heat. We did not suffer from it as much as at first anticipated, and only during the middle of the day was it very intense; the mornings and evenings were rendered delightfully cool by the trade winds. Before crossing the equator, and between latitude five and nine north, our patience was greatly tried by lying seven days without any satisfactory progress within what is called the *Doldrums* —a narrow belt nearly encircling the globe, characterized by its calms and squalls, a part of the Pacific not fancied by old navigators and sea captains; the particular features of which are ill calculated to elicit from them the best of humor. This positive stopping for so many days in succession caused us to feel a little nervous, and we began to think we never would get to Australia without steam, which with our rigging and simple pretensions we could not then so easily command. So we were dependent upon the winds, and with them our hopes would rise and fall with the rising and setting sun. As was often the case, in the morning we would get a good breeze, which would die away with the approaching shades of evening. Also at times of poor sailing and adverse winds, we looked for the coming of a new or full moon with much confidence in its influence to effect an absolute change, which the science of astronomy teaches; and as far as our own observation and experience went, it

always seemed so. On the 23d of September we crossed the line, or equator; and strange to say, where we expected the hottest weather within the tropics, we realized the coolest. For a day or two before and after, and while crossing, we were favored with a fine trade wind, which rendered the air very cool and enjoyable. Duing our voyage we had many very mild and beautiful days. I would speak particularly of the varied "sunsets," which were grand and gorgeous in the extreme; throwing up into pale clouds a lurid light, with the whole horizon of the west emblazoned with his fiery rays, giving a scene of twilight splendor far surpassing any I had ever before seen.

Soon after crossing the equator, I caught my first view of the "Magellanic Clouds," which were designated by the captain in the direction of the south pole, and can be seen only in southern latitudes, in clear weather in the evening —the same taking their name from the discoverer, Capt. "Magellan," from whom the straits near Cape Horn also derive their name. Within the tropical belt we met with most of the inhabitants of the sea. The monotonous view on some days would be broken by the appearance of flying fish, dolphins, porpoises; at one time a whale; at another, the fins or backs of a school of them; a couple of sharks, one of which that played around our ship was, as stated by the captain, of a species rarely seen, called the shovel-nosed shark, so named from its peculiarly shaped proboscis, which is of a prodigiously wide, flat, and shovel-like appearance. This fellow showed himself on a calm and beautiful day, passing slowly around our craft several times, rousing us with a kind of exciting curiosity, and no less pleasing to behold. More of this would have been happily relished, even by "Watch," our noble black dog, who, upon getting some whisper of the monster thus moving around us near the surface of the deep, jumped about when catching a

glimpse of him going at a great rate, giving many quick shakes of the tail, accompanied by lusty barks! The birds we saw were mostly "boobies," found also within the tropics; and an occasional "albatross," in southern latitudes, of a white and brown color and large size, sailing near the sparkling ripple, around and over us—rising at times high up and turning under the full rays of the sun, led the eye from less pleasing views and things, to follow this beautiful sea bird in its easy and graceful flight through the air.

The diversions aboard of a ship, as one may imagine, are quite limited, and become necessarily and positively different from those on land, and of course the most trivial things are objects of attention and interest. I forgot to state there were others of the living who took passage with us, and one an old traveller. When we started from San Francisco we had an additional company—one cat and two dogs. And when in latitude 11° south, our number and circle were increased by two additional kittens and eight pups; all of which had daily more or less claims upon our society and attention. I had not before learned to attach so much importance to these subjects, nor show the feline and canine race such marked attention as then; and I suppose because I had never been favored with a like pleasing proximity for so long a period; and, as the saying is, one in order to love well must know well; so by contact with this distinguished troupe, I became somewhat attached to them from their comeliness, and the daily interest thus afforded us on our voyage. The old traveller of which I spoke is the brave and vigilant black dog named "Watch," who is on his second trip to China *via* Australia. The length of our journey and the little we found to engage our attention, being confined within the narrow limits of a ship's cabin and deck, with nothing more to employ the physical powers, we soon would be afflicted with *ennui*,

and lack of appetite and health, both of which call for a certain amount of bodily exercise. Walking the main deck was most commonly resorted to. In this way it seemed, if all my daily walks were put together, I had traversed the length and breadth of a continent. For a variety I turned to and aided the sailors in their work, such as pumping the ship, pulling the rope, painting, and scraping parts of the bulwarks for a new coat of varnish, &c., and when I wished to get up in the world I ascended the mainmast by the rope ladder, perching myself upon the topmost yard, seventy-five feet above the water; there often to sing some Sabbath-school hymn while looking over the broad face of the blue deep, with my view limited by the surrounding horizon which encircled me at equal distances on every side—nothing to see but an occasional bird, the azure sky, and our ship gently gliding over the clear sparkling waters below. How I wished to behold an island!—and, what is remarkable and different from my expectations, adverse winds drove us so far in our course from some of those we expected to near, that, in the whole voyage from San Francisco to Sydney of over eight thousand miles, we saw no islands except that called "Lord Howe's," said to be thirty miles distant, and four hundred miles from Sydney, looking to us more like a pale cloud resting near the horizon than any thing else. Neither did we meet with any vessels until within sight of the Australian coast.

After crossing the equator, we were favored with many heavy showers—a great blessing to us—whereby we were enabled to catch several casks of pure soft rain water, without which we should have come short, and perhaps suffered much before reaching our journey's end. Here again I, for the first time in two years, heard heavy claps of thunder, and saw streaks of lightning across the heavens, reminding me of the land of my birth, and the common phenomena of

natural causes and effects to which I had been accustomed in youth. Such you rarely, if ever, see or hear in San Francisco, and, I believe, throughout the most of California. A change of wind, a shower, "changing tack," and "squaring the yards" often produced quite a change of feeling and spirits, and was the certain precursor to something which was to follow, of either a hopeful or discouraging nature. One needs a vast deal of patience and no little capacity for endurance, and, withal, should possess a contented mind, in order to make a long sea voyage tolerable, and in the least degree agreeable, happy, or conducive to health.

The daily observations taken by the captain to determine the latitude and longitude, as well as the distance run, together with the designation of our position upon the sea, by comparison and delineation of the same on the chart—all became matters of interest to us, as well as furnishing a portion of the current news of the day. Throwing the "log," to determine the celerity of our progress, and the number of knots we were running per hour, was no less a matter of desire; and the herald of a fresh little chapter of news, falling upon the ear through some familiar voice, and finding its echo in many fainter sounds throughout the ship, settled the question with us that we were moving at a satisfactory rate. For additional pastime and amusement, if I may so call it, an occasional game of drafts turned the mind happily from its general mood and strain; and was not in the least demoralizing to those of us who participated in this wholesome exercise of our thinking faculties. This, with other things which I have stated, proved a kind of relief to the anxious mind during the long and tedious passage we were making. The desire we felt at times to get along, worked the nervous system of some of us up to a high pitch, occasioning loss of sleep, and disagreeable, languid feelings. The children—there were two on board—with others of us,

passed an hour on many afternoons in singing Sabbath-school hymns, a very happy and moral pastime. Some Sabbath-school instruction was at times also given.

On the 14th day of October we crossed the 180th meridian, and passed from west longitude into east, as reckoned from Greenwich; and, when so doing, we dropped a day, thus making a short week, that the day of our arrival in Sydney would correspond with the one we were keeping. Were we to recross the same, sailing from east to west longitude, we should add a day, in order to make the time and day of arrival in San Francisco agree with the one they were keeping. Having sailed half around the globe, we now are directly under you; and, I may well say, dwelling in the very antipodes of the earth.

I should mention, before closing, that when in sight of the coast of Australia, which gave us so much happiness and pleasure to behold, and while in the expectation—indulged for so long a time—of soon arriving at our destination and placing our feet once more upon land; that, on the morning of Tuesday, the 12th of November, we found ourselves tossed and dangerously threatened under a heavy tempest, blowing at a furious rate, swelling the sea prodigiously, often sweeping over the deck, and roaring through the rigging, like the sound of a tornado through a howling wilderness. It was impossible to sit or stand unsupported. How weak, insignificant, and dependent does one feel in such a storm and under such circumstances! We lay to, with close-reefed sails, drifting away from the shore, which before gave us so much joy to look upon in the distance; that now, by this change and the lost view, we became much discouraged. We were at the mercy of the winds and waves—of *Him* who rules. All day long, and during a good part of the following night, it continued seemingly to increase, at times absolutely threatening the destruction of our cargo and the loss

of our ship—in short, our lives. During the day we all felt extremely gloomy, and in the night there was no sleeping. Every sailor was on duty; and the captain himself was not exempt from the deepest anxiety, but exercised the utmost vigilance. He seemed much worried.

During this time a very heavy sea fell upon the deck, shaking it like an aspen from prow to stern, causing us to feel that we must soon be lost under the severity and repetition of such a deluge. But, thanks to a merciful Providence, we met with a change before the next morning, when our eyes again beheld a calm sea. This gale, which we encountered, but through which we had safely passed, is, what is termed in the language of the Australians and coasters, a "southerly buster," blowing always furiously from the south-west—a terror to navigators; and has on some occasions caused the loss of several ships.

SABBATHS, HOW SPENT.

In our long passage there were many Sabbaths to be passed at sea; and, though feeling the loss of privileges so much enjoyed on land—of attending church and laboring in the Sabbath school with Christians, and the deprivation of whose society I so keenly realized; yet, when my requests were made known to our tolerant captain, we were permitted to observe the day by holding a short service from 9 to 10 o'clock A. M., which consisted of singing, reading portions of Scripture, with remarks, and prayer, &c. The meeting was conducted in the manner of the prayer meetings of San Francisco, only with none but myself to lead and act in the exercises, except that of singing, in which many happily participated. Generally a fair number was present, and all, upon every occasion, seemed to give the most respectful and thoughtful attention throughout. I regret to say that, of the whole

number on board—twenty-six souls—there were no professing Christians but myself. Oh, how often I wished there was one real disciple of Jesus with me on this voyage! It was a painful thought; and my soul often ran out to these mortals, and to God for his blessing upon them. By kindness and occasional conversations, as opportunity was afforded (being obliged to observe the captain's rules on shipboard), I gained their respect; and, though many of them were great blasphemers, I noticed, toward the last, that their oaths were less frequent, and that they were themselves convinced that the practice of swearing was a bad and wicked one. Many of these men were very kind-hearted; and, when alone, while conversing with any one of them, I was satisfied that good impressions could be made. The second mate, with whom I had many conversations, was convinced of the need of a Saviour, though addicted, with the rest, to blasphemy. When alone, he took an inquiring interest in the subject of religion, but wished none of the others to be present, lest they should ridicule the idea, and make sport of the matter afterward. Many of these men could, doubtless, be induced to feel a personal interest in religion, were fitting opportunities offered with sufficient time for private interviews with them separately. For the first few Sabbaths of our journey, I distributed among them all the tracts I had brought on board, which they eagerly took and read; and, when looking for more, I regretted I had not more with me to give.

DEATH AND BURIAL AT SEA.

Before closing, I will state a melancholy incident which occurred in our passage. It was the death and burial of Mr. Bean, of Napa, who, in the last stages of consumption, had taken passage for his health; but his disease had so far

gained upon him, that he died on Thursday morning, the 22d of August, and on the sixth day out from San Francisco. From the time of his coming aboard to that of his decease, he could not articulate audibly; in short, he had lost his voice, and could make known his desires only by motions of his hand and a low whisper; though out on deck every day, for a short interval, except the one on which he died.

At the time of this melancholy occurrence, I was sitting on the quarter deck near the wheel house, when, to my surprise, word came that he was dying; and before I had reached the cabin where the sick man was, with those who were attending him, all that was immortal of Mr. H. W. Bean had departed. Having been placed in an easy chair, upon rising, he was seen by one of the ladies to recline over, and, without a shudder, he quietly breathed his last. Soon he was laid out in his clothes, and placed in an elevated position, on new boards serving as a bier, on the main deck near the cabin, with the American colors neatly covering, as a pall, his mortal remains, to await the rites of burial in the after part of the day. At 4 o'clock P. M., the pall was raised; the body was neatly sewed up in canvas by the sailors, and placed upon a smooth plank, one end of which rested in the opening or gangway through the ship's bulwarks, the other being held by two of the men. A large stone was then fastened to the feet, to sink the body; the sails were drawn up, and the ship as nearly stopped as possible: then the crew, officers, and passengers were called to be present, taking a standing position around on the main deck, to witness the last solemn rites, which, under the circumstances, and by request of the captain, it became my duty to perform. Now was read, from a form book, the Episcopal service, embracing portions of Scripture from 1 Corinthians xv., and the book of Job. The end of the plank was then raised, and all that was mortal of the unfor-

tunate traveller passed from our view into the great deep! A prayer, suitable to the occasion and the wants of the living, was offered: then all turned from their places, the men to their work, the passengers to their wonted muse and masterly inactivity. The sails were unfurled to the breeze, the ship was again on her course, and the name of Mr. H. W. Bean was no more spoken, nor the circumstances of his death and burial hardly mentioned during the remainder of the voyage; and the solemn occasion passed with the day, to be remembered only as a circumstance of the past! Such is earthly life! "In the midst of life we are in death." We know not how our steps will be ordered—how soon we shall be called from these terrestrial scenes, nor where the mortal dust of our bodies will find their final deposit. While our faith and hope are fixed in the only Saviour of the world, we may rejoice in this belief and love, that wherever on the globe our bodies may be cast, we may truly feel,

> "Though death with his arrow may soon lay us low,
> Safe in the Saviour, we feel not the blow."

To be a Sabbath-school teacher is a great privilege; and how often have I thought it should be made more a work of love than it is! Oh, teachers! let us be earnest now; the importance of our work we cannot over-estimate.

I should state that, as far as I have been able to learn, the one who was called thus suddenly was "without God and hope in the world." The day on which I expected to try to show him a Saviour, was the one on which he died. None of us expected he would go so soon. And it was a painful thought to me afterward that I had not spoken to him concerning the interests of his soul. There hangs a mystery about the circumstances of his coming to sea, or that he was permitted to undertake so long a voyage, when

his disease had so far gained upon him, that friends, as well as his physician, might have known the sea air, to say nothing of the rigors of the trip, would inevitably prove fatal to him. It is due to the captain and officers to state that he received every attention in his illness, with very considerate, honorable, and feeling respect paid in this last providential dispensation, which I have related.

If spared, I hope soon to give you some information as to things in this city (Sydney), particularly as to the church and Sabbath schools.*

PREFERENCES—DISLIKES OF THE SEA.

Having stated some of my experiences, scenes, incidents, &c., of this long ocean trip, it may seem to some a very delightful one to make, and fraught with a great deal of romance, amusement, and pleasure. But the contrary to this it proved to me. To be on the water so long, when unaccustomed to it, beside being housed and entirely deprived of my usual freedom, with this and former experiences from which to speak, I could see nothing in it to recommend to any one, when sought as a matter of pleasure and novelty, without some definite purpose or business in view. Any one undertaking it, in a sailing vessel, must make up his mind to forego all the privileges and blessings of the land, and be content to take everything as it comes, with no certainty of reaching the end of the journey at the time calculated upon when setting out. To any who seem enchanted with the idea, I would say: Endeavor to appreciate the blessings which you now have at home, however humble: consider everything, and think well ere you start.

* This account was sent to the Superintendent of Calvary Sunday School, San Francisco.

Upon the whole, I think you will conclude to remain at home.

I wish to be particularly remembered to the little charge I left behind—those little girls, in whom I have ever felt so deep an interest. I have not forgotten them, and hope to hear some day of their coming out for the Saviour, as they all promised me, before I left, to love and serve Him.

CHAPTER VII.

Our Discouragements—A Change—The Sequel—Port Jackson Heads—Signals, Blue Lights, Rockets, &c.—Scenes—Feelings—First View of Sydney—Port Jackson Harbor very Beautiful—Sydney, Australia—Feelings and Impressions—Aspect of the City—Royal Hotel—Observations, Business, &c.—Things as I find them—Habits of the People—Squatters—Residences, Omnibuses, and Resorts—The City—Population—Variety of Fruits—Climate—"Southerly Busters" and "Brickfielders"—Genial Winters—January the middle of Summer—Terrific Lightning—Habits of the People—Sabbath Schools—Christmas—Living for the Happiness of Others.

On the 14th of November we were again in sight of the long coast of Australia. The day opened beautifully, while the best heading we could make was about south. But this rather favorable sailing was again suddenly changed, as we were thrown off under a strong wind to the south-east. Our right course, in order to reach Sydney, was south-west. This again was discouraging. At ten minutes after 3 P. M., we spoke the brig *Gosselle*, which was on her way up the coast, having left Sydney at 12 o'clock, which proved that we were not far from our destined port. The sky remained clear, the wind being strong from the south-west. We noticed, as the afternoon advanced, that it was gradually hauling around to the westward; and as the evening came, we were happy to find ourselves once more heading south-west. With this encouraging change, we began to indulge some hope of reaching Sydney some time before morning. But upon awaking next morning, things were not so flattering, having changed tack several times during the night, and now running as best we could, and this was directly south-east again. Thus thrown around from one point to another,

with no satisfactory progress in the right direction, I now made no more calculations as to when we should reach the long wished-for port. But as life is full of vicissitudes and the experiences variable, so were the winds; and experience was now teaching us that we could not count upon the morrow. This was the state of feeling on the morning of November 16th; but as the forenoon advanced, we noticed the wind was again fast abating, and by 12 o'clock had settled down to a perfect calm. What a change! As the captain and sailors always will have it that "a calm is half a fair wind," so we were looking for the first indication of a breeze, and from what quarter it was to come. The first little ripples were produced by a slight current from the east. The yards were squared, with the hope we should soon move on in our course under the circumstances so favorably indicated. It was not a settled question, however; for the sailors stood at their posts, with hands holding on to the halliards to await the decision of the captain as to the direction of the wind. The matter was determined at 3 P. M.; the men were enabled to lay the yards, for now we were sailing at the rate of two knots in the right direction, under a north-east wind. At 5 we had made about four knots in the direction of Port Jackson; the heads of which port, with the light house, we could now barely discern. Though we were moving slowly before the breeze, we asked nothing more but that it might continue, while it was so flattering, that all things in that direction became plainer and bolder to the naked eye. Slowly onward we continued, nearer and nearer to the bold heads and coast; while the sun, as if to add more delight to our hearts and heightened beauty to the scene, threw his gorgeous rays over the whole western horizon, from the water's edge the high coast and Heads terminating abruptly at the inlet of the harbor, and giving the long green coast to the northward a bright and enchanting

appearance. This pleasing and inviting scene I shall never forget. The shades of evening were falling around. The two light houses, plainly sparkling, unerringly directed us in our course. The compass now became of little use, and was no longer honored with the fond notice of the pilot. Lanterns with a bright green and red light were fastened to the top of the foremast. The purser sent up rockets and burnt blue lights, to make known our advent, when a like response was seen from the light house, as much as to say, "We will send you a pilot."

At 9 o'clock, feeling somewhat fatigued, I betook myself to my state room for a little rest. At half-past 10 the captain spoke to me through the port window, saying the pilot had come out to meet us, and was now on board! I continued to sleep on until 6 o'clock the next morning, when, rolling over in my bunk, my eye caught the heads into which we were passing, with occasional rocks projecting amid thickly-covered prominences studded with bushes and shrubs. I came out, and was introduced to the pilot. I was surprised to find that we were not yet in sight of the city. We had not yet even entered the harbor, but were beating our way against a light head-wind toward the harbor's mouth. Hence our very slow progress during the latter part of the night. The captain, not feeling exactly sure as to our success against this breeze, which was likely to grow up into something more formidable, sent in a telegraphic despatch from the Heads for a steamer to tow us in. Just as we had succeeded in making the mouth, which almost landlocks the unparalleled harbor of Port Jackson, the eye fell upon a part of the distant city, on high ground, which disclosed light-colored stone buildings, seemingly embowered in parks and trees of living green. This glimpse was not unfavorable. Simultaneous with this, the steam tug *Washington* hove in sight; our sails were furled, and our ship,

One of the Picturesque Coves of Port Jackson, *Sydney.*

being hitched to the iron tug, we soon moved along at steamer rate, admiring on either side both new and very pleasing views, composed of bold slopes and rounded hills, inlets and coves extending here and there, with an occasional mansion built of whitish stone, occupying a commanding position, with surrounding trees in every direction, bearing, as I am informed, an evergreen foliage. Here stands the gum tree, conspicuous among all others of inferior height. The form of the harbor, instead of being round, as I expected to find it, is oblong; bearing upon its borders very commanding and beautiful aspects, and wearing, as I am told, the same enlivening and verdant appearance throughout the entire year. This view, covering a distance of seven miles from the Heads to the city, with many bends, coves, and islets, at once fills the eye and mind of the stranger with rapture, inclining one to the feeling of adopting it as a permanent home.

Of course, it is one of the most beautiful harbors I ever saw. At 11 o'clock we were anchored in front of the city, a short distance from the Quay. Before we were aware of it, the health officer, doctor, and a custom-house officer came on board in small boats, making general inquiries, and looking into the state of things. They kindly passed my trunks, waiving all examination. Then getting a waterman, my baggage was lowered, and for the price of half a crown I was rowed around to Circular Quay, where I was met by half a dozen hungry draymen, all eager to serve me, who began to quarrel over the "question" as to who spoke to me first; and, before the matter could be settled, a little fight ensued. This was beyond my control, as it appeared one of them deemed it a fit occasion, upon the slightest excuse, to pay an old grudge, which no doubt had been cherished for a long time. No blood was spilt. The altercation was ended by one of them being pushed down the steps into

the water—the one who, it occurred to me, spoke first, and whom I selected to perform the job. Away he drove for George street, by the nearest route, according to my direction, to the "Royal Hotel." Happy once more, by the blessings of a kind Providence, to set my feet upon land, I must confess I walked up through this Broadway of Sydney with peculiar and very grateful feelings. Once more a stranger in a strange land, no familiar and welcoming face did I meet; while on every hand the dress, equipages, and gait of the people, and style and color of the buildings, were different from what I had been accustomed to see. The principal vehicles were homely 'buses, dog carts (two-wheeled, resembling the American gig), hansoms, and carriages bearing resemblance also to those used in America, but not so fine. George street is the fashionable thoroughfare. The buildings, which line each side, are not higher than three stories; they are substantially built, of cream-colored stone, and some of them high between stories. The retail stores have show windows elaborately constructed, their goods tastefully arranged, the price in figures neatly fixed upon the same, with a display covering the entire front; so that strangers and pedestrians, looking through a single pane of glass, reaching from the pavement to the top of the first story, are at once impressed with the taste and skill here displayed. The banks, or banking buildings, are very fine; as much so as any found in the larger cities of the United States. The first impressions received from this introduction, when thus walking up one of the main streets of Sydney, were very favorable. I proceeded immediately to the "Royal" (everything seems to wear that title here), and found it a fair-sized three-story building, with wooden verandas built out from the floor of each story, forming a cool promenade: the whole building was more comfortable than beautiful. Here, also, I found a lady in attendance at

the office, instead of a dignified gentleman, and afterward ascertained that it was the custom throughout the colonies for ladies to officiate, instead of gentlemen. This, one may find, not only in hotels, but in beer saloons, public places, and markets. They also act as ushers, or in the capacity of "pew-openers," in churches.

I sallied forth to see something of the town. My goods, comprising ten cases, were still on board the ship, which was lying out in the stream, with other obstacles to overcome, so that I could not get them for several days, though anxious to test the market here as soon as possible.

Pitt street, running parallel with George, is next in importance, in point of bustle and business, bearing the same relation to each other that the Bowery does to Broadway, having principally retail stores of every kind, theatres, halls, hotels of a secondary character, boarding houses, a large club house, a mechanics' school of arts, beer saloons, &c. Through the entire length of this street a tramway is laid, to be opened in a few weeks. This is the first horse railroad introduced in the city of Sydney, having been copied from London, which great metropolis borrowed the plan from those more beautifully constructed in the United States.

After considerable running around for three days, I procured a suitable place in "Cavendish House" for doing business, the number of which locality was 341 George street. On the 21st, I received what few goods I brought with me in the ship, the same being passed through the custom house without duty, and no expense save a small wharfage fee. The dealers being duly apprised, they came in, and selected such styles as were new to them: the balance of goods were disposed of to country merchants at satisfactory prices. Those coming in from the country, purchased regardless of the shape. I was impressed at once with the slow and easy style of things here, and the absence of that spirit of activity

which characterizes the American people, as seen in all American cities. There is much wealth, many large and heavy dealers having gradually worked up a fortune; more, however, have become rich in other ways than through a course of merchandising. "Pounds," "shillings," and "pence," one hears here and there. "Cattle," "horses," "sheep runs," and "wool" constitute the great products of the colony, and necessarily become the general hobby of the people. "Gold," and "the diggings," pastoral lands, squatters, native wines, and coal also claim the attention of the people, and are questions which are discussed by all classes in private as well as public circles. Truly, the city and country are quite anomalous to that of any other on the globe. While a sprout of the English character and nature has existed for seventy years past, the manner in which things are done, together with the habits in practice, spring from local affairs with which they have to do, and the very warm and mild climate in which they bask and move. The citizens of Sydney are, upon the whole, late risers—slow, and rather sluggish in movement. Climate, and the peculiarities of this country, of course, have much to do in their influences upon the people. Dialect, dress, fashions, conveyances, and the general twist of things are intended to be after the pattern of England. In short, all things are decidedly English. A class, termed the "few," or those who wear the name "squatters," hold a controlling power. They have the wealth and influence, and are enabled, to a great extent, to check many new and progressive enterprises, which are hostile to their own interests, or which may tend to diminish or overcome their power. It is one means of keeping the colony back, and is deprecated by many of the more enterprising citizens, who look forward hopefully to the time when they may, in the manner in which the colony of Victoria has already been favored, become entirely free

from this evil; which lies upon New South Wales like an incubus.

The residences of the citizens of Sydney are, many of them, very pretty and pleasantly located. Being built mostly of light-colored stone, easily procured from surrounding localities, with verandas to each story, and yards occupied with trees of the weeping willow, magnolia, and other species of shrub, vine, and bush flourishing in this climate, they give not only an air of comfort but pleasantness to the scene. They are mostly located upon high ground, with a commanding view of some one or other of the many coves which make up the magnificent harbor of Port Jackson. Even when observed from some of these points in a bright moonlight, many of the scenes, to persons having a sense of the ideal and beautiful, become enchanting and intoxicating in the extreme. To hear some dilate upon it, one would think so.

Those portions which make up the residences and surroundings of Sydney are known by the quaint terms, Wooloomooloo, Paddington, Darlinghurst, Surrey Hills, Strawberry Hill, Redfern, Glebe, and Newtown, which last is a couple of miles out; and, as the pedestrian walks George street, the names of these places are sounded in his ears at all hours of the day, by boys who act in the capacity of criers or conductors—having a standing position on the steps of omnibuses, which run to all parts of the city. All day long their voices may be heard, as they are thus employed to inform people and obtain passengers on the routes they run. There are many places of resort at a short distance in almost every direction from the city proper. The most of these are by water, within a circuit of from six to ten miles. Varied, beautiful, and swift, but not handsome little steam craft ply daily between places bearing the familiar names Broken Bay, Manly Beach, Watson's

Bay, Middle Harbor, South Heads, Botany, Kissing Point, Goat Island, Piermont, Balmain, and Parametta. Many a heart has been rendered light and cheerful, and many have much improved a languid and enervated feeling, by a trip to one or the other of these places. I have never found a place with so many near and pretty resorts as this affords. They need more comfortable and attractive steamboats to heighten the pleasure of skimming the blue waters of the bay and river to these retirements. The "Government House" is a fine building, occupying a vast area, surrounded by a high wall, and standing amid large gum trees, with a beautiful lawn of green covering the whole surface, with carriage roads and walks, making it, upon the whole, as delightful and princely as any functionary could desire. The salary of the Governor exceeds that of the President of the United States. It is £7,000; equal to $35,000 per annum. This gentleman presides over 360,000 people; the President of the United States over 31,000,000. What a difference!

The city is growing slowly: some say that now it is to advance more rapidly than ever, since the assuaging of gold fevers and excitements, to which the colony in the past has been subject; and as the indication is that every substantial improvement seems in progress. The cathedral, now standing on George street, half completed, seems a speaking monument as to the tardiness of public improvements. I am informed it has occupied a period of twenty years in building. It rests in the hands of the Episcopacy of Sydney, and will, when finished, be an elegant and capacious temple of worship.

The population of Sydney is 93,202, including suburbs, which take in of themselves 36,732, which renders the city proper less compact and more healthy, to say nothing of the beauty of the many pretty places of which it is composed. The city has a fine museum well stocked with curiosities, a

university of great magnitude, its share of churches, a custom house, mint, infirmary, and every benevolent institution necessary for the wants of the population. It is also not wanting in theatres, none of which have I visited. The market houses are large and neat, and are well stocked with many kinds of fruit in their season. During a period of a little more than two months is the season of strawberries, cherries, loquots, red American plums, (wild) raspberries, mulberries, whortleberries, gooseberries (black and white), apricots, gage, damson, and other plums, pears, apples, peaches, grapes, figs, nectarines, passion fruit, bananas, musk and water melons, pineapples, cocoanuts, lemons, and oranges—which last are found here in the greatest abundance, and are the finest and sweetest I have found anywhere. The mandarin (Chinese) oranges—flat at the ends and of medium size—are very sweet, though not so juicy, and open very nicely by a little pressure with the two thumbs: the divisions separate, and may be thus eaten without the use of a knife or wetting the fingers. The orange, in fact, is the great staple fruit here, and it grows luxuriantly within six miles of Sydney. It is also cheap in its season and within the means of all. I think I am greatly indebted to this most pleasant and wholesome fruit for its healthful effect. Many a morning I have eaten it before breakfast, and with the effect of correcting some little irregularities of nature. All the fruits mentioned grow in the colony of New South Wales; but I have found no country yet that in every respect is equal to California in the fruit and vegetable kingdom. The vegetable market here cannot be favorably compared to California. I think, and I have heard it said, that they are too lazy here to cultivate them. Besides, the country will not grow them so finely.

As to the climate of Sydney, it is what I term a *hot* one; and during the summer, the most enervating of any I ever

experienced. The changes are often quite sudden. The thermometer may stand, from 10 o'clock A. M. to 4 P. M., at 90° in the shade. An hour from that a "southerly buster" may come up, driving the mercury down to 70°, or even lower; a difference of 20° or 25° in so short a time causes one to feel the sudden change. Every such change, however, I have hailed with gratitude, for the weather at 90° is altogether too hot; that of 70° is more comfortable, bracing, and I think more healthy. Were it not for the cool southerly winds, although sometimes attaining a tornado, stirring up much dust, and scattering about even large pebbles, the climate, in my judgment, would be an insufferable one, exceedingly enervating and unhealthy. This change cools the blood, imparts a lively feeling, and lifts one out of a dull lassitude, and impels him forward to cheerful activity. These "southerly busters" and "brickfielders" occur very suddenly, always immediately following a very hot day; and at such times the air becomes very cool, great clouds of dust are hurled through the streets—one's eyes, ears, and mouth, if open, will be quickly filled with both fine and coarse dirt; and the windows and doors of dwellings and stores have to be hermetically closed to keep out the filth. Often they are attended or succeeded by a shower of rain, which is exceedingly grateful. Australia being situated in the southern hemisphere, the seasons, therefore, are the reverse of those in America, January being the middle of summer, and July the dead of winter. The winters are not cold; and during many days of this season linen clothes may be worn.

The spring months are September, October, and November; those of summer are December, January, and February; autumn includes March, April, and May; and the winter months are June, July, and August. March, April, and August are generally considered the rainy

months. The average temperature of spring is 65°; summer, 72°; autumn, 66°; winter, 55°. As a matter of course, when it is day in America, it is night in Australia. Here, also, more or less rain falls throughout the year, which cannot be said of California, with her six months "dry season," during which period rain is rarely if ever known to fall. The rain often, when falling, comes down very heavily; in short, they are what one might term most astounding and drenching showers, with terrific lightning streaking the heavens in fiery forks, and falling in quick succession, as with a perfect blaze of light, over the city; and almost always attended with the heaviest claps of thunder, seeming to shake the whole universe! The many beautiful sunsets I have seen here much exceed those of any other place.

I have seen more blind men here, than in all my travels added together. In almost every part of the city the pedestrian will find one either sitting or standing at the corner of the street, labelled, "I am blind!" or, "Remember the blind!" and what is quite remarkable, they go about the streets striking their cane before them, or walking with it at a good pace, or by feeling their way with it along the curbstone with as much accuracy almost as one would do with a perfect pair of eyes. Early in the morning again, one meets them, or the more industrious of them, on duty, led by a small dog, the rope in hand attached to the animal's neck: these unfortunate men act in the capacity of newspaper carriers; some crying "Sydney Morning Herald," selling to chance customers; others, moving behind their dog, faster and quicker, are serving regular subscribers, here and there, crossing and recrossing the street, turning corners, passing through markets into saloons, and dropping their paper correctly at the door of such subscribers: this class are mute, walking with head up, hat inclined backward: their lost, blurred, or whitened eyeballs clearly show their total

blindness; and the meek countenance which some seem to wear excites not only surprise but pity in the heart of the stranger, while thus beholding them industriously plodding along, endeavoring even in their unfortunate condition to gain an honest livelihood. I have looked for the cause of their great number, and the result of my inquiries thus far has not been satisfactory. Some attribute it to the reflection of the hot sun from the white sand, which often, on some of these scorching days, produces to the eye when looking downward a dazzling glare painful to the sight, beside giving a kind of temporary blur on lifting the head to behold other objects around.

The society of Sydney, of course, cannot be compared with the home country, and is far from affording a favorable comparison to that of any of the towns of equal size in America. Much ale is drank here and throughout the colony. All do not drink it, but it may be found on the tables of most of the people; and porter, which is often preferred mixed, called "half and half," is freely drank; while at every corner of prominent streets, a groggery is kept, wearing the stereotyped appellation of "Royal," or "Royal Hotel," at which places immense quantities of this beverage are gulped down. Hence so many of the inhabitants become gross, coarse, and sensual, going about in the most sluggish and indolent manner. The colonial wine is drank by the better classes: it is quite light, mild, and unadulterated. There are other classes, again, which make use of neither, and perhaps for two reasons: one may be the expense created by the habit; the other is from temperance and Christian principles. However, take the people as a whole, they are emphatically a drinking community. Joints of beef and mutton, with few vegetables, a little old cheese, with ale, porter, or wine, constitute a good English dinner. Confectionery, pies, and pastry in general, are not so often

seen upon their tables as in America, except the accompaniment which belongs to a rich joint of roast beef on a Christmas day, and which in the English eye is a good "plum pudding." The manner in which it is gotten up and offered at their table makes it exceedingly palatable.

When invited out to tea, one finds his *bread and butter spread for him!* A part of a loaf is cut up; the servant or lady of the house then spreads each slice, piling the same on a plate, which is passed to you, and in the taking of which your fingers become greased. Were a clean napkin at hand, placed, as is common in America, for your use, this would be relieved. But no such white tidy article have I met with at the best hotel, or in the best of families. One then must either lick his fingers or draw out his white handkerchief to remove the objection. I cannot account for the custom of thus besmearing the "staff of life;" and the fault is, not that it is spread too thick, but that it is not always spread in the right place. This, however, is not without the little moral of reminding one of his incipient boyhood, when bread and butter fell into his hands already greased and treacled. I much prefer the American custom for *grown people.*

There are many good Christian and hospitable people here, notwithstanding the reputation which superficial observers would give them. On the Sabbath the churches are generally well filled; and more quiet streets I have not found. This is more attributable to good laws, well enforced, which bring those who aspire to vend liquors, or disturb the peace, to their just responsibility and punishment. But these licensed dealers make up for it on week days; plentifully it is poured out, for it is cheap; and it is no uncommon thing to see the police correcting or taking care of even drunken women in the street.

Some of the Sabbath schools are flourishing; one large

school, especially, has advanced rapidly, and comprises nearly five hundred scholars with teachers; the same being conducted similarly to those in the United States. With this I have had some little to do, in endeavoring to teach while here, during both the forenoon and afternoon session. Prizes are not given, but their annual treat or picnic to the children is upon the most bountiful and liberal scale. Such is looked forward to by the children with happy and encouraging feelings; and according to some it forms one of the many means of the school being more rapidly increased: many of the poorer children have been induced to come, or, in other words, have been successfully reached through their bellies. I never saw a boy yet but what had a desire to belong to the school having the biggest picnic. If there is exerted in the school a strong religious influence by teachers and superintendent, and there be many children having good parents, who have by God's help planted within their hearts a strong morality, whatever boy or girl is drawn in by any laudable or successful means, cannot belong to the school and be in contact with its influence, without sooner or later obtaining impressions of good for all eternity. Some of the worst boys, in a manner indeed miraculous and never dreamed of by them, have, as experience proves to the prayerful and faithful teacher, become in good time the greatest saints.

The holidays kept here by the English, and of course observed in common by all, are New Year's day; also the 26th of January, called "Anniversary Day," or founding of the colony; the "Queen's birthday," occurring on the 24th of May; Christmas, on the 25th of December, and "Boxing Day," taking place the 26th, or day following. This last is so called for the reason of a general distribution of "boxes," presents, &c., by parents to their children, servants, friends, and others, and should really be termed

Christmas presents, though this work of love and bestowment is performed the day after. On this day stores are closed, business is suspended, and, unlike Christmas, which is more sacredly kept, every one sets out to go somewhere, or to amuse himself the best way he can. Also on this day and the first of January, picnics, excursions, and trips to the country take place, and the favorite games for which the English are so remarkable are played with spirit and rivalry. "Cricketing" and "yachting," by the skilled and expert amateurs of Sydney, are performed to the no little amusement of those engaged in them; while men, women, and children seem to behold with much interest and amusement what is going on. Others are to be found in little parties, in some quiet, cool, and romantic nook of the bay, passing either of these days in their own way. And others, again, desiring less excitement, drive out with some friend, relative, or neighbor. These are days also for mothers and fathers, children and grandchildren, to be united under one roof, in the enjoyment of each other's society, with the smack of good things always provided for the occasion. Christmas day is quietly observed: the Catholic and Episcopal churches are the only ones holding service. "Anniversary Day" occurs on the 26th of January, being celebrated in a manner similar to our American 4th of July, with glee and rejoicing. The "Queen's birthday" coming on the 24th day of May, is kept in like manner: all business transactions are suspended; in fact, they are not allowed; and, like Anniversary Day, it is one of rejoicing and public *eclat*, in which bonfires, cannon firing, and fireworks are on the most gigantic and magnificent plan. Her age may be then known by the number of huge cannon reports heard.

CHRISTMAS, HOW SPENT.

I regretted that on this day no service was held in our

own church (Congregational). This understood early, my American friend, Mr. G. (a jewel), according to promise, called at my boarding house at 10 A. M. to accompany me to St. James's, or the Church of England. We desired to observe this anniversary day in the sacred manner in which every Christian should feel it not only his duty but privilege to do. The memory of Christ's birth should not alone on this day claim fitting regard by its formal observance; but does not something more strike the Christian's mind, and move his soul with grateful warmth, when he reflects upon the mercies of which he has been the recipient during the year now closing. An interval past, never more to be realized, but only to be remembered; the mercies continued by the Most High during seasons of forgetfuless and misspent moments; the remembrance of the plan of salvation, and the accomplishment of all things for us; the joy of eternity, after all the little inferior joys of earth are ended; —these thoughts felt to-day with a tear of gratitude, are well worthy the highest powers of mind and heart—are more ennobling and blessed to a soul immortal, whose author is God.

At the close of these services, my friend led me to his home on George street, where quite a company, among whom was an American, were waiting to receive us. At 2 o'clock P. M. our company, comprising ten persons in all, sat down to a Christmas dinner. A good roast goose with apple sauce, and rich joints of beef and mutton with wine and ale for all who desired them, and a fine plum pudding which served as dessert, occupied more than an hour in eating, which was very sociably passed. The English do these things with much less haste than the Americans, and, I think, while considering health, much more wisely. After another hour in conversation, we Americans, three in number, being politely excused, walked over to the depot, and proceeded to New-

town by rail, to fulfil an engagement with Mr. Lee, our Sunday-school superintendent, to spend the afternoon and evening with him. Upon entering, for the second time, this most hospitable home of a beloved Christian man, it struck me he had been very liberal in his invitations, by the number of guests present. Our whole company here numbered fourteen. Mr. Miller, his father-in-law, one of the kindest of men, joined us in every simple diversion had on this occasion, as well as participated in the music and spirit of song with the ladies: his good bass voice seemed to add peculiar sacredness to the harmonious sounds of vocal and instrumental melody. The spirit of our company did not decline with the setting sun, for each seemed happy within himself, and few were the moments in which something was not said or done, interesting and diverting to all. Mr. Lee, according to his genuine and pleasing faculty to make every one happy, was extremely active on this occasion to amuse his friends; and after we had, as it appeared to him, exhausted the means and subjects of lively interest within his parlor, he asked us to don our hats and bonnets, and led us to his highly cultivated garden of fruit trees and vegetables, which was pleasant to look upon, and the air sweet and bracing to inhale. A little exercise and innocent fun were proposed, by a run with the ladies round the garden. The gentleman or lady who could run entirely around it quickest and touch our good friend Mr. Lee, was the smartest. A few rounds at this making us feel none the worse, we sat down upon the grass to discuss jocosely the merits of the runners. The next in the programme was the sound of the tea bell, and the earnest call of Mr. Lee to come in, and try our hand and abilities at eating. Grace being sung standing, we performed thankful justice to the bountiful provision of good things spread before us. What we ate did us good, for we were hungry; and it was slowly, re-

spectfully, and socially chatted down. Mrs. Lee's capital home-made brown bread was indeed a rare treat, and the best I have tasted in the colonies. Her tea superexcellent. After this we were again in the parlor, to be entertained in a new manner: every means—every picture book was run through; new airs by other singers and players at the piano were thrown off; and the interlude was completed by the introduction of plates covered with motto kisses and sweet oranges. In this most happy manner time sped away swiftly, and the hour of ten had arrived before we were aware of it. Soon after this discovery, some of us made ready to start, but such action was met by positive remonstrance on the part of Mr. Lee, who insisted upon our going in to supper—a thing, too, the remotest from our minds; that he did not consider a Christmas half spent by giving up before 12 o'clock; and that a little dissipation of this kind was the spice of life. Notwithstanding our inability to see fully the force and congruity of this most inductive reasoning, and our persistence to retire, he would take no excuse, but in to the supper room we must all go, and there as before to sit down, yet with a far more solid meal before us. Cold fowl was placed around the table, with joints, as usual, of mutton and beef, together with pies, custards, and jellies, all of which were served with tea or coffee, according to taste. After this sumptuous repast we were too late for a ride back to Sydney, a distance of two and a half miles. The evening, however, was beautiful, and our good friend and brother, not satisfied with what he had done by the indefatigable work of entertaining friends all day and the night so far, walked with us nearly to our homes, with the same ground to go over on his return. Indeed, may I not say he possesses a soul full of love, and lives more for the happiness of others than himself?

CHAPTER VIII.

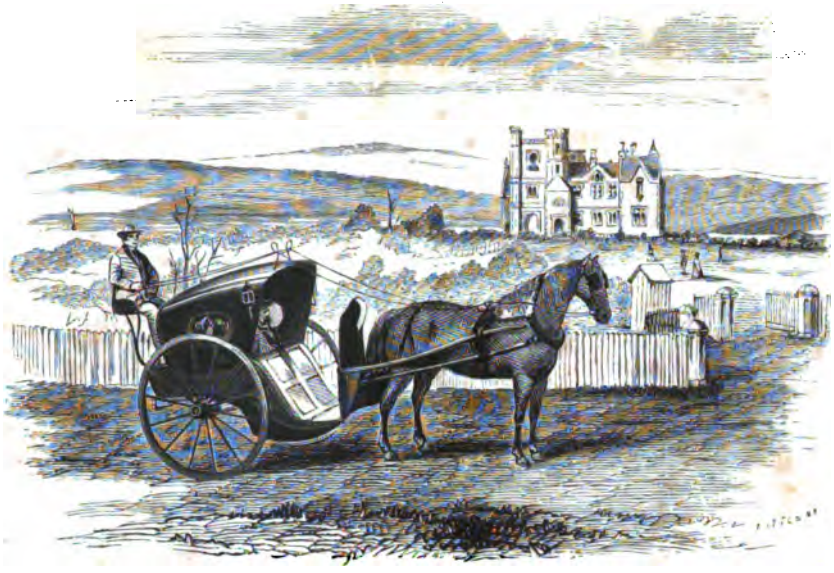
"Happy New Year"—Excursion—Chowder Bay—Picnic—Our Company—Our Frisk and Feast—Oysters—Sport and Ramble—The way we Sailed—Dr. Lang on National Troubles—One View of the American War—The Weather—Kissing Point—Orangeries—Picturesque Scene——A Beautiful Country Seat—The Rev. Mr. Turner, &c.—Our Supper—The other Hotel—The Night—Next Morning and Day—News from America—Picking Oranges—Hospitalities—The "Small" Family—Botanical and Zoölogical Gardens—Turkish Bath.

Wednesday, January 1, 1862.—At 7 o'clock on the morning of this day, and before breakfast, by appointment, the members of the Rev. Mr. Cuthberton's church convened for public worship. This is the customary way, on each New Year's morning, of commencing the year. I was surprised to find the church so full. He said: We know not what a day will bring forth. For what are our lives—even as a vapor which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away! He further said: I suppose you all come here with grateful hearts. Surely we have great cause to render thanks to Him for this privilege, and the mercies of life. It is good for us not to know what is in the future. While we come trusting Him, the fulness of his love is sufficient. We cannot tell what joy or sorrow will mark this year upon which we now enter. Joy coming to us in the future, how few of us are strong enough to enjoy prosperity profitably! When we look into our own hearts, is it not true that our forgetfulness was more in the days of prosperity than in the

time of our adversity—less in the days of sorrow, which, when sanctified, is blessing in disguise? Oh, may we this year come trusting in the Lord! We have no power over our own lives. We cannot control the affairs of this life. We are in the hands of our Lord and Master. You and I, kneeling at this throne of grace this morning, believing that he is able and willing to bestow, may thus trustingly receive all things that he in His wisdom seeth that we need. It is good for us to be afflicted, if he sees that it is best for us. Only let our *faith be fixed in Him*—a vital faith—then what can harm us, and what need we fear? The soul thus coming may pour out its feelings to God, and may be happy and abundantly blessed. When we look into the future, we see nothing but gloom; we say to our Father, We know not what a day will bring forth. Can we not say one to the other, "A happy New Year"? and that such may be to us, *our lives must be hid in Christ. My friends, I wish you all a happy New Year*, and pray the Lord may keep you all in his love, and abundantly bless you.

NEW YEAR AND CHOWDER BAY.

The beautiful sunlight of this morning proved a happy surprise to all of us, as the last day and evening of the old year was cloudy and stormy—went out as ominously for a bad day, as this was welcome as the introduction of a happy New Year. "Happy New Year" it was to everybody one knew, with a "Thank You" in return, accompanied by the "wish of the same, and many of them to you." Thanks to my Heavenly Father for permitting me to enter upon it. At half past 11 P. M. of this charming day, I was in company with my American friend, Mr. G., rolling along in a "hansom," with a basket of fruit and good things, through the Domain to the shore of Wooloomooloo bay, where



Sydney "Hansom" and Government House.

meeting Mr. and Mrs. V., Mr. and Mrs. H., Miss W., a young man called "George," and Mr. B., the artist; also an American friend—three of us claiming that honored nationality, and nine of us in all; we got into the little row boat chartered for a pull and picnic across the bay. A light ripple, produced by a gentle and refreshing breeze, made it the more pleasant for us. There being six gentlemen, and but three ladies, the healthful work of pulling was shared happily between us; and how delightful was our trip of about three miles down to "Chowder bay"!

Hundreds, with ourselves, were skipping over the water in every direction, by skiff, oar, and in crowded steamers, to some of the many varied nooks and corners suited to people of every taste—for a little episode in the routine of life here, so fully entered into on this holiday. How anomalous this scene, and this day's mode of passing the New Year, from the last I experienced on the western shore of America! Then, in San Francisco, 8,500 miles distant, with a Christian friend and brother in buggy, driving through the mud under a clear sky (rainy season), with the bracing temperature of 57°, making New Year's calls, after the custom in New York: to-day, the 1st of January, 1862, and the middle of summer—in a different clime, and directly under the land of my birth—dwelling in the antipodes of the earth: summer here, while it is winter there; day here, and night there! And dry as the season is, everything which makes up the sylvan scene is green and beautiful all around—basking in a lovely sun and soft breezy air indicating 78°; in a boat upon the water, landing over in a quiet and romantic spot—a cove of rare beauty—bold shores overtopped with the living gum-tree, and green with indigenous shrubs; stately rocks here and there, with unique sitting places, full and grotesque, presenting landmarks protruding from the

bosom of nature's laboratory; a ramble; a chat; jocose feelings, and repartees; three Americans with six of their English cousins;—thus united in this pleasing observance of the day, according to their own style and in keeping with the universal custom of the colony—the offerings of climate and locality—in direct contrast with the usages and habits of youth and life to the latest period, seeming less like the 1st of January, and more the frolic of a 4th of July—yet none the less enjoyable to us, who united in Christian fellowship—friendly and happy intercourse—as broad and ample as the pure free air around, and nature's fond lap over which we had our frisk and day's diversion.

We landed at 1 o'clock upon a little rock as a stepping stone to the rugged beach, finding a sandy-looking cliff worn out smoothly at the base by the surf at high-tide, and now dry, with many steps from the water's edge. We here had a solid but rustic little table, upon which was spread our gastronomic provisions, consisting of a fair variety, for which we were in trim with good and healthy appetites—the ladies having brought with them the substantials, comprising cold roast beef, boiled ham, bread, butter, and real apple dumplings, which were added to the contents of a large basket furnished by us, comprising fruit cakes, lots of jumbles and macaroons, the sweetest of oranges, ripe plums, pears, and motto kisses. Grace was said with grateful hearts for blessings, in song to the *bountiful Giver*, and we sat down to our repast. Here we sat in this cosey place, screened by the high wooded prominence affording us so grateful a shade, and chatted and laughed as heartily as we ate; which eating was in no wise limited to the dietetical scale of hypochondriacs, but, without fears of dyspepsia, we stowed it away generously, so as to fully satisfy the demand of the sharpest appetites.

Previous to and after our repast, we found amusement

as well as something to relish, in the work of opening oysters. They are called the *rock oyster*, because closely adhering to the rocks and stones thickly lying along the water's edge; and, though exposed to the air and sun, were fresh; the low tide permitting us to take clusters of these craggy bivalves, all of which were hermetically sealed. This gave some of us quite a healthy activity, one with the hammer in hand knocking them off, while another with a strong knife made them open their mouths to speak consolation to our internal cravings, as well as to answer the ends for which they grow. To award them the credit which they merit, I would state that they are a little coppery, like those of California; and far from being so large, rich, and sweet-flavored as their namesakes, away off on the eastern coast of North America. They are very plentiful here, and, notwithstanding they are small and have the objection which I have mentioned, to a delicate taste they are nevertheless the real oyster, and slip down very smoothly. Before leaving the subject, what seems more remarkable, is the quantity eaten and the disregard paid to the seasons, as I notice, in Sydney; they slide over the palates of their admirers as copiously in summer as in winter.

We now have a game at ball, in boy's fashion, a ramble up through the bush, and so, after a satiety of the good blessings of air, sport, scenery, and our repast—a day enjoyed in happy retirement, away from the cares and anxieties of the world—we again resume our seats in the boat. The hour is half past 4 P. M., and away we row with fresh feelings and new strength. Pulling a little farther out from Sydney, we give the ladies a hand at the oars, to dilate muscle, bring out their courage, and establish in their own minds the conscious ability of doing wonderful things. As we moved around each nook, corner, and indentation of this unparalleled harbor of coves, some little party could be

seen on shore, enjoying themselves in their own way; and thousands in and about Sydney, upon the water and along the shores, have been blessed with the brightest of days for their New Year's greetings and healthful diversions. As we drew toward "Bradley's Point," we struck a beautiful breeze blowing in through the heads: squaring around with faces set homeward, we raise our umbrellas to catch the welcome wind, and, with no farther use of the oars, we sailed beautifully before this gentle breeze, with the best of spirits and in the glee of song, safely to Sydney—landing at the borders of the Domain in Wooloomooloo bay, feeling stronger, happier, and truly grateful for all received and enjoyed.

After supper I met my American friends at the church of the Rev. Dr. Lang, a sound and orthodox Scotch Presbyterian, who addressed his people on the evening of this New Year upon national topics, according to the present signs of the times, as indicated by the convulsions in America and the warlike attitude of Europe. He said that the nations of Europe were armed to an extent never seen or known before. Popery, and the power of the Pope of Rome, were soon to be broken. Providence favored southern Italy, and Victor Emanuel had control; Italy was in part free—the army of 20,000, which Napoleon kept for the protection of Rome and his Holiness, the Pope, would soon be unnecessary there: the Pope, in feeble health, with his sands of life nearly run, would pass away, and the great army would be withdrawn, and all Italy would come under the rule of Victor Emanuel—who reads the Protestant Bible, favors the Protestant religion, and under whose reign Italy would become a free, and, in the course of Providence, a Christian country. This, he said, Christians will soon see, as the answer to faithful prayers for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom upon earth. Austria's power could not last

long: it was fast ebbing away. He next called the attention of his hearers to the United States of North America; a nation claiming freedom, yet for so long a period nursing the institution of slavery, was now undergoing punishment for great national sins. The Union was already dissolved, and the breach which divided the North from the South was growing wider. Texas, once a free State, was permitted to come into the Union as a slave State. This was a great national sin, and became the cause of the war, as a punishment for the wickedness thus committed.

He farther said, the war was not entered into for the extinction of slavery. That the pretext, therefore, that the war was for the extension of freedom, was only to conceal the real purpose in view. But in the Providence of Him who presides over all, the result will be the blotting out of slavery. While the great nations of the earth were thus convulsed, one portion armed for battle on the most extensive scale—the other, claiming principles of freedom, now plunged in one of the greatest of wars;—then turning to this country, he alluded to the peaceful and prosperous condition of Australia, and the gratitude which this people should feel to Almighty God for the blessings of peace, order, and happiness, now enjoyed throughout the colony. Closing with prayer for the nations in conflict, and the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, he gave out the long-metre doxology:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Hosts;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;"

which was sung by the whole congregation to the tune of "Old Hundred," so beautifully and gloriously; it being the first time I heard it, after the style of America, since coming to this colony.

The weather was so hot a week ago that I began to

think—with the summer just before me, and in a climate reputed so warm—that some very scorching and enervating weather was near at hand, and a long season of unmitigated heat was just then beginning to be realized. But the conclusion was too hasty. The climate of Sydney is changeable, and the change from a warm to a cool day occurs quite often during the whole summer. Notwithstanding, the average heat is very great, and were there not sea breezes, which set in for two or three hours in the evening, and the "southerly busters," which are so great a cooler to the atmosphere, it would prove one of the most relaxing and enervating climates experienced by the Anglo-Saxon race. An exceedingly hot day, with a fiery-appearing sunset, is generally succeeded by a "brickfielder" or "southerly buster," either with or without a heavy shower of rain, blowing up clouds of dust, and hurling gravel in a surprising manner.

The hot atmosphere had just been tempered by one of these remarkable freaks of the Australian climate, when, on Saturday, January 3d, 1862, I wended my way to the wharf, to take a trip by water to "Kissing Point." The little steamer, which was to bear me to that charming rural Point, had just landed with a cargo from up the river, and in a few minutes, according to stated time, she was to go back. Numerous red boxes, containing oranges and pears, with other produce, were quickly tumbled off on the wharf—a like quantity of merchandise was thrown on, and just at this juncture my friend Mr. B. met me, and she was ready, the bell rung for the last time, and away we went.

The distance to Kissing Point is twelve miles from Sydney. It is one of the cool places of resort, and a breathing locality in hot weather. There is "opposition" on this monstrous (?) river, but we don't get the benefit of it, as we land at an intermediate town. Why should not the

same dodge be practised on the little *Parametta*, as one meets on the Mississippi, Hudson, and others of the world? We have walked the deck and talked till reaching the "Point"—the pretty "Kissing Point." My American friend Mr. B. has his stereoscopic instruments with him, and having an exquisite taste, and withal being a good judge of beauty, intends to carry some of the scenery of this Point to the city with him. Actuated by benevolent feelings, I help him to carry his instruments; and up the small hill we pace, ascending to the first plateau, where we stop to behold on our right a fine orangery. A short blow of a minute—we advance farther; and on our left, we approach that of Mr. Small's: here are oranges, plenty of them—a large orchard, and trees full of the golden fruit, ripened to perfection. Some orchards are late, some earlier, and, as the season was now nearly past, we did not expect anything like this.

Now we move on turning up the hill, and Mr. Devlin's magnificent and commanding residence, with its extensive orangery, looks out upon us in the distance—a fine country palace, a picturesque scene! Reaching the top of the hill, it proves one of the largest and finest. Here are both the lemon and orange, with a sprinkling of other trees standing in their midst. Now a splendid view of the river is had, and it is an enchanting rural scene. If now an orange grove is so beautiful to look upon, how much more so must it be in the height of the season, when the trees are loaded with the sweet, luscious product! At that time, I am informed, the tree presents the fruit in all its stages of growth, the blossom, the green ball of various sizes, the ripe and yellow orange!

Hard by, on our right, is Mr. "Tucker's Inn," a long, brown wooden building, which having been recommended, we walk in. Mr. B. leaving his instruments, we sallied

forth to drink in the free country air, and feast the vision on the surrounding views, some of which Mr. B.'s artistic and ideal eye fixed upon as interesting to pick up and carry with him.

Before bringing his camera in requisition, we moved on a little farther: thus dropping over the hill, we saw a pretty place surrounded by a high unpainted fence, terminating at the corner with closely matched and lofty yellow gates. The shrubbery and high trees which overtopped the secure enclosure bespoke magnificence within. This served as a fine carriage entrance. Shall we go and look in? "Oh yes, we will enter and see what it is:" at the same time turning the knob, for in this respect it was like a door; open it swung, when our eyes fell upon a scene of rare beauty. The beautiful carriage way leading both to the right and left, making grand curves, taking in the body of the enclosure, adorned with every rare and precious shrub, tree, and plant, and the handsomely made passage brought us around in front of one of the most delightful of country villas. How admirable in its construction for a climate like this! It is but one story, yet with high ceilings, occupying a fine space on the ground, flanked with cosey wings, with a cool and delightful portico extending along its front. Near by stood the aviary, about which a couple of gentlemen were busy.

Walking to the spot and introducing ourselves, we found one of them was the Rev. Mr. Turner, and the sole proprietor of the premises we were so much admiring. Learning my friend was an artist, he ardently desired us ere we left to take a few views of his place, for which he was willing to pay whatever was deemed a full reward for the trouble; at the same time inviting us to receive the hospitalities of his home during our sojourn at Kissing Point. Immediately dropping his work, he went about

with us, pointing out every rare tree and plant, giving their name and the country to which they were indigenous. Nothing of an ordinary character occupies an inch of his yard. The reason for this is: Mr. Turner is a practical botanist, having studied it all his life, and has, with much care and pains, together with the display of extraordinary taste, made his seat one of the most desirable and charming. "Here," said he, "on this hill, when I arrived from England, stood a forest of gum trees, and here, as you behold it, is the work of twenty-four years." None but a botanist could get together so desirable and interesting a collection, varying the whole in their arrangement with such taste as was here presented.

Receiving at this time an introduction to his accomplished and intelligent wife, we were invited in and made to feel quite at home. After a few minutes they accompanied us to the rear of the mansion to give us the view of a beautiful valley lying below, and the hills rising beyond adorned with sylvan beauty, amid which the white forms of other villas lent enchantment to the scene.

We were desirous now of seeing a little more of Kissing Point, and to receive the fullest benefit of our trip. Before leaving, however, they extended the invitation to remain and take up our abode with them during the night; but with our original intentions we could not well do so, and were permitted to go by promising to come and breakfast with them the next morning. They were certainly very kind and hospitable, and no doubt the magic of my friend's camera gave additional incentives to their neighborly feeling upon so short an acquaintance.

We next called upon Mr. Devlin, who, upon learning the object of our visit, kindly took us to the second story of his commanding mansion, to show us from a lofty window the beauty of the prospect below, and what fine stereo-

scopic views we would be enabled to obtain of the winding river and country as far as the sight extended. Mr. Devlin is a very wealthy English gentleman, a long time in this country, has a princely residence surrounded with orangeries, and is in possession of vast tracts of land, on which he raises the finest of cattle, affording him an annual revenue, from which in a few years he has become rich. We were received and treated in the most cordial manner; and before parting, he insisted upon our taking a glass of wine with him, which we could not politely and respectfully refuse.

After walking in the direction of the winding river, drawing in the pure air, descanting upon the peculiarities of an Australian country and clime, and admiring the general view, we returned to "Tucker's," to look after the instruments, and order something in the form of a supper. We sat down to a plain meal, consisting of soft-boiled eggs, bread, butter, gooseberry jam, and each a single cup of weak black tea; and how good everything tastes, however plain and homely, when one is hungry!

The repast was heartily enjoyed; but we found upon inquiry that it would be impossible for our host to furnish us with rooms, or an apartment with a bed of any size, all being previously engaged. We then began to think we ought to have accepted the friendly invitation of Mr. Turner to stay at his house during the night. The next minute the lady who had served us with the meal pointed us to a brick building, fifty yards distant—a hotel, and sure enough we saw a conspicuous sign hanging in the air. As we entered, a young and fair-looking lady was behind the bar, and upon learning our desires, she stepped into another room to "see," leaving us for a minute in a state of suspense to await the result of her inquiry. It seems they had but few beds or rooms unoccupied in the house, and an effort had been made on her part to accommodate us if possible.

Coming back, she informed us that there was but one spare room, in which there was only one bed, and asked us if we could sleep together! We looked at each other with a momentary pause, and replied, "We could," if that was the best that could be done.

We were then shown into the parlor—a much better one than we expected in this house; and, all by ourselves, we sat down on the long black sofa for an hour's conversation. At 10 we proposed to retire, and were shown to our sleeping room.

Mr. B. was up early, and, proceeding immediately to Mr. Turner's, engaged in preparing his chemicals, to be in timely readiness for taking views. Meeting him there soon after, we partook with Mr. Turner the first meal of the day, agreeably to our promise made the day before. After the social repast, while my friend was engaged, Mr. T. and myself were about the premises in happy conversation, and he seemed unsparing in his desire to entertain and divert me, as well as study the wants of my friend, in the most liberal and Christian manner. Toward the middle of the forenoon we retired to the cool piazza, and while there but a few moments my friend had obtained in a second a full stereoscopic view of our position, while beholding the beautiful array of tropical genera spread out before us.

It is a quiet and retired spot, situated upon very high ground, overlooking to the west a great extent of country; but on approaching the front, screened by the high fence and the foliage of trees at the entrance, the view is shut out. Too much cannot be said of this beautiful summer seat, thus surrounded and adorned with the rarest genera of plants, flowers, and trees. The rooms of his dwelling are scrupulously neat, large, commodious, and delightful. About this time the *Morning Sydney Herald* was thrown into the yard, coming as usual for Mr. Turner: it contained sixteen days'

later news from America; the same intelligence was brought by the barque *Isle of France*, which arrived from San Francisco, and with news from New York and Washington to the 24th of October. The news from the seat of war, which comes by telegraph to California, is of the same undecided and fragmentary nature as for months past. Public confidence in the Government seems strengthened to crush out the rebellion. "Money matters easy, and, were a thousand million required, it would be forthcoming. General Fremont is desired to resign by the Government, for exceeding orders. Mr. Seward assures a member of the diplomatic body that the little affair of the Southern insurrection would blow over within three months, the ports opened, and peace and prosperity again reign." May God speed the day, and blot slavery from the earth! "Colonel Baker has fallen at the head of his command. Great excitement prevails. Generals Stone and Banks are across the Potomac. The great telegraphic line which spans a continent, from New York to San Francisco, was completed on the 21st of October, 1861, and on the 23d the first message was sent." This is the longest line in the world!

At half past 11 o'clock A. M., and before taking leave, Mr. Turner led us into his dining room, and insisted on our partaking of a luncheon of bread and butter and a glass of wine. We then took our leave, with the invitation from him to come soon again, and take up our abode with him as long as we desired to stay. At 12 o'clock, by the kindness of Mr. Small, we were pointed to the entrance of his extensive orangery, with the commission, "Go and eat." There was truly much satisfaction in walking along the side of the trees and picking the fruit from the boughs, fresh and ripe, as I have been wont to pick apples in boyhood. His grandson kindly busied himself with gathering a few of the best for us, which a late wind had brought to the ground. Mr.

and Mrs. Small also sent us word that we should come to the house and partake of some refreshment, before we left. Now, too, the time was fast approaching for the arrival of the boat from Parametta, by which we were to return to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Small are very aged people, natives of the colony, and have reared a family of twenty-one children. Their immediate descendants (as stated to us) number nearly 400; some having died, and many are now scattered over the world; the greatest portion, however, are living in Australia. Every one in New South Wales has heard of the "Small" family, as whole neighborhoods consist of them. This aged couple have seen the sunny side of life, and are full of great experiences—the almond tree with them began long since to flourish, and the grasshopper has become a burden. Rising and retiring with the sun, each day's light and shadow fall upon incapable hands, and bodies bending under infirmities: scarcely more can they do than walk from their room to the piazza to look dimly upon nature, however bright it may be with each diurnal round. We felt it to be good to converse with this advanced pair, as fruitful lessons of life seemed to accompany every sound, with volumes of wisdom written on their aged brows. We accepted the hospitable offering of some fruit cake, and again felt obliged to take a little wine. Previous to this, my friend obtained a view from the piazza, of the Parametta river.

THE DOMAIN—BOTANICAL AND ZOÖLOGICAL GARDENS OF SYDNEY.

The Domain is a splendid expanse of undulating ground, studded with large and beautiful gum trees, with the magnolia and other genus standing along its outskirts. It is beautifully green, and affords on cool evenings a delightful walk,

and where one may catch the soft breezes from Wooloomooloo bay. It is one of the breathing places of this city. At the extreme end of this, winding in and out with the delightful shore, are the grand Botanical and Zoölogical Gardens. These surpass anything I have hitherto seen, and constitute one of the principal attractions of Sydney. Here is the climate in which will thrive in the open air every plant, tree, and shrub belonging to the temperate as well as the torrid zone. But the most of the scenery is of rich tropical genera, of the most exuberant growth. How splendid are these gardens, with their extensive winding walks and promenades! The gigantic lily stands up with enchanting dignity amid flourishing exotics from every region of the globe. Who would expect to find such an extent of rich and attractive scenery in the unimportant town of Sydney, when in the United States one finds nowhere the extent and like of this within its borders.

The grounds have been laid out with care and cultivated with taste; the climate favoring all the botanical enterprises and skill of man in their adaptation, beauty, and growth. They are of English origin, and said to be after the fashion of those in London, but possessing rich tropical elements here, which cannot be attained there on account of climate. Here stands the orange tree of Asia, the wild date tree and acacia of Africa, the wax tree of China, the Bourbon palm, the nerium oleander of India, the pine of America and India, the wattle, bamboo, and weeping willow, the pineapple and coerulea of Brazil, the sub-biflora of Portugal, the banana and other plants from Cape of Good Hope, the changeable hydra of China, the fan aloe of South Africa, the orange, lemon, spice, pepper, and coffee trees, together with a lengthened category too numerous to mention. Hundreds of Sydneyites, on pleasant afternoons, avail themselves of the sweet air and delightful walk through these

varied and extensive gardens, with the additional treat of fine music by a band on two afternoons of each week. The zoölogical department embraces a hybrid family of quadrupeds, birds, hawks, eagles, parrots, and many of the remarkable species of animals from Van Diemens Land, New Zealand, and other parts of Australasia.

TURKISH BATH.

Having heard something of this mode of bathing, I concluded on one hot day to render myself hotter by being put through a bath, the principles of which are said to be after the order and mode of bathing among the Turks. The building in this city, with the arrangements appertaining to the bath, are considered of the most perfect character: the whole is new, and said to be one of the finest and best of its kind in the world, not excepting those recently constructed in London and Paris. So say those who have been abroad, and experienced their habitual use. It was finished a few months since, and is certainly a very beautiful one, built of brown stone, of solid workmanship, and withal very inviting and attractive. I approached it, stepping up three or four solid steps, when a few strides brought me to the end of the vestibule and door of entrance, where is a man to receive the sum charged for the bath, or your monthly ticket entitling you to the free privilege of this luxury. He remarks at the same time that he has taken two baths every day for the past week, with positive benefit—which seems hard to credit. Nothing doubting, as the door was opened I walked in, and, stepping down a few steps, I descended to the smooth and solid floor of square blocks of white and brown stone, and was within a neat and pleasant apartment, measuring about 25 by 35 feet. This is the undressing room; having a temperature of 75° to 80°, with convenient

closets, in which each person's clothes may be hung up while in a nude state to go through the process. Some are here dressing, some just coming out of the bath room, and others are preparing to go in, like myself. This is the first room. When thus stripped, a polite darkey opens the door leading into the next apartment, which is much warmer, and a narrower room, 8 by 25 feet, where are stalls for shower baths of cold and hot water at one side, and a broad marble slab table at the end, and in which apartment the finishing stroke of the bath is received on coming out. I have no business here at this stage of my initiatory steps, and pass on immediately into the third or heated room; the hot air is encountered, and the warm stone floor is sensibly realized as my bare foot is placed upon it, seeming to send a still warmer sensation up through my body. This is the commencement of the bath.

One gentleman, having worked up in the degrees of heat, sits in the middle of the room, easily reclining in a seat, several of which are placed through the room, and are admirably adapted for the luxurious bath. I am yet at the door where I entered, taking rather coolly the first degree. Some might consider it quite hot instead of cool. In the corner at my right, cold water may be had by drawing and drinking. I am not ready for this. This room, I should judge, is 20 feet wide and 30 long, with a kind of arm or angle turning out of it at the farther end; and at the extreme terminus of which are the heating furnaces and ramifying pipes, and where the maximum degree of heat may be realized. Few, however, can hardly bear to sit or stand at that point; and when they do, their stay is short. The time for remaining in is from fifteen to thirty minutes, and the degrees of temperature taken are varied according to the feelings, endurance, and constitution of the person.

Some, at first, are much affected by the external effect

of heat, and by inhaling the hot air, and therefore can stay in but a short time. Well, at this stage I am experiencing a pleasant warmth and a slight moisture of skin. I now walk on a few paces, and take the nearest seat. Here, of course, it is warmer—I should say hot; for the air around me, and the seat, which my bare skin touches, in a couple of minutes send other sensations, of a heating and not unpleasant character, through my whole system. My muscles and veins become distended, and the smallest visible pin-head moistures stand out on the surface of my body. At this stage I step back to the entrance, and from the corner drink a cup of moderately cool water, which is recommended, and it seems particularly refreshing and pleasing to imbibe. I am back to my old position again, and walk farther on to get a higher temperature; and now I feel the perspiration coming out all over; and this is one of the desirable and beneficial results of the bath. In a couple of minutes I walk back and take two more cups of water; then, resuming my last position for a moment, I venture with perfect tolerance down to the end of the room, where, everything exceedingly hot, the seats hot, the floor hot, at first it seems I cannot stand or sit still, or bear to touch anything, but merely to be lifted into and breathe the hot atmosphere.

It is wonderful how much the human system can bear. I manage to sit even here for a while, when the perspiration now comes out and rolls down from all parts of my body. A little while here, and the heat is not so much felt, or rather becomes more tolerable. Such is the experience as one advances from degree to degree in taking a *Turkish bath.*

Copious perspiration is essential to its highest and most beneficial effects. The sensation of plentiful sweating, without a single effort, at this stage, seems a great relief, and is pleasant to the whole physical nature. The depressing

effects which I at first thought would occur, are not realized.

Now I turn the angle, and take the first degree of the hottest room. As my feet first touch the hot stone floor, they are quickly lifted, as if placed on a hot stove. I undertake to sit in lieu, and I jump up again with the exclamation of "Och! my, it's hot!" But I bend down to it, and compel myself to both sit and stand in this apartment. The consequence is, my seven millions of pores are laughing tears of perspiration, and small rivulets are coursing downward. The pleasing sensations still continue, and my hand, placed upon my body, feels soft and pulpy. I now plunge up to the farthest end of this room, and take the extreme temperature. Of course, it is too hot to remain here long. A few moments' hitching, stepping, and moving around here complete the half hour, during which interval I have been putting myself through the heating process of the bath. The temperature of the bath is 160° Fahrenheit. Some have ventured a heat of 180° to 190°, and this would seem only necessary for the most muscular, and those on whom a lower degree had not produced the full measure of perspiration—the grandest feature of the bath. I now walk out to the second room first entered. A strong and athletic darkey is on hand, feels my body with his brawny fingers, and tells me to mount the marble-slab table, and lie on my back. My head is slightly elevated while thus stretched out as straight as a candle. He commences with me, first by taking one arm and rubbing it down to the end of my fingers, and then the other in the same manner, bringing off what bathing brushes, cold water, and soap could never effect. Then, with heavy rubs over my breast downward, finishing up with both legs, to the very end of my toes, I am requested to roll over, to receive the last rubs with the negro's big

hands over my back. My arms and legs are then pulled, my fingers and toes are cracked by the same process, and then I jump up, as if out of my skin, to be soaped all over with suds, and take a standing position in one of the stalls for a tepid shower of water, and a general rubbing and washing down.

This I perform myself, finishing up under a volume of cold water, and then a thorough rubbing and drying with coarse towels. After which I pass into the first room: the lightest kind of a sheet is given me, which is loosely thrown over my person; then walking to the end of the room, I ascend a staircase to the second story, where is a long apartment with a clean white floor; the sides are latticed, to permit a free circulation of air from outdoors, and in this inviting apartment the cooling off, airing, and last process are gone through with before dressing.

As I walk here, amid the soft breezes of this clime, after the operations of the bath, my physical feelings were of the most delightful character. I felt like running, flying—in short, as light and buoyant as a feather. It seemed as though I had jumped out of myself, and the *original*, with all the lassitudes, changes, and reversed feelings to which a human body is heir in an earthly pilgrimage, had been left down stairs, and I had become none other than a new creature. Here one may take a seat, read a book or papers at hand, be served with a cup of coffee, or eat a few fresh sweet oranges, grown six miles out of the city, with other fruits. With the expiration of this interval the last stage of the bath is completed, and this spot is the elysium of delight.

Once more dressed, and out in the street, I walked away, feeling the greatest degree of elasticity after this my first *Turkish bath*. Though in the highest degree

pleasing, I should not wish to take another soon, and would advise no one to use them habitually without first consulting a physician. Many persons have been highly benefited by them; and some few, on the other hand, have been injured by their imprudent use.

CHAPTER IX.

Steamer Northam and Passengers—Provisions—Storm—A Rough Night—The Memento—Experiences—Sea Sickness—The Sick Young Lady—Hobson's Bay—The Great Britain—Our Landing—Sandridge and Melbourne—The Albert Car—Buildings and Streets—Library and House of Parliament—Climate—Sabbath—Varieties—The only American—King George's Sound—Distance—Letter—Sabbath School in Sydney—Their Rules—Picnic, &c.—Advice to Friends in America—Death at Sea—Funeral Obsequies and Burial—Indian Ocean—Our Screw Steamer—Hot Weather—Point de Galle, Ceylon—Enchanting Surroundings—Singular People—Singhalese: their Religion—Buddhism and Hinduism—Population of Galle—How they marry in Ceylon—Conclusion.

MELBOURNE, *January* 25, 1862.

MY JEWEL FRIEND AND CHRISTIAN BROTHER:

Agreeably to promise, as it has pleased my Heavenly Father to bring us safely here, I now, after running around in this town during the forenoon, will state very hastily some experiences on the trip so far, and briefly as to some things I find here. I would not have you look for sentences squared by the rules of syntax and rhetoric, but all will be without form, and desultory. Finally, at five minutes past 2 P. M., by my time, our gallant steamer *Northam*, Captain Potts commander, began to move away from her anchorage slowly on her destined course over the blue waters of your beautiful bay—the incomparable Port Jackson. Pass Pinch Gut at quarter past 2, at about which time the Admiralty Agent, standing in her stern with spy glass in hand levelled toward the Domain hard by "Lady McQuairrie's Chair," responded, with handkerchief in hand, to a couple of ladies dressed in mourning, who were there walking about, saluting him in like manner with a parting adieu. Previous to this, from

the Balmain side, a bevy of ladies from the veranda of a house conspicuous on the hill, were seen waving their white handkerchiefs to friends on board, who returned the greeting cheerfully from the ship's deck. When off the Domain and Wooloomooloo bay, the signal of absolute departure was heralded to the Sydneyites by two tremendous cannon reports from the ship's deck. The magnificent scene in our wake, of the bay, surroundings, and city; the trees and verdure, so green and fresh after the copious rains, I shall never forget. At a quarter to 3 the Heads and small light house were before us. The pilot left us five minutes afterward; passed the bold rocky gap at 3, when we experience quite a rolling and heavy swell. This was the result of a high sea yesterday, as stated by one of the officers on board. This beautiful screw steamer *Northam*, of 1,600 tons register, is not one of the largest, but is said to be one of the staunchest and best on the line, carrying eight life boats; and her length from prow to stern is 307 feet. She has a beautiful promenade deck of 120 feet long, and the floor of the same is kept scrupulously clean and white. Her state rooms and cabins are all below, except the captain's and officers', all of which have fine and healthful ventilation; and I find the same much more roomy than those on the California line in America. The number of passengers on board is twenty-four, which will be increased at Melbourne, as the entire port side, according to custom and rule, has been reserved for those taking passage from this city; while the Sydneyites are nestled in the starboard side, the entire extent of which there were not passengers enough, with those of us so comfortable who were willing to pay the £152 to France or £157 to England, to fully occupy.

I have never before seen a steamer or ship's crew made up, as in this case, from the Malay and Hindoo races. There are of these, including captain and officers, over two

hundred, and their mode of working the ship is by whistles, which are blown by the chief of them; and without loud calling or noise, all things are performed in the most orderly and systematic manner. It strikes me the whole is under the most complete rule. We have on board, in the shape of live stock, fourteen black pigs, three sheep, one handsome milch cow, one "bossy," or calf, with pretty ears, two hundred and forty chickens and roosters—a hybrid lot—placed in fitting coops along the starboard side, and as many geese and ducks quacking and poking their bills out of like cosey habitations located on the port side. Turkeys, also, of the feathered tribe standing higher on their legs, and also, in my estimation, for eating—of these there are twelve in number, all looking plump and fat; and methinks I hear you say, indeed, "Enough, enough of those thus stated to last you till you get to Melbourne." You might say also, "What good living!" but, in my opinion, not very hearty eaters for the first few days. What I here add cannot but confirm the same in your mind. At 4 o'clock the bugle sounds for dinner: all do not go down, and I am one of the lot, as presently you will see. I have something else to do. At ten minutes to five I felt very sick, and consoled myself by tasting a little peppermint, with the opinion entertained that I and the sea will never be good friends. Previous to this, while standing amidship for an easy position, the captain, no doubt noticing that I was becoming a subject, spoke soothingly: "Do you feel the motion of the boat?" I replied, "Somewhat;" but thought I could face old Neptune more bravely, as well as successfully, this time.

At 5 the log is thrown. "How many knots?" I asked, politely. The answer was given: "Ten, sir!" At this time the heavens to the southward were overcast, with indications of a shower. At half past 5 the storm met us, and the sea became very rough—a kind of "southerly

buster" was looking us in the face. So it proved; and I, with many others, was unable to keep the deck long, as we became seasick enough. I was never more so. I turned in at 8—number of berth 52; and my room mate—a "squatter," as he called himself, three hundred miles back of Sydney, and ten years in the colony—betook himself to roost also in No. 51, above me. He is quite a young man—I should say, twenty-eight or thirty—seemingly a kind and clever fellow; and the only fault I have to find with him is, that in his endeavors to give emphasis to his words he swears a little This is something for me, as I can never hear one utter an oath without feeling within me a silent and ejaculatory prayer that the Lord might change the heart of such a one, and cause him to see and feel the danger and wickedness of the habit. We experienced one of the roughest of nights, the sea falling many times over the deck; and as I learned the next morning, much water had poured into the ladies' saloon. We slept but little. My room mate, somewhat terrified in the night, said he thought, by the splashing, rolling, and pitching, that the boat at one time would go to the bottom. Much water fell also through the hatch near our stateroom.

Thursday, January 23d.—Sea yet very rough, but the sky rather clear overhead—having arisen, I feel weak. Eat some peaches soon after, and am very sick. At 10 drink a cup of cocoa, and kept the sofa during most of the forenoon. I hear others affected like myself in adjoining rooms. At 12 am out, at which time the log is thrown, indicating 9¾ knots. Make out to eat a little chicken broth and two pieces of bread, and, in order to keep it down, have to lie down immediately. Keep a recumbent position till a quarter to 3 P. M., when, throwing the log, the number of knots are 9½ against a strong head wind. Many of the ladies are yet in their cabins; and one of the best-looking young ladies of the

company I have not seen since our incipient sea-sickness. I take it she is quite ill. At 4 we sight Cape Howe and a brig to the south-east; and now, having walked three-quarters of an hour on chicken broth, feel better. Throw the log again at quarter past 4, indicating 10½ knots, at which time we are directly off Cape Howe, which looks pleasant. The sun is now shining out under a few fleeting clouds, and the eye catches a beautiful rainbow to the eastward. Feel well enough now to take out the parting and dearly-prized memento marked "W. H." from "H. B. and W. B. G." It proves a magnificent toothpick—too handsome to use—but only to look at. This is enough at once, so I don't break the sealed note accompanying it, but put it in my pocket for another heartfelt and blissful repast. At 4 the bugle sounds again for dinner. I sit down—the array great, and the bountiful supply wonderful! Boiled mutton and beef—chicken and duck—potatoes and other vegetables—cherry, port, ale, and porter for those who desire it. Strange to say, I allow myself to taste whatever is placed before me, to ascertain a *cure*—plum and custard pudding, tarts, good old cheese, celery, lettuce, pears, peaches, grapes, and oranges, together with almonds and raisins, which complete the sumptuous dinner. I make out to nibble at many kinds, and, under the circumstances, eat a fair dinner. After this, walk the deck a couple of hours to settle it, and become used to the motion of the vessel; in short, to keep down ebullitions of the stomach, which seems a little on the wane. I succeed very well, with a slight return as I endeavor to try eating again at supper. At 6 the log, again thrown, indicates nine and a half, against a strong south-west wind and heavy sea. At a quarter to 7 we are square off "Gabo Island" light house. Cloudy and cold; all resort to overcoats, and walking the deck briskly keeps one most comfortable. But feeling not quite so well, I lie down upon

the sofa, and endeavor to eat some sugared bread and butter, which the attentive steward brought me. Thus taking it slowly, lying, with a decoction of green and black tea mixed, only a little of which I sip, determined as I am to get something of a supper down and keep it there. Soon a big swell, pitching the boat over, throws my undrunk tea from the top of my trunk over on me, causing me to give up drinking and masticate the balance of bread and butter without any fluid. I fall into a profound slumber, lying thus till half past 10, at which time my room mate came in and awoke me. Quickly I threw off my clothes, and the next moment was ensconced in bed-clothes, in proper shape for the night.

Friday, January 24th.—At half past 7 in the morning in comes the Hindoo or Malay barber, with brush, soap box, and rasor in hand, wishing to know "if any to be shaved?" "Yes," I said; and as I was about to rise, he said, "Shave you in berth," and down again I lay, with my head only a little higher, and the next moment he began to slap the lather on. "Novel indeed;" thought I, "and how splendid!" This is being shaven with grace, as he did it elegantly and with ease. Well, you know, when one pays his passage on this line to Europe, steward's fees, shaving and everything is included; and any demand for pay, for little extras, attentions, &c., is particularly forbidden by the captain and company. Any violation of this understanding they desire to know, and will punish by the discharge of such servants and others in their employ.

The sea at 12 is as calm and smooth as a mill pond. Our average run during the day is 11¾ knots. Little or no sea sickness, and only a kind of disagreeable feeling is realized. At half past 4 we pass between Rodondo Island on our left and Wilson's Promontory on our right, adjacent to a group of other islands. About this time the sick

young lady makes her appearance on deck, weeping, not yet recovered from her sea sickness. Poor girl! I felt truly sorry for her. She has the consolation and attendance of other ladies, smelling bottles, &c., but without being cured; she again very soon retires to her state room. At 7 we may be considered to be fairly entering "Bass Strait." At half past 7 we pass "Cape Liptrap" off starboard, and are now experiencing heavy swells, common to this strait; rolling our vessel first one side, then the other, and so we move in the manner an oarsman would scull a small boat through the water. The log says we are going 12 knots. A "fair wind" springs up at half past 7, the sails are raised, and now, the story seeming more fabulous, we are making 13 knots. Expect to reach Melbourne some time before morning. In the evening, chess and card playing is going on in the saloon. At half past 8 biscuit and spirit are set on for those who desire.

Saturday, January 25th.—A bright and beautiful morning, as I am made glad to behold on reaching the deck; and more than this, our vessel is moving over the great "Hobson's Bay." Great, I said, for it is thirty-nine miles from its mouth to the small town lying directly ahead of us, called "Sandridge." But where are to be found the varied and incomparable beauties of your Port Jackson? Not here. But I may say, here is room for the navies and shipping of the world. Having entered at half past six this morning, we, at this first discovery of mine, are nearing Sandridge, so called because a vast sandy border characterizes the whole shore about the town; and as I cast my eye over the great bay I see proud ships with filled sails, among which is the *Great Britain*, a steamer lying well out, and now soon to make a trip *via* Cape of Good Hope to England. I have just learned she takes two or three of our passengers, who "would gladly go by the mail," "could they

afford it." We see Williamstown on our left and St. Kilda off to the right, on the shores of the bay; and coming to a stop three quarters of a mile from the shore, the ferry mail boat and others of a small character come out and surround our noble craft.

Having had our breakfast at half past 8, we are ready to go on shore at half past 9; and previous to which undertaking none were allowed to attempt it until the "blue flag" at the mainmast is hauled down, and for every violation a fine of five pounds is inflicted. The health officer on board, all is right, and permission given to go ashore—the "blue flag" down, which is a positive indication that she has her clearance. Well, here we are in Sandridge. I need not attempt a description of it, as you have been in this flat and unimportant, and, I think, disagreeable place. Taking an "Albert car" for a shilling each, my squatter room mate and self make, with a beeline through Bay street, just as straight for Melbourne. It is a broad and wide thoroughfare, and it strikes me a dusty one when the wind blows. The "Albert car" is a two-wheeled vehicle, which I much prefer to the Sydney handsom, as it not only has an ample covering, but seats, accommodating six with comfort, open at both ends, admitting a fine passage of air, and decidedly best adapted to an Australian climate. One may sit back up to the driver, and look either way with a little twist of the neck, and all the time under a splendid cover, with plenty of air to breathe, which is not the case with your handsom.

Melbourne, in my opinion, is a palatial city. It is built along the little Yara, upon rather elevated ground, with its principal broad streets rising gradually at each end over small rounded hills. The situation of the city is sufficiently high for fine drainage and a healthy position. It is about two and a half miles from the great harbor,

which has given it, as a commercial town, such importance. Melbourne proper has a population of one hundred thousand inhabitants, including the suburbs: those best informed make the total one hundred and fifty thousand. But whatever the number of inhabitants, as one looks upon it, he exclaims, "Indeed, what a prodigy!" This, in years and remarkable growth, stands in comparison with San Francisco and Chicago; and as one performs the circuit of the globe, and becomes acquainted with the history of cities, these three appear among all others in wonderful contrast. The exercise of art, skill, and judgment in the original planning and laying out of the city has not been wanting. The streets are broad and beautiful, and after the checker-board principle. They are splendid avenues of much greater uniformity than is usually found, and are marked out with an even width of one hundred feet. Collins, Bourke, Elizabeth, and Great Lonsdale are the principal thoroughfares. They are also finely rounded up in the middle like the form of a turtle's back, well paved, with a cool and living stream of water running on either side along the curbstone, over which, at each angle and crossing, there is thrown a pretty latticed bridge in the form of a half moon, which is one of the smoothest arrangements I have yet seen; and over which, in street crossing, the most delicate pedestrian's foot may pass in all weathers without the slightest wetting.

I did not find the buildings of Melbourne so uniformly fine and large as anticipated: I suppose because I had heard stated by those who have seen it, that it bears resemblance to New York; and being a New-Yorker myself, I would say it should not be mentioned in comparison. Yet the activity one meets is akin to that of New York.

But before leaving this subject I would state, there are a few buildings which in size, convenience, and cost, much exceeded my expectations. These I will mention are the

House of Parliament, the interior of which is on the grandest scale, and when completed will cost £2,500,000, equal to $12,500,000! It was commenced six and a half years ago. The Bank of New South Wales is of substantial and beautiful architecture, and resembles one of our finest Broadway banks. The post office, now building, of pure white stone, begins to present the most extensive and elaborate outlines, covering a vast area, and, as stated by an Englishman with whom I was in conversation, when completed, will be the largest and most beautiful post-office building in the world! I thought of this some, and certainly know I have seen nothing of the kind in America that will equal the mammoth plan to be perfected. In the evening, having but little time before me, I jumped in an Albert car, and was driven up to the public library, occupying commanding ground and a spacious yard neatly laid out with walks and shade trees. This institution, free to the public, rich and poor alike, is truly a great credit to the city of Melbourne. It is a very large building, with most beautiful and convenient arrangements, having been finished some two years since, and now containing within its walls 25,000 volumes. It has well lighted galleries, which run along each side and across one end; besides, its reading room is of the very ample extent of one hundred and forty-five feet in length. I think it one of the finest and best arranged I have hitherto seen. But I must stop with this.

At noon of this day we met the purser and others of our steamer in the *Cafe de Paris*, and sat down with my room mate, who seems one of the best-hearted fellows I have ever travelled with; and in this modern restaurant of Australia we, after eating a well-relished dinner, were walking around, until becoming somewhat fatigued, we dropped into Scott's Hotel to write, and here we took up our abode for the night. Meantime, I availed myself of the oppor-

tunity to purchase a few Australian birds, and one of those remarkable animals called *ornithorhynchus paradoxus*. During the day it was very hot, the thermometer standing at 90° in the shade. Perhaps you desire to know how I would like Melbourne as a place of residence. I can answer in a word, I should not like it. The climate in summer is too hot and enervating, and too dusty to suit me.

Sunday, January 26th.—One of the most pleasant mornings. At the appointed time we returned to the bay, and with several of our old company took a small boat for our snug quarters on board the *Northam*, which was to sail at half past 10, but did not get off till about 12 o'clock. The bay was beautiful, with a gentle breeze, and we were glad to get the cool air at sea again. As we near the Heads, off go the custom-house officers, who sailed toward the east shore of the bay, where we observed, prominently located, the quarantine buildings. The whole of this day was charming, seeming little like the Sabbath thus on shipboard; but I trust I did not forget the sacred day. Toward 8 o'clock in the evening we experienced heavy swells, in which our vessel rolled much, and with no less rolling and pitching for four days. The weather cool and bracing; the thermometer standing about 65° all the time.

Monday and *Tuesday* were two gloomy days again for me. I was very sick. However, on the third day a cure came simultaneously with a splendid appetite, and a strong propensity to pitch into good roast mutton, ducks, and geese, and whatever sweetmeats and pastry were set before me. But I am the only passenger (not excepting even the ladies) that sits before an empty wine glass. I think I shall stick to this. "Adam's ale" sparkles before me; and as our stopping places on the voyage are so frequent, I think I shall be enabled to get a good article all the way. "Babbitt's" best "Colonial Hock" stands hermetically corked in

my porthole, thus presented to my eye every morning as I turn over in my berth to behold the light of the sun, but I have not thought it essential to essay a taste yet. It seems to speak to me daily of his brotherly kindness; and this is not all: I have many pictures, the work of his own hands, which I prize highly, and, while spared, shall be retained as among the choicest of my parlor interests. On Sunday I read the note accompanying the splendid gift in your and his name; and looked at the "pick" once more. I tried it. It works finely. It is elaborately worked, of pure, and, I doubt not, Australian gold, beautifully banded and riveted with the same precious metal! I need not assure you it is prized as dearly as one of the costliest of gifts; and because a parting one dropped so warmly from Christian hands into my own at the moment of my departure. The sentiment expressed touched my heart—and written in Mr. B.'s plain and unpretending hand, more resembling that of a statesman's; and this signed by you and him. How polite you were to put on the "Esquire"!

On our third day out from Melbourne, I began to feel so well that I took to ball playing with little "Mary" and "Ida." It is an exceedingly large one, with variegated exterior, and of the most pliable rubber, having brought the same with me from Sydney. Our splendid deck enables us to roll and toss it around with happy glee and healthful fun. Several join us, and giving it an occasional kick, it makes a splendid appearance over the white deck, causing even babies to clap tiny hands with ecstatic delight. Our average running has not exceeded ten knots, and on Thursday and Friday we experienced the pleasantest kind of weather.

Being the only American on board, some have touched me upon the "war question," and upon the subject of the deplorable state of affairs in our beloved and great country. They think of it, however, with reverence, and seem to es-

teem all who represent it in a truly becoming, courteous, and respectful manner. Several on board now talk of availing themselves of the good opportunity afforded, on this visit of theirs to England, to continue the voyage to America; thus speaking of it as the only favorable time which they may have of seeing New York. On Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, we descry the light house of "King George's Sound," arriving within this circular-formed harbor early this morning. So we were a little more than five days from Melbourne, a distance of 1,350 miles; and now the whole space which separates us is about 2,000 miles. Thus far we have been led by that unseen Hand to this port, and the goodness of which we shall not know how to adequately feel and duly appreciate, while dwelling in the flesh. Thanking you for many kindnesses, I remain, dear friend,

Truly and ever yours, in the bonds of Christian love,

WILLIAM HOFFMAN.

WILLIAM R. GOULDING, Esq.
Sydney, Australia.

KING GEORGE'S SOUND, *February* 1, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR:—Having spent a little more than two months in the colony of New South Wales, making the city of Sydney my home during the most of this time, and promising to write again, if now not too late, I will pen a few lines from this place, thinking, perhaps, some of you would like to learn of my whereabouts. I left Sydney on the 22d inst., per steamer *Northam*, by which noble craft I am still continuing my journey, with twenty-eight others. Making the different stoppings of from one to two days at each place, enables me to see much, which I could not do by any other mode of passage, in completing my trip around the world. I would state, my gratitude when arriving at Sydney, and at the time I last wrote you, was complete.

Surely the goodness of the Lord has followed me thus far, and wherever I go I see and realize much which causes me to magnify that goodness and thank him more.

While in Sydney I formed the acquaintance of many good people, and did not suffer myself to pass a Sabbath without endeavoring to do something in the Sabbath-school work. There was held in the Congregational church school, with which my labors were identified, both a forenoon and afternon session; and though the same is conducted somewhat different from those in America, the plan is nevertheless as well devised to subserve the great ends for which the Sabbath school was organized. I presume their order is more after those in England, as everything here is intended to be after the stereotyped form and custom of the mother country. The number of scholars and teachers in this school is about 475, and it is said to be one of the largest and most active in Australia. The teachers all seem to take a deep interest in the work, and only those well qualified and experienced are permitted to teach. As they are quite competent, some one of them at the close of each afternoon's session is permitted to take the platform or desk, and address the school in his own way, happily illustrating some Bible truth, by anecdote or otherwise, as he may have a faculty for doing, receiving all the while the most quiet and respectful attention. Each Bible used is plainy numbered, and each scholar knows his or her number; a perfect set is assigned to each class, and when the lessons are over, the moment the bell rings, one of the scholars of each class takes the set to the library case, constructed with a sufficient number of tills, each of which has a door, numbered on the outside; in short, precisely like the private boxes in your San Francisco post office, only larger. Thus the whole work is simultaneously done by each class, both at opening and closing, occupying but a minute. The bell sounds again, and all is

quiet; a hymn is sung, prayer offered, the benediction pronounced: when all again are quietly seated, the assistant superintendent, standing near the door, names each teacher's class, which rises and passes orderly out, and so on through the room, until all have been dismissed in like manner. A teachers' meeting and Bible class are held one evening of each week, at which the pastor or superintendent presides. Question books are not used: the teachers are left to their own judgment as to the lesson to be chosen, as none are required to teach from the one named by the superintendent, which I do not think is so well as the same one practically and thoroughly learned by the whole school. Their singing is wholly without a musical instrument of any kind, and is not so good and spirited as you have. The boys and girls of California, I think, may justly pride themselves upon advantages in this respect superior to what I have here found. There they are permitted to sing as often as the birds; here but one hymn at the opening and closing of the school is sung.

Each class is organized in a sort of missionary society, and the halfpennies, pennies, and sixpences are taken and retained by one of the scholars of each class, who acts as treasurer, keeping memoranda on cards of sums given at both sessions of the day, and just before the close of the school the treasurer of treasurers goes around with his big bag, taking the money, of which he keeps a systematic account. All of this goes into the treasury for the support of missionaries and needy schools throughout the colony. I would say the great success of this school is owing to the thoroughness of teachers, the interest they feel, and the most thorough work of canvassing and visiting for scholars.

Before closing, I would speak of the annual picnic of this Sabbath school, which is upon the most extensive plan, and is held one month later than that specially had for the

teachers. I have not seen anywhere so great an interest taken to please children, and a picnic upon such a bountiful scale as was this, in which I endeavored to do my part in efforts to please and divert the children. It was held at "Cremorne," across the beautiful bay of Port Jackson. It is a fine and romantic spot, where every variety of amusements were had, such as swinging, running for prizes, cricket, foot ball, &c. As soon as they, with invited friends, were landed on this spot, they began to scatter through the bush and along the rocks which skirt the shore, indulging in various recreations, and so prepared to do justice to the contents of barrels, as well as large and well-filled baskets. Meanwhile, the teachers were busily employed in making preparations for satisfying the enormous appetites which children never fail to possess on such occasions. At 1 o'clock there was a cessation of outdoor amusements on the part of the juveniles, for the purpose of disposing of the substantial spread and cooling drinks with which a number of tables were amply furnished. To prepare tea for the occasion for those who desired, an immense kettle, requiring six men to carry it, was had to boil the water! After this, play was resumed, and the woods echoed again with gleesome shouts and merry laughter. A plentiful supply of fruit, such as sweet oranges, which grow so finely and abound so plentifully in this country, together with pears, was distributed throughout the afternoon.

At 5 o'clock the children all assembled once more, and formed a large circle under the native gum trees, when, after singing the hymn, "Around the throne of God in heaven," tea and cake were served till all were satisfied. Another hymn—"I think, when I read that sweet story of old"—followed by an address; the youngsters were again dispersed, to follow the sport which best accorded with their own wills, till called to reëmbark. The familiar hymns

here alluded to, because sung in different tunes, did not seem natural to me, and very unlike the sweet manner the little class of girls in Calvary church, before which I sat when there, used to sing. Methinks, I hear their charming voices now. Surely it is my prayer, the Lord will abundantly bless them, and that they may grow up good and useful, and receive at last the crown of glory. The promise they made me I shall never forget. And I know they must think of it, too.

Let me say, as to Sydney, the harbor and natural surroundings are indeed very beautiful. The city mostly stands upon elevated ground, built of nearly white or cream-colored stones, which bear resemblance to those of which your city hall is built on the Plaza, and contains a population of about one hundred thousand inhabitants, including suburbs, which are varied and handsomely located. In regard to business, I will state, for the benefit of the young men, it is not to be compared with San Francisco. And farther; to any who may entertain making a trip to this remote part of the world for that purpose, I say, *by all means remain in America; stay in San Francisco;* for in all my travels over America, and the world thus far, I have found no place with equal advantages except the city in which I have spent the most of my life, and that is New York. The climate of Sydney in summer is much like that of Sacramento, only with a longer hot term, the winter much milder. The thermometer averaging 80° in the shade, during my stay of two months, I must say I found it somewhat enervating. I should not like it as a place of residence, though I never met kinder and more hospitable people than here. And on the day previous to my departure, and the one also on which I took leave, many of the brethren came into my office to bid me farewell, with the Lord's blessing invoked, that truly I could not depart with

other than the most grateful feelings. In two days and a half from the time of leaving Sydney we were in Melbourne, which is a remarkable city, and like San Francisco in respect to surprising growth, and boasts of a population, with suburbs, of one hundred and fifty thousand people. Steaming off from that port on the 26th of January, we arrived here at King George's Sound this morning, in about eight and a half days from Sydney, a distance of two thousand miles. This is the extreme south-west point of the continent of Australia, and the last port we shall touch in this land. It is an unimportant town, with a pretty harbor almost landlocked, almost round, and rimmed with high hills covered with bush and verdure, much reminding me of Acapulco on the Mexican coast. We sail again this evening, and do not expect to reach land again until we have crossed the Indian Ocean to Ceylon, at which place we expect to remain a few days, where I hope to see much of that beautiful island, and may be enabled to write you again. From that place we go on the India line of steamers to Aden, Arabia, Suez, and Alexandria, *en route* for England and France, *via* Marseilles, for which town in the south of France I am booked, having the privilege of stopping in Egypt and Palestine a month, if I choose. I hope to see much on this voyage, and to visit, during the summer, the great exhibition at London; and if spared, you may hear from me again. Desiring to be remembered to my friends,

I remain, in haste,

Truly yours in Christian fellowship,

WILLIAM HOFFMAN.

J. B. ROBERTS, Esq.
Supt. of Sabbath School, San Francisco, Cal.

PASSAGE FROM KING GEORGE'S SOUND TO POINT DE GALLE, CEYLON.

POINT DE GALLE, CEYLON, *February* 16, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—On the 1st of February, 1862, Saturday morning at daybreak, we anchored in King George's Sound. My room mate and myself, with ship's company, set out at 10 A. M. in a small boat for the town called Albany, a small place surrounded with native bush, of about 400 inhabitants. We noticed several kinds of wild flowers, and almost every shrub seemed to wear a blossom of some kind. While thus walking along near the beach, in some places, a sweet fragrance from these was delightful to our senses. Rounded rocks lay scattered over the high ground rising in the rear above the town. We were after fruit and a few curiosities, if to be obtained. Finding a man in a small stone building, who made natural history and the collection of all things pertaining thereto his chief business, we walked in to take a look. Here was to be had every kind of insect, including bugs and beetles, fossils, the skins of remarkable animals, every genus of Australian botany, which had been carefully collected, pressed, and dried; also a few emu eggs, three of which I purchased at ten shillings each, my friend doing likewise, besides getting other things. Taking up quarters at a private house, with the parlor at our disposal for the time, and giving a few pieces of washing to the lady to be done up, we strolled through the bush and town, and along the beach, picking up here and there a quaint pebble, a shell, &c.; and after becoming a little fatigued, we returned to the parlor, where was set a plain lunch, after partaking of which we were led into the garden, to eat all the ripe peaches we desired. We then carried away our little baskets full, at a shilling per dozen, to our ship, which was to start early in the evening.

All we had expected of this town was realized; for it was not much, and a few hours have sufficed for us. We returned to the steamer as we came, and were snugly in our quarters in time for a seven o'clock tea, and then ascertained that no start was to be made until late in the night, or early next morning.

At sea, Sunday, February 2d.—The holy Sabbath. Cool and bracing weather, so much so that to get into the sun seems most genial. All is very quiet on board, save the children's voices and patting feet on deck; four more of these being added to our juvenile circle, besides five adults, making our whole number of first-class passengers twenty-eight—having steamed off early this morning out of the sound, and this the last Australian port we shall enter on our voyage. There being no service on board, I pass the Sabbath mostly in seclusion, reading at intervals some of Paul's Epistles, which, on this day, accord most with my own feelings, and to me the Bible is the book most entertaining.

Here I must record the solemn and melancholy circumstance of one of our number passing from our midst! Dr. Worthington, formerly staff-officer or surgeon in the army of New Zealand, and a young man—I should say less than 35—died to-day, at about 3 o'clock P. M. The quiet announcement was received with some surprise, though he was much reduced, and hardly able to walk, when he came aboard at Sydney. None expected he would go so soon! He was trying to go home to England, with every attention given to keep and help him in the effort; but death came thus silently and without farther warning: the call of Him in whose hands we all so dependently rest, was this day signalled by this providential dispensation. All seemed to receive the news with sad feelings. Upon the great sea, as well as all over the earth, one meets the same monitor, reminding us that we are on the way, and as mortals are travelling

toward our eternal home! I hope it may be sanctified to our good, and that all on board may profit by the solemn warning. The following day, one of the loveliest, at half past 10 A. M. the funeral took place, and I believe all passengers on ship were present. The Episcopal service was read by the captain, who seems one of the best of men; the doctor, purser, and others participating. More solemn and impressive obsequies I have never witnessed. All seemed to be pervaded with a sense of life's frail tenure, and the solemnities which the occasion could not fail to give; for this is not a world of the living, but of the dying; and "in the midst of life we are in death"! A joyful thought to the hopeful Christian, and that his labor in the Lord's service is not lost. And as we go, may we not sing:

"In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling"?

A more respectful and decent burial could not have been given, as the remains were placed in a strong coffin of sable color, as perfectly made as may be seen on land (this being unusual at sea), and with its bottom perforated, and iron weights internally attached to sink it. In a moment all passed from our view into the deep, now so calm, under the bright sun of heaven. The hushed engines again moved, and our steamer slowly passed from the spot, which will remain unmarked by any sacred tomb, and ever to continue undesignated by human hand, and unknown to mortal eye! In the great day the sea will give up its dead, as nothing is impossible with Him who created us and it.

On Monday night, February 3d, we rounded Cape "Leeuwin," on which point we previously expected a blow, as this portion of the coast is characterized by gales similar to those between Sydney and Melbourne; but nothing of the kind was realized, the weather being beautiful and breezy

all the time. On the 5th we came into the tropical belt of Capricorn, falling in with the trades, and, with all sails set in conjunction with steam, we were able to make eleven and twelve knots. This breeze blowing gently all the while, rendered the heat of the tropics quite tolerable; and were it not for this, with the thermometer standing steadily between 79° and 80°, we should have felt it much. We are now moving over the Indian Ocean; and this, of course, is my first look at it. We have not had the delight of seeing any whales, sharks, and others of the finny tribe up to this time. After anchoring in King George's Sound, we had a splendid breakfast of fish, caught soon after by some of our men. Some of the natives (sepoys) are musicians, and we not only hear the sound of the bugle at breakfast, dinner, and tea, the musical announcement of which, you know, to hungry onès, is pleasing; but with the bugle, the base viol, violin, and triangle, a kind of band is formed, and cheering strains swell out upon the air from the forecastle. Have you ever sailed on a screw steamer? Aside from the noise of the engines amidship, there is realized, when near the stern, a thumping sound and jarring vibration, which many very much dislike. While at dinner in the ladies' saloon, we experience it most, and it then may be compared to that which is realized in a grist mill; for, certainly, the sound and shaking seem to me much like it. I think myself fortunate in not choosing a state room in this part of the steamer next to some of those occupied by the ladies, who, in my opinion, have the worst of it. My room, being just front of amidship, is sufficiently far from the engine to lose the very heavy sound, and, just under the hatch, admitting a fine breeze, is far enough also from the bow to lose the effect of the higher pitching at either end. Then one soon becomes used to the sound, and I think now many could not sleep so well without it. In fact, when the steamer

stops, the most of us are sure, if in the night, to be awakened immediately by the stillness. But we have it hotter. When about 15° south latitude, the mercury, both in my room and on deck, indicated 85°, and so continued, with but a couple of slight downward variations, till reaching this place. The same, I would say, would be less felt in Sydney, for there the air is dry, but in the tropics it is moist and humid. Our only relief, in a measure, was to don our very thinnest clothing, and have frequent resort to salt-water baths, four of which were on board. The demand for a "plunge" or "shower" was so great in the morning, that the rule of "fifteen minutes'" time for each person was not to be violated. When we eat, the punkahs (fans), several of which, twelve feet long, swing above our heads, are kept in constant motion y a few straight sepoys, in thin white costumes with red caps, by a rope attached, which they gently pull. This creates a circulation of air, without which the perspiration would copiously exude. In a word, it is due to state, the captain and officers spare no pains to make their passengers comfortable; and I was never on an ocean steamer better conducted than the *Northam*. Captain Potts is a true gentleman, very courteous and kind. He always has a sweet "good morning" for you as you meet him each morning on deck. We arrived here at 9 this morning, fourteen days from "King George's Sound"—distance, 3,330 miles.

POINT DE GALLE, CEYLON, *February* 18, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR:—In this I have but a few words, if acceptable to you; unable, as I am, from inadequate time, which has been spent in seeing so much of the peculiar novelties of the town and natural attractions of the country as far as I have been.

The enchanting tropical scenery of this island is beyond description. From the summit of undulating declivities,

which terminate with the lowlands of this coral shore, washed by the blue waters of the sea, the eye rests upon eternal verdure of the deepest and most pleasing beauty. Natural scenes, which delight the vision, as beheld through streaking valleys of green, from hills which are crowned with trees of the mango, bread fruit, nutmeg, and majestic cocoanut, it seems could not be surpassed by any other of the globe. It is hot here; the air is humid, the foliage dense, and the view is diversified. But this tropical panorama, so picturesque, will ever remain daguerreotyped upon my mind. This is at the extreme point of the island, and is nearest the equator. I find no American missionaries here; but am told they have confined their operations to the north, and thus taken up seventeen out of the thirty-two parishes of Jaffna and the islands. However, English divines and teachers of the Episcopal, Wesleyan, and Presbyterian denominations are here. Also the Roman Catholic religion is taught; and all of these, with few adherents, are laboring among thousands of the natives, called "Singhalese," whose religion is nearly or wholly a mixture of demon-worship—Buddhism, and Hinduism. "Demon-worship" was the original superstition of the island. "Devil-priests," as called, still swarm in the most ignorant districts, pretending to cure diseases by their ceremonies. Their color is like that of the mulatto, some of them wearing a little darker skin, while others are quite white; and nearly all have no other covering than that of a most simple one about the loins.

Having spent one Sabbath here, I found at the morning service of the Presbyterian church a small but very intelligent audience of natives, sixty-five in number, clad in English costume, and all of whom seemed to enter deeply in the spirit of worship. The Sabbath school, conducted like all schools of the colony of Australia, numbers forty, and much interest seems to be taken by them in the exercises. The

Episcopal service and school, in the afternoon, both numbered much less, the cause of which, while considering that the English or Church of England have in all the colonies the greatest number of worshippers, I did not learn. The number of whites or Europeans in this town is 400; while that of the natives is 5,000; and you may imagine the strange scene presented immediately to a new comer, as he enters narrow streets, some of which are thronged with these beings, many of whom carry about with them small wares, which they insist upon your buying. There are several Buddha temples which I visited, and in one of which, a few miles in the country, we found an immense image of stone and cement, elaborately worked, polished, and painted, which by hundreds of these deluded worshippers is looked up to as their god. A sad thought, while contemplating that the most of the population of the island, said to be seventeen hundred thousand, are yet in ignorance of the true plan of salvation, and still bow down to wood and stone. But there seems a gleam of hope for thousands of them yet, as there are true workers and believers even here; and from what I can learn, the cause of our Saviour is advancing in other parts of the island.

The religion of the mass of "Singhalese" is "Buddhism;" of the "Tamils," "Hinduism;" with both of which Christianity has made more or less progress. Buddhism denies the existence of a God, Hinduism counts its deities by thousands, and in India by hundreds of millions! Buddhism throws open the treasures of its sacred lore to all; Hinduism most jealously guards them from the masses. Buddhism admits all classes to the priesthood. Hinduism recognizes but one divinely-born order. Buddhism ignores caste. Hinduism regards it as its life blood. Buddhism demands celibacy of its priests. Hinduism does not. The doctrines of Hinduism are contained in the Vedas and Puranas. These

books profess to inculcate not only the most sublime truths that language can express, but to regulate and control the most minute actions of man's daily life—his uprising, and his down sitting, his eating and drinking, his washing and clothing, the observances at his birth, his marriage, his death and funeral; and so minute and multifarious are the rules prescribed, that it has been calculated no single lifetime is long enough to master them all.

The manner in which the "Singhalese" are married is quite simple and primitive. They marry from the ages of twelve to fourteen, and from that upward. On such occasions, the happy pair to be made one take their places standing together on a plain board sprinkled with rice; then their two thumbs are tied together; then the priest prays, doing or saying nothing more, receiving as pay a handsome bunch of bananas, when the wedded couple go home as man and wife. This is the style of marrying in Ceylon among the natives. The singularities here, it would be impossible in this short note to state. And much that I have seen has been interesting and wonderful to me. Shall we not continue to pray for the multitudes of heathen?

In haste, I remain, as ever, truly and sincerely,

WILLIAM HOFFMAN.

J. B. ROBERTS, ESQ.,
Supt. of C. S. School, San Francisco.

CHAPTER X.

Point de Galle, Ceylon—News—Enthusiasm of Natives—Lovely Scene—Coleman's "Appo"—Strange Scenes and Bustle—City and its Denizens—Coleman's Hotel—Boston Ice—How to live in Ceylon—The Island of Ceylon: Climate, Dress, Customs, History—Drive to Wakwella—Scenery—Fruits—The Natives—Cinnamon Gardens, the Owner and Daughter of—Cinnamon Tree: its uses—Buddha's Temple—Native School—Departure from Ceylon—The Nemesis—Our Company and Captain—Heat—Our Water—Theatrical Performances—Familiar Stars—Islands—Aden, a Black Hole—Natives—Jewish Peddlers—Cantonments—Ride, the Pass, Scene, Reservoirs, &c.—Red Sea—Trying Passage—When to make the Trip—Diversions—The Sabbath—Worship—Gulf of Suez—"Red Sea," properly named—Pharaoh—Moses' Well, &c.

Saturday, February 15th, 9 o'clock A. M.—Point de Galle, with its enchanting surroundings, is before us. The passage from King George's Sound has been made in twelve and a half days! The distance is 3,330 miles. And by steamer, so far, we have come 5,200 miles. Blue lights and our two huge cannons were put off last evening when outside the harbor, but no pilot came. We lay there till this morning. Meantime one of our steamer's small boats was lowered and manned, and important documents were sent ashore, returning at midnight; papers with the latest news were brought, containing the sad intelligence of Prince Albert's demise, and the more satisfactory advice of no war between England and America. But what a scene we look down upon! The natives, sitting in their rude catamarans (boats), surround our steamer, calling out to us in bad English, "Nice boat, sar." "Three rupees!" "Only two rupees!" "I take gentmen for one rupee!" "Only one rupee to take you shore, sar!" Thus a lot of these anxious, dark-skinned individuals, with

no other clothing but a comboy about their loins, were addressing us. And still they come, paddling in their strange-looking boats, the bottom and sides of which, in part, are simply a hewn-out log, with additions, and a floating stick fastened by cross-pieces a few feet from the boat, to keep it upright, and float it steadily as it moves through the water. As we look over the blue bay, we count thirty ships at anchor from different parts of the globe, and among them is the great French transport steamship *Rhone*, filled with soldiers ready to start for China.

Casting the eye again and again to the lovely shore, circle-like, skirted with the thickly-standing cocoanut trees, whose stately forms—some straight, some leaning toward the water—thus crowned with their graceful green foliage, filled me with admiring rapture, and moved me with anxious excitement to make haste for the land. Previous to our setting out, several of the natives were on board; and just before us stood a sleek-looking, medium-sized and rather delicate-limbed Singhalese, with a breastplate of brass, upon which was conspicuously engraven, "Coleman's Hotel." None, who did not know, would suppose the person other than a beautiful-looking female, whose raven hair, long and glistening, was tied behind and fastened up with a tortoise-shell comb; and the magic enchantment of whose bright, black eyes, and fine features, lent a charm to the beholder's eye. One, addressing the strange beauty as he would a female, is sure to be laughed at by some knowing one hard by for the green supposition. This was Mr. Coleman's male "appo," and a good-looking and fine young man he was. With him came the "dobe" of the hotel, who took our names, and soiled linen, to be cleanly washed and returned neatly ironed on the following day, without any further trouble to us.

We now set out for the shore, preferring one of our own

style of boats, having a cover to shield us from the hot sun, to that of a native's catamaran at half price. As we near the jetty, another new and strange scene is presented. The whole pier was filled with these dark-skinned, straight and thin-limbed denizens of Galle, clamorous and eager to wait upon us, and carry our luggage or show us the way through the town. But we did not need their service. "Coleman's" guide was just before keeping one of his dark eyes turned upon us. We made our way through the crowd, confusion, and strange babble of tongues, after him; yet our rapid advance being without immediate relief from the throng still running after us with extended hands and continued expostulations, some catching hold of us, so that in order to get rid of them we made a stop, turning square around, and motioned them to be off, at the same time telling our guide to give them to understand, if they did not keep away, they would get a crack over their heads with our umbrellas. They saw our earnestness, and started away instantly after a fresh customer. Now our feet were off the jetty on Ceylon's soil, and were being led under the great arch and through the only gate of entrance to the ancient city of Galle, wholly surrounded by a protecting wall, which, when the island was in possession of the Dutch, was built by them. Wending our way through the principal thoroughfare, passing under large shade trees and along the English barracks, consisting of long, large, stone buildings to our right, with soldiers in uniform pacing its cool corridor, with the singular-looking natives walking in all directions, some carrying their goods and wares about on their shoulders and heads, or on the backs of bullocks in pack saddles; others going along in a two-wheeled cart drawn by the same kind of animals, and men and children in a state of almost complete nudity—was a scene different from any upon which our eyes ever before rested.

The strange impressions which we received upon this introduction, may be imagined as of no ordinary interest to one so suddenly let down in the midst of one of the oldest of oriental towns. As we advanced the street narrowed to about five paces wide, and small stone buildings, with tiled roofs, of one and in some instances two stories, stood compactly on both sides. We arrived at "Coleman's" at about half past 9, at which hour breakfast is here served; and this capacious two-story stone building, covering much ground, and partly built around an open space, bespoke at once for us much comfort. As we glanced at the long table already set, its appearance was fresh and charming, presenting to us vases of native flowers dotting its whole length, and bountifully supplied with fruits grown about the town, and among them we see the banana, orange, pineapple, and pumelo; all of which so beautifully characterize the clime, as well as satisfy the most natural and healthy cravings of man in a tropical abode. We sat down, and to these were added warm dishes of fowl, joints of mutton, white and brown bread, prawns, the largest and best ever tasted, vegetables, curry and rice, while tea or coffee to our taste, completes the splendid breakfast. We must confess ourselves disappointed in this respect, for our expectations were happily exceeded. Calling for a glass of cold water, a lump of Boston ice was dropped into it! Large shiploads of this most indispensable article come here from my native country, which, so remote from this point upon the globe, took me by surprise. I understand the Yankees supply the English of India and China, and all the principal colonies of this hemisphere, with their ice.

The habits which Europeans have adopted here are the fruits of their experience, and, as it would seem, are best suited to the requirements of the climate. The plan is to rise early, take a bit of toast or biscuit, with a cup of tea or

coffee, then a walk or ride; returning, a bath is taken, and this an hour before breakfast, which is at 9½. Then some little work may be performed in the forepart of the day and before the sun has reached the meridian, with not too much exposure to its scorching rays, when quiet is recommended till after 3 P. M.; a light tiffin being taken at 12, and this the least and simplest of the day. Then, with further exercise or labor during the remainder of the afternoon, a substantial dinner is had at 7 in the evening and cool of the day, when the system most craves a hearty kind of food. A ride may be taken previous to or after this, and at 10 the peasant or the gentleman is ready to retire, and, with six or seven hours' sleep, becomes refreshed and prepared to rise at five or six the next morning.

This day of our arrival was spent quietly, and with but little walking around: the heat being so oppressive, this was deemed most judicious. Our hotel was the coolest and most comfortable place we could find; besides, having three or four days' stay in town, we could see all and a portion of the country in much less time. Our *tiffin*, of which we partook at twelve, consisted of bread and butter, and bananas, with curry and rice. Our dinner, at 7 in the evening, was all that could be desired, affording one such a variety, that either light or substantial food was placed before you to your liking. Curry and rice is largely eaten, and is the best and safest diet partaken in this climate. Curries of prunes, fish, lobster, beef, and cocoanut, were to be had here, and I never learned to relish any of this kind of diet till now. All agreed with me that they were delicious.

The following day being the Sabbath, it was becomingly kept by my friend and self—he, however, attending only the afternoon service with me, and thereafter felt it was good to be there. The Presbyterians, Wesleyans, and Church of England are prominently represented, and also the Catholic

religion: it is hardly necessary to add, the chief religion professed by the mass of the natives is that of Buddha.

Point de Galle lies about six degrees north of the equator, and the island of Ceylon is said to be 271½ miles long, and 137 broad at the widest point. Here, along the coast, it is flat, but mountains in the interior rise 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. At the moment of my writing, it strikes me, I should like to be elevated to the top of one of them, that I might get a breath of the cool and bracing air which is wafted around their stately summits. The ravens which I see flying from one building to another, and across the street, seem affected with the humid heat of this clime; their mouths are wide open, and the breast of one sitting opposite on the tiled roof heaves, apparently with the greatest fatigue. These birds are very numerous here; they fly down into the yards, and around you, are very tame, and withal are termed the scavengers of the town; for they pick up all the garbage and refuse which is thrown out, especially everything in the meat line. They are similar to the crow of North America.

The situation of Galle marks it at once as the natural halting station for the steamers which ply between Suez, Bombay, Calcutta, China, and Australia. The natives here are expert in the manufacture of ebony work-boxes, inlaid with ivory and the various valuable woods for which the island is celebrated, as well as of tortoise shells, combs, bracelets, etc., which realize handsome prices. They are expert, skilful, and persevering tradesmen, and one may see sapphires, topazes, amethysts, garnets, and other costly stones. But how many are offered you of a spurious character! and many which are claimed to be genuine are nothing more than colored glass cut out in ruby shape at Birmingham, and sent out to Ceylon, and which they purchase and endeavour to palm off for the genuine. These fellows

are running about the streets on the arrival of a steamer; they throng the hotels, and constantly hang around the stranger, insisting upon showing everything, and your buying something. They are great pests. There are also tailors and shopkeepers of every branch, who occupy small rooms, in little mud and stone buildings. A tailor will take your measure in the morning, and give you a well-made coat or pants before sunset the same day. The ordinary dress of the men is a white or colored cloth, called a *comboy*, folded round the lower part of the body, and depending below the knee, more or less, according to the caste of the wearer. The hair is allowed to grow, and is tied in a knot at the back of the head, where it is secured by a large tortoise-shell comb, similar to that worn by our ladies twenty years ago; and a small semi-circular comb in front completes the head dress. The better orders assume the European dress entirely. The Buddhist priests invariably wear a yellow robe, and have their heads closely shorn, in whatever place they may be.

The Singhalese women generally wear a short jacket and a comboy, and secure their long and glossy hair with gold and silver pins, and sometimes a small, prettily-worked comb. This has reference to the better class. The wealthier wear white slippers with high heels, and a profusion of jewelry when they go abroad. No covering for the head is used by them. It is said, in regard to Ceylon, the investigations of Sir Emerson Tennent have led him to believe that Galle was the Tarshish of Scripture, whence the ships of Solomon carried ivory, apes, and peacocks. The reasons assigned, if not conclusive, are in favor of the supposition. Over three centuries ago the Portuguese landed on the island; since then the Dutch had possession in part, who left this for that of Java and other islands, and it is now, with India, in possession and under the control of the *Crown*. Ceylon is noted also for its

cinnamon, nutmegs, coffee, pearls, cocoanut oil, and rope; the latter is made from the husks of the cocoanut, called "coir manufacture." The principal gems are the amethyst, garnet, ruby, chrysoberyl, sapphire, cinnamon stone, cat's eye, moon stone, and opal.

DRIVE TO WAKWELLA.

On Monday, the 17th, my friend Mr. T., a gentleman with whom I have travelled thus far, accompanied me on a ride to Wakwella. It is situated four miles from Galle, back in the country. There is always standing before the door some kind of a vehicle, and the moment one sticks his head out, his ears are filled with a jargon of sounds from a multitude of the natives, who accost you with their everlasting "sar," "sar;" some desiring to wait on you, some presenting a bundle of cinnamon canes for sale, some wishing you to buy their rubies and precious (?) gems, and another is just as likely to be taking the measure of your leg, as you get into the carriage, for a new pair of pantaloons; and, it may be said, others will ask some kind of a reward for a polite bow made, or the most trivial thing which they may have insisted upon doing. On we go, with our dark driver perched up on the outside, and an attendant we find sitting on the springs behind. Nobody told this fellow to come, but he soon makes known to you that he is there for a purpose, and that is, to show you around, and wait upon you.

Two other gentlemen getting in with us, and all to be drawn by one horse, impressed me with the fact that there would be some walking ere we reached the beautiful Wakwella, which was the case. Our horse, one half of the time, did not go faster than a walk, and at each little hill we had to betake ourselves to our legs and progress in that way. We found a variety of scenery, and very different from that which

surrounds the town of Galle. The country through which the road passes is beautifully undulating, and picturesque in the extreme. The nutmegs, jack fruit, and cocoanut were interspersed amid the richest tropical beauty, much of it of a nameless character, which thus composed the whole.

Here and there the natives ran out as we passed their huts, formed from the cocoanut and banana leaves, which are thickly standing and plentifully waving in every soft breeze around their homes. Some of them came running out, holding a few wild flowers, others with cocoanut blossoms and green nutmegs, wishing for the same anything we would give in the shape of money, from a rupee down to an anna. As they could run faster than our horse, it was impossible to get rid of them and the sounds of their voices, without throwing out something. The terminus of this interesting little ride was a good-sized summer house upon a high hill, affording a magnificent prospect. Here was a commanding view of a rich valley, and the winding Wakwella threading its way, like a silver cord, through the country, as far as the eye could extend. The view is most charming and picturesque. Here we sat down on cane and wooden seats placed within the portico, and all so coolingly suited to the climate, to look abroad at leisure, and partake of refreshing drinks, while the noisy natives flocked around us with their spurious jewelry and cinnamon canes, and, sharp and deceitful, were bent, against all remonstrance of ours, upon selling us something; and those who failed in this would hand some of our company a wild flower or green cocoanut, and before our departure insisted upon round pay for them. We met here another company—among them the gentlemanly little doctor of the *Northam*.

After a stroll about the lofty hill, and an hour or more spent here, we resume our seats in the vehicle, holding just four, and, whirling away at a fast trot down the hill,

we were again followed by a band of Singhalese, who had been watching our every movement, and now, as a last resort, became more clamorous than ever, and so continued in their pursuit for more than a mile, begging us to give them something. Our return was safely made, without accident, broken limbs, or any casualty whatever, feeling highly pleased and much refreshed by our ride.

DRIVE TO THE CINNAMON GARDENS.

The next day, Mr. T. went with me to the cinnamon gardens, distant from the city about four and a half miles, and with a perfectly level road the whole distance. It runs nearly the whole way along, or quite near the sea shore, affording us scenes, in many respects, widely different from those met with on the road to Wakwella. A long street of the city leads out this way, with each side lined with small huts and shops of the poor, the same built of mud, stone, and sometimes latticed poles stuccoed with mud. Here we behold life in Ceylon, in many of its phases. The population of this portion is not scanty, for from two to six persons are seen in and about almost every dwelling, men, women, and children—the latter entirely naked, and the former with nothing but the simple comboy covering the smallest portion of their bodies. Many of them are engaged in their small shops or market places, where both green and dried fruits, bread, fish, nuts, and small things in general are piled up in abundance for sale; and as we advance we find dwellings in which, on the hard, smooth ground, lie the men or children: some asleep; some, upon a simple mat, are engaged in a sitting posture over some light work peculiar to their humble requirements.

Occasionally we see a native Ceylonic mansion, one story, built of solid stone and mortar, and smoothly stuc-

coed, bearing a clean and perfectly white exterior. Such cover an ample area, have surrounding porticos, and are cool and finely adapted to the climate. A massive and high wall surrounds the mansion, taking in airy grounds decorated with a variety of tropical trees and plants. As we cross the little Wakwella, many of the natives are seen standing stark naked in the water, bathing in their own style. They have in hand an earthen vessel or jar, with which they dip up the water and pour it over their heads. It looks so cool and refreshing, that we feel half persuaded to alight, doff clothing, and do likewise.

Along this road we find the telegraph wires stretched in a direct line up the coast to Columbo, a distance of seventy-two miles from Galle. We pass a couple of small settlements on our way, and see them manufacturing the strong and beautiful kind of rope termed "coir manufacture." It is wholly from the husks taken from the cocoanut. Their operations appear quite extensive, and consist of twisting and braiding it in the ordinary way; and large coils of the already perfected fabric lie piled up hard by, ready for transportation and export. Many of these people have their teeth and lips indelibly colored by the continual use of a vegetable, called "beetle root," which serves as their tobacco. The strikingly dark red color with which their lips and ivory are thus stained, leads the stranger at once to observe it, and inquire the cause. Before reaching our point we find an abundance of the growing bread and jack fruit, which requires to be boiled before being eaten.

Upon arriving at the cinnamon gardens, and passing within the first enclosure, we come to another small gate entrance to the immediate grounds, and the domicile of the owner or resident having them in charge and cultivation. At this gate is a little notice, painted on a narrow board nailed about five feet from the ground on an upright stick,

which reads, 'A sixpence for admission to the gardens;" simultaneous with the reading of which, the owner appears; the requisite change is handed him, and we walk in. "Well; here are the cinnamon gardens!" We take a little look around, led by the kind person who admitted us, and receiving some information from him, we proceed to the cool porch of his delightful abode to enjoy a short respite. He seemed to take pleasure in entertaining us, meantime making us somewhat familiar with his life on the island. He is a Hollander by birth, and has spent a quarter of a century in Ceylon. For many years he has lived on this spot, having married in an early day a Singhalese, and is here living on the level expanse, with the Wakwella bounding one side of his domain, the cinnamon bush around, amid a forest of tropical beauty, fanned by soft breezes from the sea. His grown-up daughter, of half-caste complexion, with raven hair and dark eyes, having seen about nineteen summers, made some impression upon my friend's sense of admiration. A month will pass, and he will forget all about it.

Taking another stroll through the gardens, where stood clusters of the real cinnamon tree, I took much pleasure, with the privilege granted, in designating the shoot which I wished my appo to cut for a cane. Thus I obtained two instead of one, to carry with me as memorials of our interesting visit here. More uses than one, as the gentleman informed me, are derived from its product. From the leaf, he states, clove oil, so called, is made. The bark furnishes what is so extensively known over the world as "cinnamon," and from which, also, oil is extracted. And from the root another kind of oleaginous liquid is obtained, called also clove oil. None of the clusters or trees were higher than from six to fifteen feet, with a leaf much resembling that of the orange tree. While we are thus diverted, the natives are busy peeling some of the bark, though not the

season in which it is done: a bunch is handed me, which I am gratified to take. The bark peels best in the spring time, when it is obtained, dried, and packed for export. The gardens are also adorned with other trees and plants, among which stands the king cocoanut, to the top of which one of the natives climbed and threw down the fruit. Also the Bombay mango and Chinese roseapple are standing within the enclosure.

On our return we call at Buddha's temple, situate a short distance from the main road, and on approaching the *sanctum sanctorum*, the priest, wearing a yellow robe, appeared, and standing braced before us, with closely shaven head, demanded an English shilling before we could be permitted to enter; we satisfied his demand, each handing him a shilling; open the big door swings, and the immense image is before us. We ask, "Who is it?" the reply is, "Buddha!" It is certainly quite a little wonder; a colossal figure of a man standing between two others of equal proportions in sitting postures. The image is finely wrought, and is the largest representation of a man I ever beheld. The sides of the walls are embellished with painted figures, representing Buddha, the devil, &c.

Satisfied with this, we walked back, followed again by a hungry lot of beggars, who, noticing our visit, had meantime collected and prepared to besiege us. "Sar, sar," was the continual cry; but, paying little attention to them, one fellow out of the number, a nimble, jovial being, fixed upon another expedient to draw some coin from our pockets. It was a raised road through a marshy place over which we passed on our return to our conveyance: he came leaping before us, and proposed to show his skill for a small sum. Before fairly stopping to witness his performances, he slides ahead a little farther, takes his position on the bank with back toward the swamp, and with a mighty spring turns a com-

plete summerset, strikes on his feet perfectly erect in the water below, and grins and bows to us his absolute success! His nudity, repeated efforts, and expert feats, gave us a hearty laugh, for which we thought he well deserved a couple annas. Before reaching town we call at a mud hut to visit the "native school." It proved to be a sewing school; indeed, the smallest children I have yet seen plying the needle. The school numbers about twenty-five, from four years of age upward, with tiny hands working on mere pieces of coarse muslin, and the whole was equally interesting. Our return to Galle being made with the declining sun, we now prepare for reëmbarkment, and the continuance of our ocean voyage.

DEPARTURE FROM POINT DE GALLE, CEYLON.

Tuesday evening, the 18th of February, at half past 7 o'clock, we steamed out of the harbor of Point de Galle. Evening's sable curtain had just shut from our view this delightful shore of Ceylonese beauty, while the bright stars threw their faint light upon the blue waters, over which, now so smooth, our large steamer glides with the slightest motion, hardly to be realized. We are on board the *Nemesis*, a splendid iron screw steamer, of 2,018 tons register and 600 horse power; her exact length 315 feet, width 46 beam, and a total force, including captain and officers, of 230 men. She came in from India last evening with a large number of passengers, many of whom take other steamers for different ports, while those who go with us to Aden and the Red Sea, *en route* for France and England, compose a goodly enough number to occupy all the first-class cabins; and instead of two, there are to be from three to five persons to be stowed away in each. This thought at first seemed quite intolerable, after the indulgence received on

the Australian line, where but one, and two at the most, occupied a whole cabin. I found, before betaking myself to rest that night, it was not so bad for me as I had been led to anticipate; on the contrary, I was again very fortunate. The gentlemanly purser assigned to only three of us a large and airy cabin, and to me the most desirable berth of the three, for which I could not but feel very grateful. On the other hand, state-rooms adjoining us contained four and five first-class passengers. So many breathing in one apartment, together with the discomfort in washing, dressing, and knocking around every morning on board of a steamer, with the thermometer standing at 80° night and day—those who have experienced it, may well judge; and those who are not exactly in that fix may congratulate themselves upon their good luck.

We have on board passengers from India, China, Australia, and the islands, numbering in all, of the first-class, 140. But I am still the only American on board, which fact I much regret, as I expected to find a few among this large company when again starting, and with whom I should enjoy the trip much more. One likes to meet his own countrymen, especially when so far away from that country, the best in the world. All, however, are very agreeable; and now that we are moving along on so large and splendid a craft as the *Nemesis*, riding the waves so beautifully, with an affable captain and pleasant officers, we have much in our favor which compensates for other deprivations. We have also new faces, and many with whom to become acquainted. How distinguishable are the India and China passengers from those who hail from the antipodes. There are English, French, and Spanish; yet those who have long resided in these hot oriental countries, show the wearing and debilitating effects which those climates have wrought upon their constitution. Many of them are weak, sickly, and sallow in

their countenances. Two of the number seem to have broken-down constitutions, and appear like walking skeletons.

From what I have seen and experienced already, I am of the opinion that persons who were born and have been raised in a temperate clime, should not fix their residence in middle or after life, in a tropical one, for it is unsuited to them. A valetudinarian may experience beneficial effects by repairing, for a temporary or short sojourn, from a cold to a warm country. But I do not believe one can spend a decade in a tropical clime without reducing animal vigor, suffering from its relaxing effects, or sustaining more or less injury to his constitution.

The whole length of the deck along the sides is covered with sedans and easy chairs, principally of India and China manufacture; and the many quaint positions of their occupants look like travelling for comfort. All the conceivable ways for passing the time are resorted to: reading, smoking, walking, writing, sleeping, lounging, and chess playing; while the children seem the happiest of all, hopping and skipping over the deck, or busy at doll or ball playing. No one is sea-sick, for the water is too smooth to suit us, in the absence of breezes to cool the hot atmosphere. We are, however, happily disappointed, for the better, with the steamer, the construction and arrangement of which are the best we have met with for tropical voyages. Her great engines make little noise; they are termed the "trunk movement geared," and none of that thumping sound is realized, which we experienced on the *Northam*, whose machinery bore the name, "inverted direct action."

In every respect, save the table, we are better pleased with the *Nemesis*. There we are a little crowded, elbows hit occasionally, and many a "beg your pardon," politely spoken, is heard. Our eating is done up more on the busi-

ness plan, and much less than an hour is taken at dinner; while, on the other vessel, with better fare, an hour and a quarter was generally consumed in chatting and eating. But this is not important when all other things are agreeable. I must pay Captain Castle the compliment of being a true gentleman, and he is spoken of by all in the highest terms. An address has been prepared, and will be signed by all the passengers, expressive to him of their pleasure and satisfaction for the manner in which all things have been done. We can well afford to overlook the loss of our share of a plum pudding, a tart, or custard, on some days; and really it was better for us, while in the heat of the tropics, that we did not have them. In fact, many have eaten too much, and are suffering from little dyspeptic fits. The doctor—we have a polite one—on such occasions is called in requisition, and pronounces you a bilious subject; and says, Eat and drink less. People's stomachs often fill their brains with apprehensions of "heart disease" or "liver complaint," till experience and advice have led to the discovery of bad and irregular habits, together with imprudent eating. They are surprised to find the whole traceable to their stomachs.

We have now passed several days at sea, since leaving Ceylon's isle. We find the weather steadily hot, the thermometer holding the minimum of 82°, and during the day reaching the maximum of 87° each day; and this without any great alteration, in the absence of breezes, and the sea continually calm, with its face many days as smooth as a mirror, causes us to feel its enervating effects. This is the Arabian Sea, and is altogether too calm to please us. More wind and breeze are what we desire. All aver that Aden is the hottest place in the world. We have that point yet to reach, and therefore are anxious to slip in and out of that port as soon as possible. The Red Sea also forms a part

of the conversation of passengers, and is also much dreaded. We have another comfort on this steamer, and that is, water cooled by ice. It is salt sea water condensed, then filtered, and, unlike that from the land, is not only rendered fresh and sweet, but is free from all animalculæ.

On Tuesday evening, February 26th, latitude 12° north, to break the monotony, we have a theatrical performance. I think it served as a treat for all, and is the first theatre I have attended for years. Three days were occupied by the actors in rehearsals and preparation. All the paraphernalia seen at a theatre seemed to be produced on this occasion; and really, as the curtain rolled up, together with the swelling music of the orchestra, composed of four, the house, so to speak, was taken down with a perfect *éclat*. The sea so calm, and we moving over it at the rate of 12 knots an hour, while ladies and gentlemen, thus seated in easy chairs, some plying their fans, and with the air of operatic ease and theatre-going grace, were commenting in whispering tones and excitable mirth concerning the merits of the actors, and their surprise at so good a treat, that during the interval we had entirely forgotten we were at sea progressing so swiftly over the great deep. The orchestra seemed grand —my friend, Mr. T., playing so creditably the accordion, was assisted by three others, performing on the fife, flute, and triangle. Life on so large a steamer, and the many things to be gone through with daily, make up quite a little world of business. We have not only a physician on board, but a good tailor, barber, shoemaker, and carpenter. Baggage days occur twice a week, when large trunks are hauled up and let down by steam, or thrown up by hand, as the case requires. Passengers must get to their extra trunk and take a peep in it, though they may wish little of the great quantity brought for the long journey. Some have more than their full allowance of 336 lbs.; and, con-

sequently, will be charged for extra baggage, the weighing of which is minutely inspected and noted by the purser. It is wonderful what an amount of labor and business the running of a steamer, with its full quota of passengers, requires.

Stars, familiar to us north of the equator, as we round the globe toward the latitudes of our birth and life, and which by some have not been seen for many years before, now gradually begin to appear near the horizon.

On Monday, the 24th, we sighted Socotra island, and, as presented to our view, it was perfectly barren—red, rocky-looking hills, with streaking lines of sandy character. Those who are familiar with its history tell us the part of it unseen is productive only of aloes, which are exported in considerable quantities. Passing this island to the north, we catch a view of Cape Guardafui early next morning, sighting meantime two Arabian barques which are skipping slowly over the water, under what a sailor terms a "leg of mutton sail."

We are now near the Arabian coast. Our passage over the Indian Ocean, from Galle to Aden, a distance of 2,134 miles, was made in the finest of weather, the breezes too light and too few for comfort, while the motion of the boat at times was hardly to be realized, and altogether the greatest expanse of sea hitherto traversed without a storm, cloud, or adverse wind. This distance was run in just eight and a half days, arriving at Aden early on Thursday morning, the 27th of February.

ADEN, ARABIA.

As my eye first rested on this place, it appeared the most forbidding, desolate, and unpleasant in the world. Vast black and brown hills rise up in pointed ridges toward the sky, looking like mountains of coal, seeming to have

about them the accumulated soot and dirt of the globe. Not a green tree, shrub, or spear of grass is to be seen anywhere, while every building of which the town is composed sits within the deep hollow formed by the prominences which almost surround them. We feel much inclined to remain aboard the steamer, as many prefer to do, instead of attempting to go ashore. The time required for coaling is about twelve hours at this port. For the novelty of the thing, we set out in a small boat, and land on the dusty beach, while the sun feels meltingly hot. We steer immediately for the hotel, a stone building of two stories, a few rods distant; and the enervating effects of the heat caused us to seek seats immediately on entering for rest. The surrounding hills lock out the breeze from the land, and also those in part which come from the sea. The black color of the mountains, the low and hemmed-in position of the town, with the radiating beams of a tropical sun, in the absence of verdure and trees, render it insufferably hot. The thermometer standing from 95° to 100° Fahrenheit; and if now so hot, what must it be in July and August? The appearance of the place begets within one immediate dislike, and a desire to be away from it as soon as possible. Here, on the space fronting the hotel, are a multitude of Arabs, men and boys, with at least a hundred donkeys, and the question arises, How do they live? The men are tall, heavier, and larger than the Singhalese; are also bold and seek to do some business with every stranger they meet. A small store is connected with the hotel, with many useful articles; hats finely adapted to the climate, with which many of our party suit themselves before venturing any more in the sun. Their composition is of drab alpaca cloth, covering the body, composed of the pith or leaf of the cabbage tree; the head is suited to a simple circle, which is stayed from the main body of the crown's base, to

permit the freest circulation of air which passes around the head, and out through ventilating holes at the top. They are made in India and China, and readily find purchasers here.

Some of our party now essay donkey riding, which the Arab boys are rushing up; vieing with each other in their efforts to serve you first. Jewish peddlers are abundant, and are a constant annoyance to us. They are a copper-colored race, varying in complexion; some resembling the half-caste or mulatto of North America. They carry around with them principally leopard skins and ostrich feathers, which, though genuine, are more or less imperfect; and one needs to be a good judge of the feathers to purchase judiciously. It is plain they are practised and skilful in managing every way to take in or cheat persons with whom they attempt to deal, and withal are a great set of rascals. The things of interest about Aden are the walled fortifications, the cantonments, and water tanks, from four to five miles from the port, that lie on the other side of the forbidding hills which we survey. The only way of approaching them is through the great pass which has been cut near the top of the lowest prominences. We attempted the work by setting out in a covered vehicle, following to our surprise a smooth road which runs near the bay for a mile, when we turn inland to make the ascent and pass. Again we are equally astonished to wind along the side hill over a road with the same finished appearance, cut out in a zigzag manner, and substantially walled up on the lower side, rendering the work of ascending safe and comparatively easy. Before reaching the top we pass a train of camels bearing immense burdens of wood, and the roots and stumps of trees down the hill toward the landing. Also a flock of sheep—a peculiar breed, with uniformly black heads and white bodies. At the entrance of the pass, near the top of

the mountain, a great wall is built, extending a long distance each way, and having a great arched gate, through which we drive in order to make the descent and reach the town and country on the other side. There are a couple of soldiers stationed at the gate, and all this is the work of the English to protect the port of Aden. This pass is a wonderful cut, extending a quarter of a mile, and, at the moment of emerging from it at the other end, the village, many hundred feet below, lies under the eye.

Imagine the scene as we look upon the little town sitting in the hollow below, with brown and chalky-colored hills and mountains surrounding the whole. The same barren desolation marks the whole land as far as the sight extends. Who would dwell in such a place? We are there. On the square or open space near by as many as a thousand camels may be seen, mostly lying down, apparently resting, to be ready for their work or journey at their master's calling. There are some tolerable good-looking stores; the buildings are generally but one story, formed of stone and mortar; while the outskirts of the town exhibit dwellings of the humblest pretensions, chiefly composed of sticks and mud. All seem to be well adapted to this scorching clime. We get into a building—the most public—and one furnishing refreshments; and after a few moments start off on donkeys, with uplifted umbrellas, for the great water tanks. Our blood seems to flow as thinly as ether, and we feel like melting under the bright glare. The distance is about a mile; and the wonderful work we here find was considered highly compensatory for our trouble. Four immense reservoirs here have been so wisely constructed as to catch and hold the water that flows during the rainy season from the pointed mountains which rise over them. They are built with solid granite, and cemented within in the most complete and substantial

manner. They stand one elevated above the other. The first we look into is empty, and discloses its magnificent proportions. Fine stone steps are built leading up to each; and the last and highest stands immediately within the opening of the perpendicular and split hills rising above it. We have passed the second and third, and all are empty save this last, which yet contains a large quantity of good water, of which, when handed to us by those drawing it, we were very glad to partake; also to bathe our hands, wrists, and heated brows. What are they to do when the last gives out? Sometimes a whole year passes in this desert country without rain! The English deserve credit for the work of repairing the foundations of these great hollow receptacles, which it is said have served the inhabitants for centuries. The work as now seen is beautifully executed, and, unless disturbed by some subterranean convulsion, will last for ages. We return to the town satisfied with what we have seen, take refreshment, and start over the hills for the port town. We have dinner at 3 o'clock, and anxiously wait for the declining sun, and the hour for the steamer's departure.

Glad were we when we heard the gun—the signal for us to come aboard. We go in our little boats, and once more are on the noble steamer, ready for a start toward our home and a more temperate clime. The hour of half past 6 arrives, and with it we pass from the spot, hoping it may never be our lot to be let down there again. The breeze from the sea, though far from being cool, makes us feel like new creatures. The thermometer stands at 84°. The next morning we pass through the strait of Babel-Mandeb into the Red Sea, and now advance continually in a northerly direction. During the forenoon we sight the little Arabian town, called Mocha, lying on the eastern shore, and celebrated for its superb coffee. We have a light breeze in our rear, rendering the atmosphere more tolerable. The next

day, however, is not so comfortable, having lost the wind; and during the fore part and middle of the day, we are made acquainted with real Red Sea weather. Indeed, it is so hot that I feel weak, and my nervous system is considerably prostrated.

Those making the overland trip consider Aden and the Red Sea the most trying part of the voyage. The great Arabian desert, spread out over a vast extent of country up to the eastern coast, sends its hot air over the waters; while the high mountain ranges without verdure, which are said to wall up its sides, render the position of the sea, and those traversing it, exceedingly hot. The dreaded expanse reaches from the port of Aden to the tropic of Cancer. When beyond this line, not so much is to be feared, except in the summer months, at which season the traveller cannot hope for comfortable weather till reaching the interior of Egypt, at Cairo, or the shores of the Mediterranean. It is recorded of former trips made by a steamer during the maximum heat, that three persons died in one day, and were thrown overboard, thus finding, so near the end of a most trying passage, a watery grave! All who are familiar with the overland route from Australia and India to England, carefully avail themselves of the favorable months of December, January, and February, in which to make the voyage. They will then experience more hot weather than they desire, but, if prudent in all things, the trip in the end may prove beneficial to them. Starting in those months from Australia, which is there the heat of summer, they escape the relaxing heat of that clime, and encounter the cool sea breezes till reaching the tropic of Capricorn, when, both north and south of the equator, they will have cause for the thinnest of clothing, and complain of heat till within the last two days' sail of Suez, at the head of the Red Sea in Egypt. The time for the steamer's passage through this is 20 days,

and the distance to traverse five thousand six hundred and twenty-five miles.

On the evening of Saturday, March 1st, we are entertained with another theatrical performance, with the same success and effect of the former; and many left their cool breathing positions along the latticed sides of the bulwarks to witness the scene and shake their sides; a treat to all, considered amply remunerative for the endurance of confined and oppressive heat and the copious flow of perspiration. The following Sabbath proved somewhat cooler, and, I regret to say, not the same interest was felt in the religious exercises as shown in the performances of the previous evening. There was no fault in the innocent amusement and play of the evening; and on board, too, of a steamer, stripped of the slimy coils which environ like entertainments on land in cities; for here it was everything a Christian could desire, and becoming to such a one to enter into with all his heart. But now there is a fault, a sad disregard on the part of some for the sacred observance of a day designed by Him who has kept, guided, and blessed us, for gratitude and his holy worship. Where will man find his richest joys and pleasures —those, too, which are to swell the heart with the sweetest love—and gain by devotional acts the growing fulness of infinite joy, and of which the world may know but little—but in the adoration and praise of the Great Father of Light, the Eternal and Everlasting Creator of Earth, and King of Glory? Shall we not daily thank the Giver of all good, enter into the felicity of his praise, and have peace spoken to our famishing souls, while the day lasts?—"for the night cometh," when the voice of consolation, once heard, shall again speak "good cheer:" "It is I, be not afraid."

Now guilty and frail, how shalt thou stand
Before thy sovereign Lord?
Can troubled and polluted springs
A hallowed stream afford?

The services were conducted as usual by the purser, by simply reading the service of the Episcopal Church; which includes portions of Scripture, of written prayer and praise. The captain and most of the officers united in the exercises. The number of professing Christians and others present were in all about sixty persons, out of one hundred and forty passengers.

The following Monday, at noon, we were favored with a light head-wind, which was some relief, though the mercury still stood at 84°. At noon we sight and pass St. John's island. One would imagine, by reference to the map, that in traversing the Red Sea, land from both shores could be seen. But such is not the case; the eye meets nothing but the face of the water, and an occasional island. On the next morning, at the hour of six, we pass two others, of red and brown appearance, called "the Brothers." They are barren, and grotesque, yet pleasing to behold. It seems delightfully cool to-day. The thermometer stands 75° in the morning, 81° at noon in the shade. Toward night the narrower portions of the sea disclose to us on each side the mountains and distant coasts. We love the sight, and are still better pleased with the weather. Spirits are up, excitement prevails, for all are beginning to pack up, having entered the Gulf of Suez at half past 3 P. M. Another island also appears. I now pack and strap up extra baggage, to have checked and forwarded on to Southampton, and thus to take only those things which are necessary with me.

Early next morning a world of business is going on; great bustle prevails, and every one on board is stirring. Immense quantities of baggage are hauled up and piled on deck; which, together with the five hundred mail boxes from Australia, India, and China, literally fill all space, and present an imposing appearance. Who thought we were carrying such a cargo? I could never see the fitness of call-

ing this body of water the Red Sea till now, when the high, bold, and pointed ranges of the coast make their appearance to us. But it is properly named, for both the coasts of Africa and Arabia, with the islands, present mostly a dry and reddish coast. Therefore it will not answer to imagine the waters which compose the sea are red, but that the mountains which surround them truly are. Hence, its most appropriate name is the Red Sea. And now all eyes of the curious are turned to the wide indentation on the Egyptian coast, which is designated by knowing ones as the precise locality whence the children of Israel set out to cross, and did cross, when pursued by Pharaoh, the tyrant of old, and his host, who were overwhelmed by the walled-up waters, between which the persecuted walked on dry land in safety. A few miles below, on the Arabian coast, is also the place of "Moses' well." Whether Moses used to drink out of it, or it is a well dug and preserved to perpetuate his memory, I did not learn.

Memorable to us will the hour and day ever be on which our anchorage was made at the terminus of our voyage over the waters of the southern world, those of the Indian Ocean, and of the Arabian and Red Seas. It occurred on Wednesday, March 5th, at half past 9 o'clock, at the head of the Gulf of Suez, three miles from the town. Preferring not to wait for the steam ferry which was to land the passengers and mails, we immediately secure the services of a couple of Arabs, who came out in a small boat, to take us ashore. It was one of the most beautiful mornings, and as we glided away, with a hearty good-by given to the *Nemesis*, we shall never forget the feelings of that hour, the smooth face of waters silvered by the sun's glare, and the red mountains of the western coast.

CHAPTER XI.

Suez, Egypt—Hotel and Town—The Arabs—Start for Cairo—Great Suez Desert—Scenes—Arrival at Cairo—Population—Things in Cairo—Prince of Wales—Climate—Saloons—Trip to the Great Pyramid—Delightful Scenes—Old Cairo—Banks of the Nile—Enchanting Views—The Sphynx—Great Pyramid "Cheops": its wonderful outlines—for what was it built?—Ascent by an Arab, and his time in doing it; our internal ascent; King's and Queen's Chamber; its wonder; Descent—Other Pyramids—Citadel, or Grand Mosque of Cairo: its splendor—Shobra and Summer Palace: its incomparable richness—Sacred Well—Joseph, Mary, and the young Child—Sycamore Tree—Heliopolis—The Land rich in Product—Sabbath, and Worship in Cairo—Beauty here transcended by Glory beyond—A Ride to the Petrified Forest—The Day—Clear Air—Desert—A Ride to Old Cairo—English Cemetery.

After our long and tedious sea trip, with so much hot weather in the tropics and Red Sea, our landing was happily made at Suez, Egypt, on Wednesday, March 5th, at half past 12 P. M. We were struck at once with the peculiarity and dress of the people, similar in color to that of the Singhalese, but with frames larger and broader; tall and large limbed, they presented to us a race much superior to those in the tropics. We saw them carry heavy burdens; and, as they came flocking around us, were no less clamorous in their desires to serve one than those we encountered before. Every kind of small wares, oranges, &c., was held up to us for sale, and it was difficult to keep them away, or get rid of them.

Suez, aside from the large, airy, and comfortable hotel, is very uninviting, and the first impression leads one to feel like moving on to other quarters, rather than stop in it—so little is there of interest. The hotel, which is located near the water, is a good and comfortable one, and the tiffin, of which we partook at half past 2, being composed of the ordi-

nary dishes, with fruits, comprising the best of oranges, figs, and dates, also pears and apples from Trieste, rendered our luncheon all that could be desired. Here we tasted the first good and sweet butter since having left Australia. The construction of this house seems highly adapted to the climate, which here, in latitude of about 30° north, is mild the year round, and far from being as cold as the same zone in other parts of the world. Our meal may be said to have been partaken in the open air. A large square opening comprises the middle of the hotel, roofed along the sides, supported by columns, under which the long tables, where we ate, partially stood. As our whole company from the *Nemesis* came and sat down, the eating was spirited and with good zest, as hungry ones in full possession of rarities just seized upon. The well ventilated and neatly furnished sitting rooms on the floor above, looking out upon the waters of the gulf, and the distant red mountains rising to the westward of this sheet of water, inclined one to forget the dingy and squalid-looking town, composed mostly of mud, stone, and sticks, lying in the rear.

Being somewhat refreshed, we select our carriage in the train, which was to start at half past 2, but did not move off till about 3 o'clock. Eight of us, all young men, and one of the number my travelling companion, Mr. Thee, from Australia, were comfortably seated in the blue-colored carriage: the bell sounds, and off we go by rail for Cairo, which is ninety miles distant in a north-west course over the desert. Four hours is the stated time to reach it. The weather was very warm, and the arid desert, over which we were swiftly riding, did not by any means prove a cooler. The construction of the English style of carriage or car, thus close, is not by any means adapted to a hot climate. The American style, admitting a freer ventilation, would be preferable.

Our first stoppage is made at station No. 14, called Awebet, thirty-one miles from Suez. Here we found a couple of low buildings answering for refreshment saloons, and where one may take a nibble at dry biscuit and old cheese, and drink poor lemonade, or get drunk on bad brandy and soda water, as the custom in these quarters is to mix the two. Several of us, meantime, dropped back a few paces on the dry desert, and picked up a few pebbles as adamantine memorials of the desolate-looking spot. The bell again rings, once, twice, thrice, to be exempt from all blame of leaving any one behind, and again we are moving at better speed over the most barren land I ever saw. This is the desert—and that of Suez, extending from our first starting point to the town of Cairo, which lies on the delta of the Nile. Not a spear of grass do we see, the whole surface looking parched and blanched; and as the eye is raised to measure the expanse, one beholds in the distance trains of poor camels, moving one behind the other in long lines under heavy burdens, just as we see them in the schoolboy's geography pictures. We stop gain, after a run of about thirty miles farther. This station wears about the same appearance as the first, with a few mud and stone huts, occupied by the poor natives; and among them I see one in a kneeling posture, bowing and soliloquizing,—evidently, from his look and the manner in which his lips move, offering prayer to Mohammed, to whose religious tenets and written Koran so many of the Egyptians tenaciously and superstitiously adhere. The little refreshment building on the other side is again full, and the train of carriages empty. And many of our passengers are pouring down all kinds of drinks, principally, however, their everlasting brandy and soda water, thus foolishly clinging to their notion of "spirit" to "keep up the system," as a Mohammedan to his superstitious worship to save his soul.

As evening approaches, we experience a cooler atmosphere, and soon after the dropping of night's sable curtain our point of destination is attained, and we are in the oriental city of Cairo at 7 o'clock. We proceed to Shepherd's Hotel as soon as possible, and were in time to secure, at this excellent house, the only rooms yet unoccupied, which, in a few minutes more, would have been taken by others out of the multitude issuing from the train at the depôt, all of whom we get the start of so finely.

Thus far on our journey, guided and kept by that good and great unseen Hand, we could not but feel unusual gratitude to Him for thus bringing us safely and in tolerable health, thousands of miles over the great deep, to this most interesting part of the globe. Every place through which we have passed was new to our eyes, and the scenes thus successively presented seemed like a variable panorama; and visions of striking interest will, with all their forms and beauty, continue to wear their impress upon the memory and sense, while our dwelling place is upon the earth. Here new and strange scenes and sounds burst upon the vision and impress the mind. After partaking our coveted meal, serving as a dinner, an hour after our arrival, the sound of music in the distance called us through streets, the curious oriental cast of which pleased us, and with which we wished to become more familiar. The various Egytian bands of music, with the odd sounding voices accompanying the same, were to us more strange than entertaining. Lights and tapers, which were burning in their midst, fell around on multitudes sitting in chairs under acacia trees, sipping coffee or drinking soup. The peculiar scenes of the evening, with the first impressions on our minds, beggar description.

Some of our steamer friends, whom we met, availed themselves of this their only opportunity to visit the grand mosque and citadel, which were illuminated, as they were to

leave early the next morning for Alexandria. Cairo is a large city of 208,000 inhabitants, and has within and around it things worthy the attention and study of every inquiring mind. One may be interested here for a score of days, and then will not have fully understood and seen all.

There are a few good streets, though minus the usual pavements, shaded with the large and beautiful acacia and locust, giving this portion a cool and pleasant appearance. Without entering the oldest and most compact part of the city, the stranger would consider Cairo but a mere village, and fail to see the great traffic and business transacted in crowded streets and narrow lanes, rarely wide enough to admit a carriage. In order to see this portion fully, we were obliged to walk or ride a donkey, part of the time, as it would be impossible to get through all the streets with a vehicle, and thereby obtain the best knowledge of its truly oriental cast. The buildings of this portion of the town have the appearance of being very old; many of them are three stories, showing numerous crevices and holes, in which the little sparrows build their nests and hatch their young. It is also a city of mosques, palaces, gardens, ancient tombs, and citadels. The best of these are very rich and costly, and, when visited for the first time, astonish the beholder. The traveller, in search of the antiquities of the world, starts from this point on a camel for Mount Sinai, and thence across the desert to Palestine and Jerusalem; or goes by the quicker route of modern travel, by steamer from Alexandria to Joppa. Donkeys, with their attendants, are so numerous, that Shepherd's is continually surrounded with them, and may be had at a small figure every hour in the day. The Egyptians appear to be a kind and honorable race, when compared with their dark-skinned cousins of other countries. Good guides, speaking English, are found in the hotels. The Egyptian women, seen in the street,

wear black and white veils, with nothing but their eyes exposed. The veil often fits closely to the face, is of thick material, and ridiculous in appearance, as it must be a very unhealthy custom. Often but one eye is exposed.

From Cairo the trip down the Nile is made, occupying from three weeks to as many months, according to the difficulties encountered and distance traversed. The best season to make it is in December, January, or February, when it is cool, and the river is highest. In consequence of unpaved streets, there is much dust in Cairo; and in a dry time with a slight wind, the fine dust is found not very agreeable and harmless to the eyes. Some parts of the city, for this reason, have been attended to, and the disagreeable effects obviated by a system of oriental street sprinkling. The mode is one of the simplest, and that is, by men carrying a filled-up donkey's skin, hermetically closed, save a leg aperture which is opened, and the holder permits the water to squirt *ad libitum*. As the water thus flows, the pliable skin is twitched with the other hand, giving a handsome spray, and the dusty street a fine sprinkling. The Prince of Wales has gone to Thebes, down the Nile, and is expected to return by the 22d inst. His beautiful tents now stand pitched on the open ground, fronting our hotel. Native women ride straddle through the streets of Cairo.

Cairo is furnished with a good English chapel for worship; and also there are religious services conducted each Sabbath in the rooms of the American missionary, who has also in charge the teaching of the young. The loud report of a gun is heard every morning and evening before sunrise and sunset. It is a signal which faithful Mohammedans observe, by absolutely abstaining between those hours from eating. This is a part of their religion. How many hundred Egyptians rise early and eat their meal, in conformity to this Mohammedan law, to abstain during the long day!

and as the declining sun brings the privileged hour, how many have been anxiously looking for it and are gladdened, and may be seen starting in haste as the loud signal swells through the town with its sound, as if to say, "Now you may eat!" Our guide could never be persuaded to touch a single morsel during the many days he was serving us, in violation of the rule. Fleas—they are not scarce; for, every day, one who remains in Cairo, in whatever building and place his abode may be fixed, must continually experience the pleasing (?) sensations of their migration up his legs and over his body, with an occasional bite, to remind him they are still there, and most loving and faithful companions.

Shepherd's Hotel is the best in Cairo; the table is plentifully supplied with fish from the Nile, chicken, pigeon, turkey, duck, mutton, beef, veal, three kinds of pudding and pastry, oranges, figs, olives, dates, apples and pears; and during the partaking of which, in a large and splendidly ventilated dining room, the sweet sparrow is seen occasionally to fly in through the window over the head, and perch, with his chirping voice sounding from the cornices above.

The climate of Cairo is changeable at this season: some of the days are quite hot, and the mornings and evenings cool and bracing. The first day following our arrival, the thermometer stood 90° at noon in the shade. The next morning, and during the consecutive mornings of six days it was found to be 53°, 60°, and 65°; and at noon 70°, 75°, and 80°: the first day proved the hottest out of the whole seven spent in Cairo; and this in the month of March. The summers are said to be hot. Egyptian flies are numerous, and were complained of by some as being troublesome, "but they didn't bite me any." Immense earthen jars, filled with some of the many indigenous products of the country and city, are daily carried about on the heads of the natives,

men and women alike. A strong bullock may be seen harnessed in a heavy pair of thills, drawing ponderous carts, with low wheels of equal height, and often they are very heavily loaded: it is another oriental phase of this land.

Beer, wine, and coffee saloons are numerous, are open day and evening, and are thronged with patrons, who are entertained in some of them with excellent bands of music. One was particularly noticeable, claiming its throng of votaries; there were three men and four young ladies playing the harp, flute, and violins. The splendid time, the blending sounds of the whole, the charming strains coming from their stringed violins, sawn upon by the four young damsels, proved an attraction to hundreds, and was no less novel and pleasing to ourselves. The troupe was comprised of father, sons, and daughters, not a year since from Germany. It may be observed that drunkards do not exist in this country; and an inebriate lying in the highway or lounging about a hotel, would prove a great prodigy.

JAUNT TO THE GREAT PYRAMID.

On Friday, the 7th of March, we accomplished the work of visiting and penetrating the interior of the great pyramid, which is so well described by Herodotus, and denominated by him "Cheops." The sun's rays were obscured by fleeting clouds, and quite a change in the weather was experienced from that of the previous day, rendering the air cooler, and, as it proved, one of the most favorable days we could have chosen for the jaunt. The distance is about nine miles, and, to return the same day, makes a total of eighteen miles to ride upon a donkey's back. My Australian friend, and an Italian gentleman, speaking good English, and myself set out over a splendid but dusty road at half past 8 o'clock, accompanied by our faithful guides. My two com-

panions, feeling a little delicate, had a sedan located between two poles, each sitting between two donkeys, harnessed one before the other in the two ends—thus they moved along, sitting about two feet from the ground on springs, with a slight swing, as delightfully as you please. I preferred to straddle the saddled donkey, to brace and rough it, much desiring the hardening process. As I moved out of Cairo, I never shall forget the pleasing scenes along the way, the rich verdure, and occasional glimpses of the distant country and rising trees, of a truly new and enlivening appearance. We pass Ibrahim Pacha's palace to the right, surrounded with high walls; and on our left, the great aqueduct, along which many of the Egyptians were seen washing, bathing, &c., preparatory to the daily custom of repeating their prayers —a devotional practice of theirs, tenaciously adhered to and rigidly performed by the true and faithful, five or six times a day. Three quarters of an hour brings us into the city of Old Cairo, and to the banks of the Nile or ferry, called Fostât, which is the place of our crossing.

All things of the city look old and dilapidated, though still very populous; and the long labyrinthine street, through which we passed, was full of bustle and active with business and small trade. Before reaching the site of the old city, we passed scores of donkeys and camels, bearing surprising loads of every transportable product grown and found in the country for the markets of Cairo. Great loads of long grass, heavy stones, backloads of wood and brush, together with now and then bags and pouches filled with oranges and lemons—all for the Cairo market; and the surprising weight thus carried along, the numbers we met, the extent of the traffic, and the mode of carriage impressed us with its magnitude and gave another view of the oriental modes which have unalterably descended from the earliest days of Old Egypt. And here we are on the banks

Nine Miles to the *Pyramids* from *Cairo*, Egypt.

of the Nile, which has borne over its stream the pomp of native and foreign pageants, and reflected on its surface the untold splendor of bygone ages, still rolling on in its beneficent course through a valley reduced once more almost to the primitive customs and condition of the days of Moses and the Israelites.

We here behold the busy living of modern times with no seeming improvement over the customs and contrivances in vogue 2,000 years ago! Great heaps of wheat are in hollowed receptacles along the banks which we begin to descend, and appear to be the discharged cargoes of rude boats skirting the shore, and where are so many busy Egyptians, bartering, cleaning, or carrying away their quota. We have dismounted, and the donkeys are given to boys to hold; and while making our way to the water's edge, a scene of indescribable confusion and noise occurs. The multitude of beings and their traps, the loaded donkeys and camels coming up from boats which have just landed them, and the deafening sounds proceeding from the squabble into which our two guides, in their efforts to clear the way and charter a boat, have become plunged with the boatmen and others of their color; made up of itself quite a little episode, exciting within us mingled surprise and mirth. The bargain is made, and the boat engaged and designated to us is still filled with camels. No less than twenty of these monsters lie closely packed in regular rows across the deck, with solid loads of green grass packed on their backs: their curved necks and meek faces sticking up in the air seemed to speak weariness, and led one to feel they are taxed above all other animals. Now one after the other rises, as bidden by his master, steps carefully on the sideling shore, and passes in long strides and a swinging gate up the hill: soon the last, for which we have been waiting, has moved along, and we, with our donkeys, go aboard. As we strike out in the

stream, a chilly breeze is experienced. Our crossing is made with sail and oars, in a diagonal course, in a few minutes. The width of the river here is something over a half mile.

Landing in the little village of Giseh, celebrated as a place for hatching eggs by steam or artificial heat, we move on hastily, striking a smooth carriage road lined with trees, with the occasional voice of a sweet songster to cheer us on our way. We also see many ravens, of the usual size, with purple-colored wings, the remainder of their plumage being entirely black, the first we have met of the kind. Our fine road soon tapers down to narrow footpaths, which point in the direction of the pyramids. The sun is now out, the verdure everywhere is exuberant, while groves of the majestic date palm in the distance make up a scene of enrapturing beauty! Our road soon leads us through two villages, standing in the midst of these lofty palm groves. Nothing in the form of a tree imparts to a landscape or a surrounding country so much enchantment as these stately and noble trees. Emerging from these groves we enter a flat open country, apparently very rich, bearing over its whole face luxuriant fields of clover, wheat, and barley, all of which were nearly headed out, giving one at once an idea of the forwardness of the country of this latitude. During the fall and early part of winter, the Nile is said to overflow this extensive plain, when the pyramids may be reached with a small boat—a distance of five and a half miles from the bed of the river. Now everything looks beautifully green, and one would little think the whole plain, a few months ago, was literally covered with water, and over an extent of country ten miles square.

My donkey and myself possessed considerable advantage over our companions, who often were plodding behind, unable to navigate faster than the simplest trot. Beside, some

part of their complex rigging was often found working loose, and their easy chair with themselves was seen with bottom inclined toward the sun, not the pleasantest kind of posture; while I was enabled to sail off on a full gallop, leaving them at times far in the rear.

Long ere this, the pyramids appeared before us in the distance, and every time we looked toward them the intermediate space seemed very short. On first beholding them, we were informed they were standing four miles beyond us: this was hard to credit, as we thought the level plain and our eyes could not so much deceive us. Their immense size, standing without the alluvial borders of the delta upon higher ground, seems to bring them at once nearer the eye, which misleads one in his calculations. Our arrival at the foot of the sandhills, on which they stand, was made about half past 11 o'clock A. M. Dismounting, and leaving our donkeys at the foot of the hill, on our way to the great pyramid, we turn to the left to inspect the tombs and catacombs along the side hills, and then walk farther on to receive our first introduction to the great Sphynx. It is about a quarter of a mile from the great pyramid. It is a colossal figure cut out of solid rock, with its huge neck and head representing that of a man, minus a prodigious nose, which some mischievous visitors or the natives have knocked off. The circumference of its head is 102 feet across the forehead; its height from the belly to the highest point of the head is 63 feet. Its entire height is 143 feet. It is quite a wonder, and something I have desired to see from my earliest school days. From this we continue the gradual ascent, which brings us up to the grand base of the great pyramid. What a wonder! We could not even now and at first realize the great dimensions of this stupendous edifice, without first taking a few "long breaths," and becoming somewhat calmed after our exertion in reaching the

spot. Here is a vast pyramid, the product of unspeakable and unrequited labor—a huge and towering mass, which has stood under the suns of centuries—a monument in commemoration of the slavery of a nation—and one, too, which tells the living of the pride of a tyrant. There is stone upon stone, until it rises to an astonishing height—no vestige of the clippings of stone, with nothing but the sandy nature of the ground surrounding it—a stupendous structure, which seems to have been placed on the surrounding sand by the aid of some deity, rather than by the sole and gradual operations of man. The crimes and tyranny of its founder are said to have rendered his name odious, even to posterity.

One hundred thousand men were enslaved or employed by him to cut stones in the quarries of the Arabian hills, drag them to the shore, put them in boats, and from the opposite shore they were again dragged over the country to the Libyan hills, where stand the pyramids. The construction of the causeway alone, for the transport of the stones, is said to have taken ten years. The building of the pyramid itself is said to have occupied twenty years, and it has stood in its place over 3,000 years. The total number of men engaged in building it is also stated to have been between 360,000 and 400,000! Sixteen thousand talents were expended in ramphanus roots, garlic, and onions, to feed the men—a sum equal to $1,000,000. The largest of the three, standing in a row, covers about eight acres, or 535,000 square feet. Each of its four sides at the base measures 756 feet, and it rises to the towering height of 460 feet. The breadth at its summit is about 30 feet. Who can tell the object for which these colossal mountains of stone were built? Some suppose for tombs. And that of "Cheops," it is said, was intended for the tomb of its founder. Of the two kings who are said to have raised these monuments for themselves,

neither one nor the other was destined to be buried therein. Many of the stones of which the great pyramid is built are thirty feet long. Pliny's account represents them to be an idle display of royal wealth, and the reason of their erection to have been either to deprive successors or ambitious competitors of the money, or to prevent the people becoming idle.

While thus gazing on one of the great wonders of the world, and one of the oldest existing monuments of the great universe, one cannot but be struck with surprise at the magnitude of a work in which busy hands and minds were engaged so many years ago, and at so early an epoch in the history of the world! One is led to think of those whose powers were taxed, and whose life's blood was inhumanly drawn out, in great tasks, and under the rule of the tyrant's hand. And the king and tyrant, then swaying his powerful sceptre, where is he to-day, and what his sphere in the ever-existing and unseen abodes at last determined upon by the King of kings of all the living world? Here, to-day, we find a great monument of earth, in which his memory is enshrined; but, as history tells, not as a Christian martyr, but a vast memorial of one of the most tyrannical, wicked, and odious of his time. And these monuments are said to surpass all others of Egypt: the architects are thought to deserve more credit than the kings at whose expense they were made.

Every visitor coming to this spot must expect to be more or less annoyed by the Arabs, who infest one more than fleas. If they take you to be a good-natured fellow, they persist all the more; and without some positive demonstrations that you are in earnest, you cannot expect to be rid of them during your stay on the ground. They are all anxious to serve us, or give us some unique-looking stone or a piece knocked off from the great Sphynx, to carry away

as a memorial. Finding they could do little with us, the champion of the company proposed to ascend the great pyramid in the short interval of five minutes. His proposition was to give him a shilling each: he would undertake the job, and should he not do it in that time, nothing would be demanded. He was a well-formed, athletic man; and thinking it rather beyond his ability to perform the feat in the time stated, we permitted him to undertake it. He started off with alacrity, and his agility, muscles, and wind were put to a trying test. It was evident he was trying his best, as he stepped, bent, and moved quickly up from one projecting stone to the other, until his great body began to dwindle in appearance down to the size of a monkey. At last he reached the top, and raised his hands exultingly, to indicate the very moment of his arrival, which he knew we would note, as per agreement, by our timepieces. He performed it within the prescribed time—in just four and three-quarter minutes. Thus to ascend 460 feet in the air, up along its sides, over great blocks of projecting stone, in this short space of time, is no easy or simple performance. He won three shillings by the act, and our guides told us that no one of the number could do it within so short a time by several minutes. He was the lion of the company, and seemed to glory in it. To satisfy our curiosity, and as an experiment worthy of some account, we were pleased to have him display his skill over so grand a monument. None of the company but this one would undertake to make the ascent in seven minutes—they knew their inability, for, could they have done it, they would quickly have set out for half the money. As so many visitors go up the exterior of the great pyramid, we concluded to descend into and below its grand base, and then ascend its interior. Seeing our intention, a dozen Arabs wished to go into the dark cavern with us as guides: we took a couple of the best, and, calling the attention of

their aged sheik, whose orders they implicitly obey, to keep the rest back—and without the usual precaution of leaving our watches, pins, and all valuables in the hands of our Cairo guides, as requested—we, with taper in hand, begin to descend the smooth, solid opening to the interior. I cannot say that the work is a pleasant one, but on the other hand tiresome, gloomy, and fraught with a little painful apprehension, especially if the candle, which one holds, becomes extinguished in efforts to see the end. The air one encounters, of course, is anything but a good and bracing one, and caution and patience are required, without which the toil and fatigue are excessive. We behold the dim, natural light of day till reaching the base, to which the straight opening leads like an inclined plane. We now commence making the ascent amid total darkness, with nothing but our flickering tapers to light the way.

Before reaching the Queen's Chamber, my guide, by efforts to help me along with one of his hands, which I had grasped, accidentally put out the light; and then the dreadful thought struck me of the danger in such a place of slippery sides and difficult standing points, unable to see my hand or a place in which to put it, should my only alternative be now to attempt a retreat. I had neglected the precaution of bringing matches; neither had my guide any, who stood braced, holding my hand; and my Australian friend, with his guide, had passed a long way up ahead of us, and nothing could be seen or heard for many moments. Finally, on their downward return, they were made to hear, and his guide bringing an extra taper and matches, we continued in our endeavors to complete the fatiguing and gloomy ascent. Upon reaching the first platform, called the "Queen's Chamber," I felt better, and paused to look around and take a little rest. The dimensions of this apartment are only seventeen feet by eighteen, the walls, ceiling, and floor

being formed of immense blocks of limestone. This cavern is entirely bare, and sombre beyond description.

Resuming again, up the slippery ledges we move, all the time firmly grasping the hand of my Arabian guide, whose wheezing proved his fatigue quite as great as my own. Along much of the distance one is kept in a stooping posture, which renders the work more tiresome. Perspiration now began to flow plentifully, and I drew off my coat; and handing it to the guide to carry, I pushed along up through the long and dark passage, until at last we landed up in the "King's Chamber"!—a room thirty-four feet long by seventeen broad, and nineteen and a half feet in height. Here we were in the centre of the great pyramid, said to have been built 3,000 years since—in a room of artificial night; a darkness into which the sun had never penetrated. Immense blocks of solid granite, with smoothly polished face, and somewhat begrimed with smoke, compose the ceiling, walls, and floor. Here we scan an empty granite sarcophagus, minus the lid, sounding like a knell when struck: the coffin and mummy being gone, it was all that remained of the funeral furniture. Near this is a "well," which is said to lead perpendicularly down below the very base of the pyramid, and which, according to the intention of the founder, was to communicate with the waters of the Nile. Above this chamber there are four or five other cells of much smaller size, to which we did not care to ascend, as the wooden pegs by which to accomplish it were broken, rendering it difficult, and, beside, not considered of sufficient additional importance to lead us to make the attempt. The beauty of the masonry of the interior proves the degree of skill the Egyptians had reached at a time long anterior to the rudest attempt in masonry in Italy or Greece.

We now left the kingly apartment to make our descent, which is accomplished, by slipping and sliding, in much

quicker time than we came up. Reaching the delightful air outside, after becoming somewhat cool, we move down the sandy hill in the direction of our donkeys, once more riding in this oriental mode through green fields and over one of the most beautiful valleys of earth. I should state, in regard to the other two smaller pyramids, which we did not consider it worth while to visit, that the size of one is said to be in width at the base 690 feet, and rising to the height of 447 feet. The smaller one, or third in size, covers over two acres, is 333 feet at its base, and 203 feet high. Thus the three stand, and may be seen at a great distance from almost every quarter, reaching toward the sky. The stranger visiting these ancient prodigies should remember, as he turns to behold them for the last time, that he is looking on the oldest existing monuments of the world!

THE GRAND MOSQUE AND CITADEL.

My visit to the grand mosque of Sultan Hassen was in the evening, and I regret I was unable to see it again, among the many things of interest in Cairo, as I intended before leaving. I started in a carriage, in company with my friend and Mr. and Mrs. R., at their instance, to see this splendid temple of art, whose minarets and fine dome overlook the wide-spread city. It stands in the suburbs, outside one of the great gates of the city, on one of the most conspicuous sites of Cairo. Entering a lofty porch, upon coming to the door, we were requested to leave our shoes, and put on slippers: as soon as this was done, we were admitted. The mosque consists of a superb hypæthral court, with a great temple annexed, which also is the mausoleum of the old pacha. In the centre of the court are beautiful cisterns for the purpose of ablution, over which rise fine symmetrical cupolas. The whole interior is covered with a floor of the

smoothest marble, and surrounded by lofty corridors, which are supported by splendid columns. As we came to the door of the beautiful temple, we noticed they were at service, and took a standing position near the door, where we caught a fine view of their closing ceremonies. The congregation, consisting, perhaps, of a couple of hundred, were worshipping in their own way before the altar thus at prayer, bowing, kneeling, and prostrating themselves in a manner required by their belief and the forms of their religion.

The whole interior was brilliantly lit up—not excepting the two immense wax candles at each side of the altar, before which their bows were made. These candles exceed in dimensions all others I have ever seen. They were between eight and ten inches in diameter, and as many feet long. At the close of the service we were permitted to look about the building—of which they seemed very proud, and manifested much pleasure in showing all its parts—and bring our eyes fully to discern its richness. It is unquestionably one of the most splendid oriental structures of modern times. It is the newest of all the great mosques of Cairo; it occupies a lofty position, and from its elevated platform a splendid panorama is obtained of Cairo and the remarkable scenery beyond. The interior is richly formed and made up of alabaster of a variegated cast, mostly of a light yellow color with whitish lines. Massive pilasters support the grand crest, and the whole thus made brilliant with a thousand lights of the evening left a profound impression on our minds.

SHOBRA AND SUMMER PALACE.

The following day, our company, consisting of four, as on the previous evening, started out of the city over a splendid avenue, lined each side with sycamores and acacias, extending three miles of the way, for Shobra and the

summer residence of the old pacha. The trees imparted a delicious freshness and the most grateful shade. The gardens and palace, occupying a delightful site near the banks of the Nile, which here makes a grand bend in its course, give an enchanting view of the country and the distant pyramids. A permit was required to enter the gardens, which our agreeable and venerable Christian companion having brought, sufficed to admit all without any farther ceremony. The gardens were all we had anticipated, and we found more to commend than the general impressions received from those who had visited them led us to suppose. Trees of the rarest kinds, exotics, parasites, and flowers, finely arranged throughout the different sections, gave one the idea of a scene in fairyland. Wide walks diverge from every point, lined on each side with lemon and orange trees full of ripe fruit—the ground in places strewn with the same—with elegant flowers in full bloom, making up the first general view. There is no garden in the East that will compare with Shobra. The luxuriance of the foliage confining the view, you have but a slight idea at first of the great area which the garden occupies; and not until the visitor has been made weary in seeing and walking over the whole, covering one hundred acres, will he have a perfect idea of its beauty and extent. And here also is the pacha's summer residence, four miles from the city, and a truly fine and beautiful seat it is. We enter the palace, and before us is an open square of two acres, with jetting founts in the middle of a vast basin of water four feet deep, and this, confined by marble sides and a glistening walk of the same material thirty-six feet wide, forms the floor of a magnificent corridor, with arched, gilded, and frescoed ceilings, and marble columns, forming a most delightful promenade around the whole, of seven hundred and eight feet. At each angle we enter rooms, beginning first with that called the billiard room. We

thought this unique little apartment could not well be surpassed. The second in our journey entered was the sitting room, of circular form, highly embellished and richly furnished; and from this we moved to the last and most elegant of all. No description will convey to the mind the splendor of this apartment. It is a room in which the old pacha used to retire with his harem. Before entering, our feet were required to be carefully wiped, and confined to a strip of carpet thrown across over the floor, which shone like a mirror. Our faces were reflected in its smooth and richly inlaid surface. Chairs and sofas stood in the richest gilding, both seat and frame; a round of mirrors shone out from the walls; silver candlesticks largely typifying the beautiful palm; rich carvings extend to ceilings resplendent with all the tints and touches of art; and the splendid chandelier that hangs from the centre, grand in its symmetry, and sparkling with pendants of colored prisms, must, when lighted up, display a gorgeous rainbow of precious stones. It is one of the most superb and exquisitely furnished apartments in the East.

From Shobra we continue our ride to the shady village of Mattariyeh, memorable for its ancient sycamore tree and the sacred well. We are informed that here it was that the Holy Family sought shelter during their flight into Egypt. The tree is one of the most remarkable of its kind; and when looking upon it in connection with the sacred legend which it bears to us, it becomes more interesting. Human desires ever incline us to entertain and deal with memorable antiquities, especially when the mind is led to review recorded incidents of so sacred a character. The tree is certainly very aged in appearance, and leads one to credit what, in this respect, is told us concerning it. Numerous carvings on its trunk attest the zeal and credulity of past ages. And when all things go to strengthen and confirm the story,

should we not as readily concede this to be the spot, and the sycamore now viewed the identical one under which Joseph and Mary sat with the young child, while the ass on which she rode grazed about on the beautiful surroundings which we behold? The ground now seen is a beautiful garden of fruit trees and flowers; among them are the orange and lemon. Forty-four of my paces, or one hundred and thirty-two feet from this, by the side of the road, is the great well, celebrated as that from which Joseph slaked his thirst, and hence is properly termed "Joseph's Well." The water of this famous well is still in use; it is fifteen feet broad, said to be sixty feet deep from the top, and about twenty feet to the water. It is an immense well. Over it plays a great wheel, turned by a bullock walking around in mill fashion: down on one side go the empty jars or buckets fastened to a rope revolving with the wheel, and coming up on the other side filled with the precious water, which pours out into a conduit leading to a large receptacle for immediate use. One of the peasants gave us a drink. We had a quantity of it brought to our sitting places, where the cold lunch we brought with us was spread, and our repast was heartily enjoyed beneath the charming shade of the ancient sycamore.

Again resuming our seats in the carriage, we proceeded to the site of Heliopolis, a distance of one mile, said to be the "Beth-shemesh" and the "On" of the Bible. Formerly Heliopolis was remarkable for its monuments, and its temple was dedicated to the sun under the form of Ox Mnevis. According to Divine prediction its splendor soon passed away, and to-day its ruins are covered with cultivated fields, green sward, and blossoming fruit trees: the needle, a single towering shaft which is seen standing on the spot, is the only remains of those early times. It is a solid obelisk, composed of one piece cut from the solid rock, rising from the ground ninety-five feet, and was erected in memory of

the monarch Osirtasen. It has many carvings or hieroglyphics, furnishing matter to be deciphered by the curious. Ere this, we had also passed along the borders of the land of Goshen, and a large and beautiful expanse of land called the "Goshen Farm." It furnishes the "Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company" with beef, mutton, eggs, butter, and all that is required from Egypt for provisions on their outward-bound ocean trips. The greater part of this land, as given in the history of the Hebrew sojourn, bordered on the river, and was well supplied with fish and vegetables; and was a land of pasture, and the residence of a former shepherd race. It is certainly a rich and beautiful looking country, full of vegetable products; sheep and cattle are seen grazing, while in other fields horses are standing up to their knees in the clover. Besides, the river Nile is not far distant, out of which an ordinary angler may take quantities of very good fish.

From the land of Goshen we start on our return, approaching and entering the city by another road. Our entrance is made by the celebrated gate "Bab-zuweileh." Once more in Cairo, we are in a condition to receive the usual comforts and attentions of our host at Shepherd's, who never lacks in ways and means to please and accommodate his numerous guests.

SABBATH IN CAIRO.

March 9th.—The Sabbath in a strange city, after a long trip at sea, and the house of worship where congregate the people of one's language, seem more than ordinarily inviting. On this pleasant Sabbath morning our guide leads us over the square, through a narrow lane walled up with the same antique-looking structures which compose the greater part of Cairo, to the English chapel, for morning service at

11 o'clock. It bears the name of the Episcopal chapel also, and the services are conducted in the Church of England form. It seemed more like penetrating the city in the most compact part in the direction of the Turkish bazaar—for it was narrow and dark, and we encountered persons or peddlers having things to sell—than of proceeding to a house of religious worship. As we turn now through another narrow alley to reach it, a few steps bring us to an open court and more light, the type of the light of the Gospel, with high buildings surrounding it, one of which we enter as the chapel. We find a good-sized room, with plain and comfortable seats, and a simple desk for the pastor: it was neat and inviting, and really good for us to be there.

An audience of about thirty persons was present, and all seemed to be there for the true worship of God. The 19th chapter of Genesis, 22d of Luke, and 6th of second Corinthians were the introductory passages read, in connection with the hymns of praise sung. He selected his text from Rev. vii., with its substance drawn from the glorious condition of the redeemed, who had become God's servants sealed, as included in the 13th, 14th, and 15th verses. He proceeded to remind us of the glorious temple above, unsullied by the things of earth, and resplendent with everlasting beauty! Not the beauty of earthly temples, nor like the perishable monuments into which we here look, often with surprise and admiration, and so soon to crumble and totter like their predecessors, as seen in ruins about the city; but a temple beyond this vale, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, lit up with the never-ending glory of the Father and Son, and where the redeemed have been brought through tribulation to their peaceful rest. It is a temple of the Great Jehovah, and where the Saviour of the world now reigns, with all things in his hands, and in the glory of the Father!—a home which may be purchased by every faithful

Christian, through a godly life and the merits of an accepted Saviour. He spoke of tribulations, through which those spoken of in the text passed to their glorious state. Once they bore about them the shackles of besetting sins, the pains and sorrows to which flesh is heir, the constantly rising evil within, warring against the persuasions of the Holy Spirit; and the tribulations through which we, as Christians, must expect to pass in order to win crowns of glory!

Astonished as we may be with the magnificence of temples about the world, how much more so will that appear to the soul winged to the celestial gates, as the eternal light bursts upon the vision from the Holy Jerusalem! Those in glory were once in suffering and woe; but now, with nothing to molest them, unite in untiring songs of praise to God and the Lamb; no more are they to experience hunger, thirst, and heat; no more to strive in fear, tribulation, and tears, for they are forever wiped away, and their joy is feasts from the living fountains of waters. These are they who, assaulted by like temptations with ourselves, have emerged from them with their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Experience, says the preacher, proves to us our weakness. Resolving, in our own strength, we find it insufficient, and fall. Our strength is weakness, but a glorious power is given us by the grace of God; and he helping us, we rise with a conquering spirit over sin, temptations, and a world of sorrow and death. A faithful, earnest looking to Christ gives the spirit and power which the world cannot give or take. There is a balm for all the nations, and a fountain of living waters freely offered. We may be washed, if we will, from the deadly leprosy of sin, become new creatures in the Lamb, and shine at last in robes of spotless white before the everlasting throne. The apostles and saints are there. Their graces, which were sullied, now shine forth in unsullied beauty. The lustre of His crown

will never be tarnished. Their glory will ever continue undimmed. We believe millions of the young have been taken to the realms of light with those of the faithful in Christ.

In conclusion, he wished to impress his hearers with the truth that the Gospel does not exempt us from the troubles of life. The Bible teaches that the children of God are subject to trials as well as those of the world. "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in *Me* ye shall have life!"

PETRIFIED FOREST, ETC.

The most lovely day of all was Monday, March 10th, on which we set out for the "Petrified Forest," about seven miles distant from Cairo. We pass out of the city by the many tombs of the Mamelukes, and of the Caliphs; also the native burying ground, which we found located on the edge of the desert, with not a spear of grass about it; the stones marking the resting places of the dead were without inscriptions; a few were painted in a variety of colors—in short, it appeared one of the most dreary and naked spots of the earth.

We pass into quite a level valley, soon sighting the red mountain on our left, and now light-colored hills stand on each side, out of which stone is taken for buildings in the city. There is no verdure to be seen anywhere; but the air is so clear, and the sun so bright, its life-imparting and bracing effects caused us to feel uncommonly light and lively. We are constantly moving over a pebbly bottom, and our horses not making very swift progress. I often jumped out to pick up a shining pebble, or run at random over the dry and not altogether uninteresting desert. The wheels of the carriage draw heavily through the sand, and our horses seem disinclined to move along faster than a walk. Finally, one of them, wishing to have things his own

way, made a square stop, and refused to move an inch for many moments; and when all hopes of coaxing him along had proved unavailing, the whip smartly applied started him off on a keen canter, satisfying us that he was not wanting in ability, but the will to move. Meantime I found pleasure in walking and ruminating over the desert, peeping at every little natural curiosity, looking at a few of the peasantry get out stones and load up a donkey, and wondering how a flock of goats could find weeds or grass enough to repay their industry in their migrations along the hill-sides.

Upon the whole, we were enjoying this ride capitally; for though the earth was barren and without the beauty seen on other trips, yet the clear air either converted us into new creatures, or our imaginations became intoxicated with the novelty around us. But a cloud often succeeds a bright sunshine, and our horse balked again, positively refusing to go any farther. There we were! It seems this knowing animal was determining the spot where we should get out and walk the balance of the way to the so-called forest. We were only a mile from the precincts of the *museum of the hills*, and now cared but little beside, as it gave us a good opportunity for the best of physical exercises.

Setting out with quick step, we shortly reached the ground of search, designated by the guide as the spot. It stands upon elevated undulations, and where, as we ascend, we discover scattered fragments of petrified wood, which, on picking up, we find as heavy as stone. Here lie all the forms of detached limbs, portions of old stumps and knotty pieces of wood, such as one would find in walking through a living forest, where the same, dried, decayed, or dead, is seen and gathered up for firewood. There is no doubt but these are the ruins of a once luxuriant and living forest. How there are now no trees to be seen, the spot without verdure, and these fragments of wood have thus become

mixed with the desert soil, lying over the surface under a desert sun, in a petrified state, are questions of inquiry and problems to be solved by philosophers and geologists. How, too, are we deceived as to the weight of pieces, both large and small, when we pick them up, thinking they are sticks of wood! We inspect them, finding all the fibres and pores of which trees are composed: the appearance, beside, is precisely like old and dried wood. And in no respect but in the weight are we deceived. Letting drop a piece upon its brother stick, the sound is similar to that of coarse metal or ore. As we advance, we throw away pieces first picked, for better and still more natural specimens found, to carry with us. Now they lie thickly around us—a little sea of scattered fragments of wood petrified, and a wonderful kind of petrifaction it is; there is no doubt in our minds as to the existence of a petrified forest seven miles distant from Cairo, and of which millions of fragments are here, to attest their true nature and composition. We only desired that our little samples, which were wood, were as light as the unpetrified, with which the honest farmer is so familiar, and which fire so greedily devours. We much dislike to increase the weight of our already cumbrous baggage, but are determined to carry away a few pieces to show our friends. By some this dilapidated and fragmentary forest is termed "Agatized Woods."

We find here also a flat weed, with a thread-like root, green, and with its proportions above ground wonderfully swollen with life. How does it grow, and upon what has it been nourished? Also something that has a small blossom —a number and variety of genera, aspiring to the pretension of flowers. They are peculiar to the hills, and I suppose nothing else would grow here. We pick a few for pressing, as farther memorials of the Egyptian desert, and petrified forest; make our way back to the carriage; eat a cold

luncheon, and start for Cairo. We end the interest of one day by a look through a few of the most remarkable of the Mameluke tombs, and Caliphs—once grand monuments and temples, but now gradually wasting away in ruins. Many of them, wonderful monuments of the past, are over a thousand years old, and a few more years will find their sites occupied by other temples, or enveloped in a mantle of nature's living green, as are the ruins of the once flourishing Heliopolis.

A RIDE—ENGLISH BURYING GROUND, ETC.

Making another attempt to see something more of Cairo and its surroundings, we start for the old site, or town called Old Cairo, principally to see the process of hatching eggs by artificial heat, which has been so long in practice in the East. But we misunderstood the direction and locality, and confined our search to Old Cairo, when we should have crossed the river to Giseh, where, we were afterward informed, the business is still carried on. If such is the case, we lost a good sight; but our guide Mohomet, from all that he could learn of the "fellahs," assured us the work formerly so extensively carried on had been wholly discontinued. However, when in Old Cairo, we endeavored to make the best of our disappointment and turn the occasion to some profit. We paid the Greek church and convent a hasty visit, structures said to be exceedingly old—and they looked so; and the ancient pictures representing the crucified Saviour, the Virgin, &c., were said to be a thousand years old, and others sixteen hundred years old. We were informed their prayers were said in the morning ere the "sun was up," and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon; that they have services three times in the week, Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday; that they firmly believe in Christ, and that when they

die, they will go to heaven. Endeavoring to make a little more out of our ride, we stop on the way and pay a visit to the "English Burying Ground." It is on the highway between the two cities, but shut out almost wholly from view by a high, fine, and substantial wall, twelve feet high, with a lofty gate of entrance from the road. The ground, I should think, occupies two acres, and, being so handsomely laid out, is in surprising contrast with that of the native cemetery, standing on the borders of an arid desert, without enclosure or inscription. Perhaps there are less than a hundred graves here—all have fine and appropriate tombstones. The English and German residents, whose friends are buried here, are deserving of much praise and credit for the interest and effort expended in beautifying the grounds. We are again, as usual, at the hour of 6 P. M., seated at the long tables which surround the dining room at Shepherd's; an unusual number are at dinner. English and European passengers have arrived by the 3 o'clock train, and therefore make up the full complement which we find. We are struck with their fresh, healthy, and ruddy looking countenances, in such contrast to those we have seen in the lower regions. This would seem an argument or proof as to climates.

CHAPTER XII.

Departure—Adieu to Cairo—Arrival at Alexandria—Pompey's Pillar—Native Cemetery—Pacha's Palace: its grandeur—Pacha's Harem and Fifty Wives—Markets and Bazaar—Departure, and good-by to Egypt—Our Steamer—Gloomy Time—Delightful Change—Letter—Generalities—Sabbath Service—Gospel Notes on the Mediterranean—Valetta, Malta—Evening at Church—St. John's Church—The City of Valetta—Ride and Visit to St. Paul's Church and Cave—Catacombs—The Country—The City—Population—Departure—The Archimede and our Stateroom—Syracuse, Sicily—Morning Walk—Visible traces of a Great City—Amphitheatre, and Greek Theatre—A Wonderful Ear—Troops—Ancient Baths: their present use—Coast of Sicily—Arrival at Catania: its Streets and Buildings—Mount Ætna—Remarkable Evidences—Messina—Our View—Fair Italy—The Stars and Stripes—Departure for Naples.

On Wednesday the 12th of March, at 3 o'clock P. M., we each take the usual cab of the city—which is a donkey—and ride to the depôt, with our baggage in charge of the same faithful guide: we are soon aboard, and at the hour of 4 we are whirled away on the cars, bidding adieu to Cairo. The advertised time for our arrival at Alexandria is half past 9 o'clock. All things went smoothly till coming near the town of Benha, when the loud cry of "Fire, fire!" came from a score of persons, terrified with fright, caused by a portion of the woodwork of one of the forward cars near the axle taking fire. Some one having communicated the fact to those sitting in that car and the one following, together with a little more than the usual smoke rising, also a most disagreeable smell coming to their nostrils, served to make the fright overwhelming, and every one to start from his seat. One poor, nervous man jumped square out, injuring himself badly, and after the stopping of the train was

taken up almost senseless, with the blood flowing from his face. He was unable to go on that evening, and remained at the station or little town near which the accident occurred. Word was telegraphed to his family in Cairo, who were expected to come and return with him. An hour was here spent in getting ready for another start, when, with a better engine and new tender, we sailed along, arriving safe and sound in the city of Alexandria at 11 o'clock. Stopping at a hotel here, also bearing the name "Shepherd's," we soon found it devoid of the merits from which the one at Cairo had won so high a place in our estimation. We never find fault, but shall be extremely careful, if it is ever our lot to happen in Alexandria again, to choose some other.

POMPEY'S PILLAR, ETC.—ALEXANDRIA.

Having risen at 7, and taken a cup of chocolate on this cool and bracing morning, my friend with myself, each jumping on a jackass, galloped down to Pompey's Pillar, a distance of three miles from our hotel, for a ride before breakfast. The road was a fine one, and our animals, the best and most spirited we have yet ridden, carried us swiftly over smooth ground, while our two young Arab attendants, with long sticks in hand, were running behind. Their wind was equal to the task, as they were on the ground as soon as we.

This remarkable pillar is a lofty, straight column, with a square base; the pillar is round in form, is handsomely polished, of solid granite, and rises to the height of ninety feet nine inches, beautifully capped in the Doric style of architecture. It is composed of only three stones, sitting one on the other, so beautifully joined that you can hardly trace their dividing lines. Hard by were cloth tents, pitched by natives from the country, for a temporary sojourn and abode near the city, and just below the mound

on which the pillar stands is spread out the great modern cemetery. Very peculiar tombs there mark the resting places of the dead. Most of them are without inscriptions, and many of them are in the form of little vaults, with stones of equal height at each end. They are firmly fixed in foundations of stone and mortar, the vaults rising in square, and some in rounded form, from two to five feet; the remains are said to lie still beneath the surface of the ground, four to six feet. Some few of the tombs are embellished or painted with a variety of bright colors. A place seems to have been specially fixed in the top of almost every one, in which we see a clump of green cactus growing, which I suppose is intended to typify the soul's immortality—and that, though the ashes of loved ones are here, their spirits are existing elsewhere.

Here a fine breeze comes to us from the waters of the Mediterranean, which we view to the east, north, and west, and on the shores of which the native green trees rise over and around light-colored residences of wealthy Europeans. Ten minutes spent here, and we again gallop over another road to the needle—a square, solid, column of granite, with a diamond-shaped point, rising to the height of seventy feet, and similar to Heliopolis near Cairo. This is Cleopatra's Needle. It is standing near the margin of that old port, across which, it is said, Cæsar once swam with his commentaries, and at no great distance from the boundaries of the modern city. From this we ride back to town and up to the door of the American consul. Alighting and introducing ourselves, we met with a polite reception, and procured passports admitting us to all parts of Europe, for which we paid two dollars each. Indeed, the sound of "dollars," in money matters, as thus spoken by the consul, is the first I have heard since my departure from the glorious land where this currency is so plentifully coined.

A few minutes more, and we are at the Oriental Hotel (Shepherd's) for a 9 o'clock breakfast, at which but five of us sat down. The reason for this is, the time for this meal, according to the rules of the house, is fixed at 12 o'clock instead of 7 or 9 A. M., and dinner is had at 7 in the evening, hours to which we are so unaccstomed, that we preferred ours at 9 o'clock. A lunch at 1 or 2 P. M. is set for those who have taken the early breakfast. Soon after our Maltese guide started out with us for the pacha's palace or summer residence. In every city of Egypt a palace or harem of some sort may be found for the convenience and comfort of the pacha. Galloping over another broad road, and making a gradual ascent, we arrive at the princely residence, and pass through a high arched gate, leading to an extensive court, in the centre of which stands a huge fountain—the court being formed or surrounded by the buildings of the palace on the one side, and thick high walls and the harem on the other. The situation of the whole occupies one of the finest and coolest sites in the city. It also overlooks the Mediterranean or large harbor; and from the porch of the grand mansion may be seen every proud ship and swift steamer that dances upon the blue waters.

We enter the spacious structure, following the attendant with big keys, with which he is to open its splendid apartments. Everything is elaborate and costly. It is much larger, but not so unique and rich as the one at Cairo. The first room entered is the parlor, the floor of which is composed of dark rich apple wood, and checkered with finely inlaid work. The ceilings, chandelier, and furniture are very rich, and in keeping with the general character of the building. We proceeded from this to the smoking and ladies' reception rooms, on the floor of which last the richest carpets were laid, and from this back across the large dancing room with marble floor to the bath room, which we found exceed-

ingly complete and convenient. All the rooms are very large, and the ceilings uncommonly lofty; the height of which, from the floor, according to our calculation, is at least between twenty-eight and thirty feet, giving an air of comfort seldom dreamed of.

Passing out into the court, we paused and gazed for a few moments at the harem—a large three-story building, the exterior of which seemed to speak to us of splendor within. But this was not open to us. We asked, however, if we could not walk over and look through it, well knowing what the answer would be. The attendant felt no restraint in making known that fifty of the pacha's unsophisticated wives were there caged, and no one is permitted to enter. It has been stated—but how true, I cannot say—that any one found within the walls of that superb building would not be permitted to escape with a perfect pair of eyes. The statement is, they would be put out entirely, serving as a warning to others, and a fit punishment for their audacity.

On our return, we rode through the navy yard, with its one thousand ponderous cannons, and a few prisoners with heavy chains about their feet and hands; thence through the street of markets, densely crowded with beings, and where everything of the meat, fish, vegetable and fruit kingdom was piled up in great profusion. Thence to the Tunis Bazaar, where we found enough to interest us for a good part of another half hour; whence we returned to the hotel, and with this we finished our sight seeing in Egypt.

Partaking of tiffin at half past 1, we then prepared for our departure. The forenoon proved a very busy one for us, so much so, that I neglected to have my shoes blacked, and thought I could not spend the time to have them polished during the day. They were in a ridiculous state, and their gray appearance attracted the attention of every shoeblack. More numerous, and a more ambitious lot of boys

in this branch of business, I never met with than here. They were after me continually, and seemed determined that my shoes should look more respectable; but I had no time to stop, and told the young urchins to be off. The "gray" shoes were a pleasing sight to their eyes, and drew them like a magnet. Every time I alighted from a donkey, or my feet touched the sidewalk, a dozen were after me, and an attempt made to catch my leg and perform the job. Finally permission was given; my shoes became shiningly black, and we again betake ourselves to the donkey's back, and proceed to the depôt to look after extra baggage. Thinking all right, we hasten to the wharf. A portmanteau was missing—the bell is ringing, and I must go with the little steamer, which is to bear us to the *Valetta*, lying out in the bay, and which is to start for Malta and Marseilles in fifteen minutes. I consider the portmanteau lost—lo! it appears on the back of our faithful guide, who is in dripping perspiration—he leaps over the plank, and it is on board! Nearly lost—but not quite! A snug little steamer, full of us, conveys us to the *Valetta;* we are on board once more, to try the sea, and she starts off at a quarter past 4 o'clock P. M.

We paced the deck with grateful feelings at our good fortune. We could not help thinking of the manner in which our feet had been kept, our wants supplied, and our journey thus far unattended by loss or sickness of any kind. We turn, to look upon the spot whence starting, to bid a hearty good-by to the land of wonderful antiquities—and of camels, donkeys, and fleas. Our departure is made with a grand circle with the shore, and the shipping and steamers visible speak of the growing commerce of Alexandria. The city is said to contain 200,000 souls. The last prominent objects of the city and suburbs are the princely palace and harem, the mosque, and no less than forty windmills

dotting the long shore. The Southampton steamer has also started with her quota of passengers—it is the *Ellora*, which boasts of beating us up the Mediterranean to Malta. Our craft is the smallest with which we have met thus far on our journey. She measures 246 feet in length, 32 beam, and her force is included in seventy men. She is called swift, however, and is neatly and prettily finished. Her family of passengers for the little trip comprises forty; and, from the manner in which we are beginning to be rolled, it is quite evident that this kind of motion is not going to prove agreeable to most of us. We get our suppers down, and go to bed, without any visible evidence of bread, tea, or brandy (the beverage of some), suddenly returning to light! The next morning a specimen of March breezes were on the tapis, and old Neptune began early to show his white caps, with fleeting clouds over head, so that a little involuntary swinging and stepping around, while washing and dressing in our cabins, brought us out on deck with long faces, and not the smoothest kind of feelings. Some undertook a before-breakfast walk; others thought they must have something down immediately, and betook themselves to sitting postures and attempts at coffee sipping. The beverage didn't taste as usual, and for which the drinker didn't feel the accustomed desire. In fact, with such feelings, one does not know what he does want. Our company looked sober, and possessed little inclination to talk. One looked at the other, struggling admirably against the rising perturbations of nature, as if to calculate with another his ability to keep bile in subjection the longest. To sum it up, the day proved exceedingly gloomy, the sea very rough, and many with myself were sea-sick. Strange this, after being so much on the water. But, then, our little steamer rolls wonderfully. The next day also continued the same, and the steamer has not ceased rolling since the first slight

breeze. She seems to surpass all others in this respect. It is a wooden craft, and besides that, a "paddle." This does not in the least render her objectionable; but her *penchant* for rolling over every little billow does. A calm and sunshine always succeed a storm, and with the third morning came a delightful change. The sky was clear, the sun genial, and the water smooth as glass. It was like magic! Our feelings were metamorphosed, and became bright as the shining orb. Countenances, which before were writhed and elongated, now are smiling, and as full as new moons.

It is Sabbath; and a very charming one it seems, for the sea. It is observed in the usual way, by a short service, by no means complete; but better than to totally disregard the day by passing over it without one. The cabin was well filled; and all appeared to be present, save a few Hollanders from the island of Java, who, on their way home, after an abode in that island for many years, seemed more happy and at ease with pipe and cigar, smoking on deck. Dinner was had an hour earlier than usual, to make ready for landing, as we were pleased to learn from the captain we should "make Malta" some time during the afternoon.

SUNDAY, ON BOARD STEAMER "VALETTA,"
MEDITERRANEAN SEA, *March* 16, 1862.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—Upon rising early this morning and coming on deck, my feelings were so fine after a two-days' sea sickness, experienced since leaving Alexandria, Egypt, that I struck up the "Star Spangled Banner," forgetting that it was the morning of the holy Sabbath, instead of some sweet sacred hymn to Him for mercies received. This should have been the first thing to engage my powers of praise. But the next minute I was made sensible of the day, and ashamed that I should be so forgetful, and prepared myself for keeping it in a more becoming manner. We left

Alexandria a little after 4 P. M., on Thursday, the 13th inst., and experienced rough and unpleasant weather, rendering many of us quite indisposed; arrow root and mutton broth were the only kinds of food we could take with any tolerable zest or benefit. But to-day it is beautiful; the sun unobscured, the thermometer standing at 60°, and the face of the water as smooth as glass; and I must say it is altogether delightful. The Mediterranean is characterized by sudden storms and calms; and one sailing on these waters knows not what to depend upon as to the weather. We are on board the *Valetta*, a small, pretty wooden paddle-steamer, not the pleasantest in a storm, and is named after a city on the island of Malta, which we expect to reach some time this evening, and from which place I shall mail this to you. Instead of going on to Marseilles, I expect to proceed north from Malta to Messina (Sicily), thence to Naples, Rome, Florence (Italy), to avoid some of the cold weather—and so from these, in a couple of weeks, to Switzerland and France. Having spent a week in Cairo, Egypt, I have seen many things in that antiquated part of the globe, too wonderful and too interesting to describe. I only wish you and brother were with me, to share all that I have seen. Just before my arrival the Prince of Wales left for a pleasure trip down the Nile, in company with the Pacha of Egypt, expecting to return on the 22d inst., and will then go to the "Holy Land," to which place, I learn, several of my countrymen have also gone—some by way of "Mount Sinai," others across the desert on camels, and by water from Alexandria to Joppa, and to Jerusalem by that shorter course. Inadequate time and anxiety to proceed on my journey, prevented my going, as I have so often desired; but, if spared, I hope to be able, some time in the future, so to do. I hope, some time during the year, to see you, brother, and my kin, and to find you prosperous and happy.

Seldom a day passes that I do not think of you. My dream the first night passed on this vessel over the waters of the Mediterranean, was concerning you, and that I was with you. We were together in our old orchard, which never looked so beautiful to me before, gathering a few tart apples for some nice pies. It seemed to me, of all that I have seen and experienced in my travels over the globe, nothing gave me so much earthly satisfaction and delight as that hour. I regretted that it was not a reality, as I have rejoiced, in the past, when a frightful and unpleasant dream has proved to be only a dream. Is not this something like daily life? When at Cairo, sitting one morning at the window of my room, and seeing and hearing the little sparrows in gray costume, chirping so sweetly, and so numerous are they in that land, bearing similarity to Palestine, and also so correctly corresponding with Bible history, that by them I was reminded of my Saviour's words: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father." That denotes, dear mother, his tender care of us and his followers—the knowledge of every thought and act, and also each trembling step we make toward the grave. He cares for us, should the world be indifferent and cold; this thought, to the Christian, is precious. This, I said, was the Sabbath; and a very pleasant service was held on board, after all the ship's force was summoned on deck in line, as is customary on all steamers, to answer to their names. I was glad to see a minister of the Gospel on board—the Archdeacon Boyse, of Bombay, on his way to England. Text, 1 Peter, chap. iv. and 17th verse in part: "What shall the end be of them that obey not the Gospel of God?" The chapters previously read were Genesis xxviii. and St. John iii., and all was conducted after the form of the Episcopal Church. He told us the pride of the human heart must be subdued; and there is nothing

that will do this but the Holy Spirit. Not to obey the Gospel of God, *is unbelief*. If this be so, he continued, what is the misery of unbelief? A great Physician there was ready to cure our sickness; but men refuse to be healed. Indeed this, so often seen, was the misery of unbelief. While considering the end, which is to come sooner or later with every one, he said there will be a last moment, a last breath! And the probability was, those who reject the Gospel of Christ in their life, will continue in the same way to the end—and thus they die as they live, *unbelievers*, and *are lost!* Appealing then solemnly to his hearers, he closed with the warning: If you now reject the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour, what will be your end! Give yourself this morning to Him, to walk with Him in spirit, that you may enjoy the comfort of his grace, become his, and dwell with him in peace everlastingly! Dear mother, shall we not all walk in this way, and now, while living, sing his praise together? I hope our family are all of one mind as to this, and that they love the service of our Lord. "For those who have not the Spirit of Christ, are not His." May we pray on that they and we all have that Spirit. Wishing to be remembered to them, I am, in haste,

Affectionately yours, WILLIAM.

MRS. JULIA HOFFMAN, New York.

VALETTA—MALTA.

Sunday, March 16th.—At 5 o'clock P. M. our steamer dropped anchor in this beautiful harbor, skirted with living green. A little sunshine-shower falls, and a beautiful bow of prisms spans the distant heavens. With our umbrellas lifted, to ward the gently falling moisture, we set out in earnest to land. We are rowed to the wharf and gate of entrance to the city, which is strongly fortified and sur-

rounded by high massive walls. As we enter the gate, we ascend steps of massive stone, until, perhaps, we have passed over a hundred of them. Continuing on, by a street along the inside of the great wall, we follow men who are carrying our luggage to the first narrow thoroughfare, which leads up quite a steep hill to the "Hotel Empereur," at which we stop. Selecting rooms, we step out for a walk through the town, coming around to the "Free Scotch Church," at which we arrived in time for evening service. We were glad to have the opportunity and privilege of meeting with the body of worshippers in the sanctuary. The pastor preached an excellent sermon from the Book—2 Peter; text, two words "Precious faith." It is "faith we lack." The preacher said, a Christian glories only in precious faith. Knowledge is the foundation of faith. A knowledge of the true God. The Bible gives it. It implies, also, a knowledge of ourselves—of Christ, who gave himself a ransom for us. It implies a full surrender of the soul to Christ. The man who possesses it will walk by faith, and not by sight. When he reads the Bible, he reads it in faith. Such will be stronger, sometimes, than at others; but he is no less a child of God, if he has faith in Jesus Christ. The faith of a Christian rests not on a broken reed, but upon the "Rock of Ages." Faith is ever followed by good works. "By their works ye shall know them." And faith is dead without works. Faith has led men all over the world, diffusing the glad tidings of salvation. Faith to the Christian has often dispelled the most gloomy darkness. In persecution, it has enabled the trusting one to draw that solace which the world could not give. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." "For what will you be profited, if you gain the whole world, and lose your own soul" in Christ, who is willing to save you? The wages of sin is death: how then will you be able to

stand before your Judge, without Jesus Christ as your advocate? The preacher closed solemnly, and we went away feeling that we had been blessed. My friend remarked that he was glad he accompanied me in.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

On the following Monday we visited the Church or Cathedral of St. John. It is said to have been founded by Valette, and built in 1557. It contains four hundred tombs of the Knights of St. John. They are worked in mosaic with marbles of different colors, and generally representing some appropriate emblem, beside an appropriate epitaph, or rather a panegyic on the virtues of the deceased. In the Chapel of the Holy Virgin are hung up three frames with silver plates, bearing inscriptions relating to bundles of keys of Rhodes, which were taken as trophies from the Turks by the Knights of St. John. The building is 373 feet long, 172 wide, and 122 from the floor to the interior of the grand arch. It contains seven magnificent chapels, which of themselves are fair-sized churches, and these are assigned to the seven languages, which composed the order of St. John in Malta. The language of Portugal received that next to the entrance of the oratory. The language of Spain, that adjoining the side door on the right of the church. The language of Provence that nearest the Holy Chapel. The language of England and Bavaria, that enclosed with a brass balustrade on the left of the church. The language of France next; then Italy; and lastly the language of Germany next to the vestry.

In all of these the visitor will find, each day, persons worshipping in their respective chapels, assigned to the seven languages stated. Therefore here is a church, in which seven languages are written, and preaching of the

Gospel may be heard. The principal altar of the cathedral cost $45,000, and a golden lamp not less than $4,000. A reliquary of solid gold, and adorned with many precious stones, contains St. John the Baptist's right arm. The master touches of Michael Angelo Caravaggio and also of Sebastiano del Piombo may here be seen. When the city was in possession of the French, this church was robbed of many valuables. It is a large and splendid temple, and should be visited by every stranger before leaving the city.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH AND CAVE, ETC.

We next start for a ride in the country, for Citta Vecchia and the town of Casal Rabato, a good-sized village, eight miles distant, principally to visit St. Paul's Church and Cave. When setting out, the weather was beautiful and charming. Fields of the most beautiful clover lay spread out before us, reminding us of a flower garden, being different from anything we had ever seen; the blossoms or heads were long and of a uniformly deep scarlet. Trees of orange, the lemon, the pomegranate, the aloe, the giant cactus, the acacia, and tree geranium, everywhere abound. Arriving at the church, it did not appear remarkable, but is built over a cave, in which, it is stated, St. Paul secreted himself when shipwrecked. It is therefore called St. Paul's Cave. This is the information one receives when shown by a worthy ecclesiastic, who precedes you with torch in hand, down a pair of steps, which lead from the vestibule of the church underneath to the memorable underground room and residence of the apostle during his sojourn on the island. It is cut in a rock of whitish color, the size of an ordinary room, and in which a man measuring five feet five, can stand nearly upright. A marble statue of the apostle is also standing in it. I cannot vouch for the correctness

of the legend, but would not discredit altogether what is said in regard to it. We pass from this to the basement of the church, where are the finely executed marble statues of St. Luke and a cow; thence we walked to the catacombs; and, after groping around with torches through their subterranean courses, and becoming fully satisfied as to their existence, nature, and origin, as well as to what was related concerning them, we emerge again into daylight; and, because it was raining quite hard, we concluded to proceed no farther, much regretting that the state of the weather and inadequate time would not permit our paying a visit to the bay, in which St. Paul was shipwrecked.

Before reaching town the rain ceased; the sun came out beautifully, and all nature was redolent with sweetness. As soon as in town, we pay a visit to many of the stores, and notice the great traffic in lace, quantities of which are made on the island. Much of the lace worn in Paris, London, and New York is here manufactured. Valetta contains about 30,000 people; it is a very neat and well built city, the most of the streets are narrow; the buildings are high, and well formed, a great number of which have glazed balconies; especially the finest of them, where the elder dames sip their coffee, and the younger ones aim their bright glances with impunity at the passers by. Maltese women, from the highest to the lowest, wear the half monastic, but coquettish faldetta. It is said that snakes do not exist anywhere on the island, which statement, I believe, is generally credited.

The most of the city stands upon hills, and is compact, the streets running at right angles: some of them are steep, and are ascended and descended by fine stone steps, over which a vehicle cannot pass; and the aspect of the city from the harbor, with its numerous batteries, breastworks, and forts, is that of a vast fortress, and quite imposing. The whole

island of Malta is said to contain 130,000 inhabitants. Our stay in the city of Valetta, though short, was to us very pleasant.

Having received the necessary visé to our passports, we start at half past 4 o'clock for the wharf, to take the little *Archimede* for Sicily. Five o'clock finds us on board, ready to proceed on our journey. My travelling companion took the precaution to engage our state room—having proceeded very early to the office, and chosen, from the splendid diagram shown him, state room with berths Nos. 1 and 2, in the middle of the apparently grand craft—thus deeming them the best in the steamer. The highest price was paid, the ticket obtained, and the numbers or vouchers for the "elegant apartment" and "clean beds" were carefully placed in wallet, to present, as soon as occasion required, when on the steamer. I was much gratified when informed of the timely foresight evinced, and congratulated myself, through his exertions, upon the nicest kind of an arrangement.

We go aboard. Recollecting the numbers, and wishing to rid myself of umbrella and overcoat, I proceeded immediately to hunt up Nos. 1 and 2. Capital figures, I thought; and the first in the order of numeration. There could be no mistake about it—"We have a No. 1 room." The steward points me, around under the stairs, a place which the first glance at the saloon told me could not be the locality. "Not there!" I take a peep around, and behold again, plain enough, the identical "1" and "2"! Without considering any farther, my amazement was turned into a soliloquizing laugh; and up I went to bring down my friend. "There is our magnificent room: which berth will you have?" With a kind of gaping wonder he looks; and, to be sure, brings his handsome blue eyes sharply up to the plain Nos. "1" and "2," and then relapses into a positive

conviction. And no mistake, it was a "perfect sell"—proving one of the worst and most filthy in the ship. A miserable wet mattress, without sheets; a dirty floor; a bad smell; a wash bowl without water, but with plenty of dirt and straw; a narrow room, in which one could not turn without bruised elbows; and from the appearance of the internal sides of the vessel, there was the probability of a slight deluge upon the sleeper in the lower berth before morning. With this interesting aspect, I concluded to let my friend enjoy the whole luxury if he chose, and betook myself to the saloon, where I lay shelved, in *vestimento abito*, and more to my satisfaction, for the night.

SYRACUSE, SICILY.

Our little craft dropped her anchor this morning at 6 o'clock. I hurried out, accompanied by my old friend and another young gentleman, for an early look at the memorable Sicilian shore, trodden by millions of mortals whose ashes now, with the ruins, lie slumbering beneath the surface of the ground we walked. This is March; it is a cool, bracing morning, and as we reach the shore we walk briskly over an antique-looking road, walled up on either side in places, and here and there were the blooming apricot, the budding fig, and gardens of vegetables; while a peculiar vernal beauty extended beyond and over the site of the once great Syracuse.

This delightful walk was two miles from our landing, and a splendid treat before breakfast. Our young companion, with whose company we were favored on this occasion, having been over the ground before, and being well posted, was a brilliant acquisition, and to us a splendid guide. He seemed to forget self, and strove for the good and happiness of others.

We now pass to the ancient ground where lay the ruins of Syracuse the Old. Syracuse, when in the days of her glory, is said to have numbered between five and six millions of people. Here, then, we behold visible traces of her greatness yet remaining, marks and relics of the great metropolis of early times. And here, as seen in the places of her theatres and amphitheatres, one may read in the bosom of nature and from the archives of her laboratory much of that glory of which she once boasted and surprised the world. We find here subterranean passages through solid rock, scattered stones and broken columns lying over the surface of the ground, now in part occupied with fields and gardens. The amphitheatre seems also to have been cut out of solid rock, with its terraced seats in circular form, sufficient to hold and entertain many thousands. Perhaps the height from the bottom to the topmost seat was not less than a hundred feet. It is formed with two grand entrances, and was divided into four parts, for the four towns or divisions of the great city. The width of the bottom and narrowest place for the actors, I found to be eighty of my paces, equal to two hundred and forty feet. The seats, as they rise one above the other, increase in their circular stretch till reaching up to the topmost, which sweeps around an immense area. From this we proceed to the Greek theatre, where yet remain the colossal traces of what must have been one of the most splendid of its kind in that day. Here the seats seem to be cut with the utmost regularity, and of much greater extent than the first we saw. They are some distance apart, and every trace so discernible in and about them at once fills the mind with wonder, and corroborates sacred and other history, written more than a thousand years ago. This last covered so vast an area, that in order that the audience might all be favored with a hearing alike, a great ear, now one of the wonders of the place, is

supposed to have been constructed for that purpose. Those sitting in the theatre high up and on the outer seats of the great circle, so far from the actors, would fail to hear; hence the existence of the immense *ear* for that purpose. The smaller orifice of the ear commences at the bottom and within the theatre; the subterranean and under passage through the solid rock then extends between 250 and 300 feet beneath the whole, widening as it comes to the outer and other end, where the outer opening or ear is expanded to a prodigious extent; and, truly, the whole is in the perfect form of a human ear, so wisely and skilfully cut through the solid rock, that the great orifice is made to come out just at the back of the most distant hearers, with a height at the outer opening of one hundred and fifty feet! We took a walk into the ear, which appears a most wonderful work! Think of an ear, in the outer opening of which you might stand a pole of one hundred and fifty feet in height! As we look up, its vast altitude and extent is apparent. One of our party passed in some distance before the other, and spoke: the sound conveyed is most beautiful and distinct. We then got a boy to fire a pistol at the opening, and like thunder the ring and sound is carried around and around, continuing for many seconds, and something like the ring experienced in youth from the slap of a schoolmaster's hand over this organ! Wonderful, indeed, is this ear!

We now hurry back over the same road, and, on nearing the bay on the beautiful expanse of green, we are favored with a sight of Victor Emanuel's Italian troops at their morning drill. Taking the small boat again, we are rowed over to the other shore and enter the modern Syracuse, which looks old and dilapidated, and is said to contain only eighteen thousand inhabitants. We order breakfast, for which we have fine appetites, eating what was set before us, comprising fish, eggs, beefsteak, potatoes, tea or coffee, and

very good bread with butter. The cost of the breakfast for each was ten grannas, equal to eight cents Federal money. Not very expensive. Thus refreshed, we hasten to see something more before returning to our little steamer, our time being limited to 9 o'clock, when we were to be on board. We go to the baths: here we look down into one, round in its construction, with a surface of water, clear and cool, about thirty feet across, and about two and a half feet deep. The sudden scene that fell under my eye drew a modest smile. Thirty-five women were at work washing clothing, standing around within the so-called great bath, with bare legs, and water above their knees: their plain calico dresses were fastened up neatly and securely around their bodies, to keep them dry. Industrious class of people, thought we, as we beheld them dousing and rubbing away without any attention paid to their observers. Stepping to a smaller one near by, like a great well, it was reached by a winding stone stair, and covered in part by the shade of buildings and their projections: upon looking down we saw four or five women engaged as before, whose splashing and rubbing sounds and voices came up to our ears with a kind of ringing echo. As soon as they saw us, they stretched out a wet sheet, calling out to us in bad English to drop into it some coppers or other coin. The first bath we saw is a fine one, with clear living streams pouring in at one side, and finding passage out on the other, and is one in which any person would be delighted to bathe and swim in a hot day. They are very ancient, and show us the perfection and amplitude with which things were built in early times.

Hurrying away, we started immediately for the steamer, and were on board in time for her starting. It was a busy morning for us, and very delightful withal, affording ample opportunity to see something of the country, the site of a once mighty city, with its now wonderful ruins speaking to us from their earthy sepulchres.

Sicily is a rich and beautiful island; its greatest length is one hundred and ninety miles, and its greatest breadth one hundred and six; it abounds in charming mountains and plains, and is noted for its extensive silk manufactories, its productive fishery and sulphur trade. The day continuing very pleasant and the sea quite smooth, our little craft moved along up the coast of this fair island, affording us an occasional glance of its green hills and shaded prominences, to please and attract us for the few hours required to carry us into the port and city of Catania.

CATANIA, SICILY.

Our landing here was made at 1 o'clock P. M. Excited with the scenes of a new city, and ambitious to see some of its vaunted wonders, and still favored as we were with the gentlemanly direction of our young friend, we started to pay a visit to the cathedral, the baths, and the remains of an amphitheatre, said to have been still greater than the Colosseum at Rome. We take a general peep at every strange and interesting thing within our search and perambulations. The appearance of the city pleases us much, and we are not a little surprised to find quite wide and straight streets, beautifully paved with square blocks of stone, and light-colored, high, and massive three and four story buildings, with green blinds rendering their appearance enlivening and attractive. Many of the structures are of the most substantial order, constructed with high ceilings, giving them a cool and healthy ventilation in the hot season. The city contains fifty-six thousand souls, and stands at the foot of Mount Etna. As this remarkable mount required quite a jaunt to reach it, we abandoned the idea of visiting it, as we thought the one we designed seeing at Naples would prove more interesting; beside, our time was inadequate for the undertaking.

Catania has suffered much in early times from severe earthquakes; has been deluged and nearly destroyed by the hot rivers of lava bursting from Etna, and flowing down upon it. The modern city stands over many of the buried buildings of its predecessors; it has met with these disasters no less than seventeen times, and each time has been almost destroyed.

Etna is a lofty mount, standing ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. In 1669 a terrific river of lava burst out, and the city of Catania was destroyed by the rolling liquid, being only twelve miles distant! The great area which the theatre occupied, with its solid walls and terraced stone seats, its prominent entrances and grand proportions, together with the ancient baths and walls of the city in part excavated, and standing out open to view, and the hardened masses of lava standing over their borders, down which we look fifty feet below the present city, affected us with surprise, and gave satisfactory confirmation and convincing proof to all that is stated in history of a succession of wonderful catastrophes. The Broadway, or principal thoroughfare in Catania, is Garibaldi street, which is a mile and a quarter long. Taking our prompt and sudden leave of this second of Sicilian towns, we steam off at 3 P. M. for Messina, and after six hours more sailing, with pleasing coast views and a delightful air, our arrival is made at half past 9 in the evening.

MESSINA, SICILY.

Glad to leave the wretched little *Archimede*, we jumped into a small boat after our newly made friend and pilot, and bade our man to pull for the shore as fast as possible. The numerous lights dotting the circular shore imparted a brilliant scene. Landing near a small reception building, we were ordered by persons present to walk in and show our

passports. At Catania and Syracuse this was not required. Here they are more particular. We presented them; they were very quickly scanned; our names were written down, and receiving our documents back again, we were off at a lively pace for the Victoria Hotel, at which we feared our ability to get rooms if tardy, as it is the only good one, and most sought in the city. Being the first on shore, our names stood first on the register, and we were likewise fortunate in getting comfortable apartments, when our ambition relapsed into quiet ease. A short walk, and a cup of tea thereafter, we were ready for our beds at half past 10, with feelings on this night fully appreciating their necessity. Up and out the next morning at 7, we walked again to the *café*, took a cup of poor chocolate before the breakfast at 9, and set about seeing the city.

Messina can boast of a splendid harbor, and is built closely along its curved shore, having a few good streets of ordinary width, but very finely paved with square blocks of stone, reminding me of Broadway, New York, minus the bustle and sidewalks. The buildings here, as in Catania, are quite large and massive, light in color, and formed out of excellent stone cut from the extensive quarries of the island. Garibaldi street, also, is quite a fine thoroughfare; but this, with all the other streets, is wanting in a business aspect, and at times during the day the city wears the air of a quiet Sabbath. Few or no carts and drays are noticed —occasionally a fine carriage; but donkeys may be seen, and they seem to be the principal means of transport, bearing upon their sharp little backs burdens and produce of every kind. This city is estimated to contain seventy thousand inhabitants. The buildings, though large, have small stores and shops underneath, quite insignificant, while the stories directly over them are occupied as residences; and these, having high and massive fronts, are pleasing in their gen-

eral exterior to the eye of the beholder. The cathedral and Catholic churches are, as usual, large and costly. Back of the city, from one to three miles, rise pointed mountain-like acclivities, bearing alternate white and green lines over their face: we had a pleasant view from one of these prominences. To the eastward we behold, across the blue waters and straits of Messina, the high mountainous coast of fair Italy, with their lofty peaks draped in the whitest snow, while just below and before us in the yards of residences on gently rising side places are lemon and orange trees full of their golden and yellow fruit. The remainder of the forenoon being quietly spent, at half past 2 P. M. we parted with and bade adieu to our young friend, who proceeds to Corfu, while we move off on the *Electtrico*, a new and beautiful iron steamer, direct for Naples. A view of the city and rising hills is again presented in a no less pleasing aspect; the shore, with unusually fine-looking buildings so near the water, the reverse of most seaport towns, is lined with its shipping, disclosing the colors from mast heads, of different countries, and prominent among them I see floating in the breeze the glorious "Stars and Stripes."

CHAPTER XIII.

Naples, Italy—Ruins of Pompeii: how discovered—The Amphitheatre—Eruption of 79—The Day—San Carlo—Visit to Vesuvius—Donkeys—Ride in the Morning—Trees and sweet Spring Time—Ascent—Lava—Scene—Hermitage—The Grand Cone—Good Spirits and Glorious Adventure—Ludicrous Scenes—Hard Work—My Friend—Modes of going up—Arrival at the Top—Wonder and Astonishment!—Immense Crater—The last Eruption—The Lava: its uses—Past Eruptions—Sulphurous Smoke—The other Crater Frightful—Hot Air and Steaming Crevices—Eggs Roasted Hard—Grand View—Magnificent Scenes—Descent—My Donkey—Whom we Meet—Novel Things—Aged People—Spinning—Milk Dealers in Naples—Splendid Equipages—Aqueducts—Churches—St. Severus—Sculpture—Museum—Wonderful Things—Climate—Comparison—Things to be seen.

THURSDAY morning at half past 9 finds us in the city of Naples, at the *Hotel des Etrangers*. As we entered, the streets were crowded with pedestrians, carts, and fine carriages, and, though not wide, are well paved; buildings of solid stone and mortar, rising five and six stories in height, reminded us of the largest and most populous cities. Naples is said to contain over four hundred and fifty thousand people. The view from my window is through the branches of scattering olive trees upon this broad bay of panoramic beauty. Its unique opening to the sea and circular form, from different points of view, have been delineated in painting and picture from the earliest periods of its history, and to-day may be seen in the windows of every large city of the globe. I think justice has been done it. On a fine day like this it is beautiful to look upon. The road which leads to Pompeii, the excavated ruins of the ancient city, which was destroyed by the flowing lava of Vesuvius in the year 79, is

A View of Naples, Italy.

a good one; it is paved for five miles as it winds along the circular bay, and is a continual street for this distance, with about two miles into the country, making the whole drive of seven miles to this interesting spot. No visitor of the sights in and about Naples should go away without coming here. The drive was made on a pleasant Monday, through the main thoroughfare, which winds to the north-east with the bay, and along which are many palaces and the finest of gardens. Upon arriving at the spot, and immediately upon getting out, a little, short, active man takes you through his dwelling or public house, in order that you may not fail to learn that he can prepare for you anything in the way of "refreshment," when needed, and is sure to ask you if anything is desired before you start for the ruins. We go out of this building and through the gate, which should have been done at the first, and which he now with so much politeness designates, with a guide leading the way up a small hill of gradual ascent; and in five minutes we are walking streets which were paved with lava more than seventeen hundred and eighty-three years ago! Pompeii appears to have been a populous and handsome city, and above three miles in circumference. The city was buried under ashes and pumice stone during the year 79 of the Christian era; and must have been in its glory at the time our Saviour lived upon the earth.

The discovery of Pompeii was made by some peasants, it is stated, in 1751, while they were employed in cultivating a vineyard near the Sarno. The walls of every room are composed of tufa and lava, stuccoed, painted, and polished, with peculiar and symmetrical paintings on many of their sides. The ceilings are arched, the roofs flat, and but few houses have two stories. Every apartment is paved with mosaics, and on the outside of the houses, written with red paint, are the names of the inhabitants, with their occupa-

tions, including magistrates and other persons of rank; so that if the stucco on which these names were written had been well preserved, we should, at the present moment, have known to whom each house in Pompeii originally belonged. All the private houses are numbered; and on the exterior walls of public edifices are proclamations, advertisements, and notices with respect to festivals, gladiatorial shows, &c. The public edifices were spacious and elegant, and the whole town was watered by the Sarno, which seems to have been carried through it by subterranean canals. One of the remarkable things of interest, among others, is the repository for the ashes of the dead. This edifice, wherein the ashes of persons who had not private tombs are supposed to have been deposited, has on its summit an ornament shaped like an altar, and adorned with basso-relievo emblematical of death. We walked over a field about three hundred yards to the amphitheatre, the form of which is oval, the architecture particularly fine; and a handsome arcade, once embellished with statues, the niches and inscriptions belonging to which still remain, leads down to the principal entrance. This arcade is paved with lava, and the statues it contained were those of C. Cuspius Pansa and his son. The amphitheatre rests upon a circular subterranean corridor of incredible strength, as it supports all the seats. The oval space or ground within, upon which the actors performed, and around which the terraced seats rise, I found by pacing it to be over three hundred feet, while the corridors, passages, circular seats, with the whole form and external outlines, are still in the most substantial state of preservation. The great work of carefully excavating this ancient and buried city of Pompeii has been encouraged and furthered by sovereigns, princes, and other high personages. The earthquake and eruption of 79, which thus demolished and buried Pompeii in ashes and pumice

stone, are said to have been more astonishing and fearful than any which have since occurred. No one should leave Naples without a visit paid to this interesting spot, which, with Vesuvius, is one of the lions of Italian wonders. Officers are stationed around the grounds, and plenty of guides are on the spot, affording visitors and strangers information, and every explanation which history, observation, and late discoveries have given. We returned by the same vehicle and road we came; and the most unsatisfactory part was our ignorant and uncouth driver, who could not speak a word of English, and thus vainly endeavored to tell us about places we passed, in his jumble of unsophisticated Italian, that I resolved ever afterward either to take some one who could give intelligible information on the way, or a driver speaking good English.

TEATRO S. CARLO, OR THEATRE OF SAN CARLINO.

Hearing much of this magnificent structure, I was one evening persuaded to pay it a visit. Its grandeur and beauty combine to render it the most remarkable in Italy. It was built by Charles III. in 1737, after a design by Ametrano, which was executed by Angelo Caresale in two hundred and seventy days. The accidental conflagration stated to have occurred in 1815 having greatly injured this theatre, it has been almost entirely rebuilt under the direction of Nicolini, the architect. It is 144 feet in breadth, and 288 in length, exclusive of the front, which bears the names of the most celebrated Italian composers and dramatic poets, and is ornamented with columns and statues. The staircases are broad, the corridors very extensive; the pit is 84 feet in length, and 75 in breadth; the stage is 105 feet long, and 53 broad. The theatre contains six tiers of boxes; the first, second, fifth, and sixth consist of thirty boxes each,

and the third and fourth, thirty-two; these boxes are large, each being capable of containing twelve persons. Proceeding to the right from the theatre of St. Charles, we find before the royal garden gate two colossal brass horses with their grooms, sent here from Russia a few years ago, as a present from the emperor to the king.

VISIT TO VESUVIUS.

On Tuesday, the 25th, we set out to ascend and take a look at Vesuvius. At half past 9 A. M., Mr. O. from New York, Mr. T. from Australia, and myself, went by rail to the village of Resina, where horses, mules, or donkeys, coaches, sedans, and guides may be hired for the little journey. We walked from the depot about three hundred yards to this livery of donkeys, procuring one each, properly saddled and bridled, with a guide and walking stick; we galloped away up the gradual ascent amid cultivated hillsides, fields, and orchards, with the almond and peach in full bloom; their white and pink blossoms in such beautiful contrast; the ground in places covered with yellow flowers and vegetable products, and the voices of birds chanting happy spring time, seemed to us sweet in the extreme. I should state that the price for our donkeys, four in number, including one for the guide, was fixed at one piastre each, with one piastre more for the guide's services; making a total of five piastres, equal to one pound sterling, for the journey. Soon the first stream of lava from last December's eruption, now in hardened black masses, was encountered. Our surefooted animals, having so often made the trip, bearing upon their callous backs lady and gentlemen travellers from all parts of the world, picked their way up over it; their little, shodden feet, when striking, came down with a sharp-sounding clink, as if upon a

solid iron road. Clink—clink—clink, we go; now a little gallop, then a trot, and afterward a quick and careful pace, which, as the ascent became more difficult, was brought to a slow and fatiguing walk. We had no previous conception of the vastness of this eruption, until thus crawling up over it. Down and up, zigzag, and all sorts of turning and twisting were realized, as our sweltering beasts made their way over the great sea of hardened streams, which, when vomited from the mouth of Vesuvius, at the close of last year, was a fearful river of liquid fire! We reach a stopping place, a kind of plateau, whereon stand a stone building and garden, and a spot for short rest and refreshments when needed. Turning to look back upon the city of Naples, the bay, and surrounding country, so beautifully varied and unique, our senses and feelings were excited with the most lively admiration. We start over the lava once more, and by an indirect course, turning round and up, we come to the Hermitage, a fine building with an observatory, which contains also a mineralogic and geodetic cabinet; we then turn and look upon all below from a still grander prospect. On we move, now over ground of gradual ascent, and soon again striking the flinty lava, showing the different eruptions of late years, which are discernible by the shaded sections thus presented. Out of many of the crevices, even here, smoke, or a kind of hot steam, was seen to issue; and a man, in order to convince us, put a bundle of dried grass or weeds over one of the holes, which ignited in less than five minutes. Whether the man had previously put a slow fire below, or it was some of Vesuvius's work, we know not: we were credulous enough to believe it, after jumping off and putting our hand over other steaming crevices, which were found to emit hot air. At twenty minutes past 12, we reached the foot of the grand cone, where donkey riding is brought to a stop, as we can go no farther. Here Ve-

suvius rises with an even precipitousness several hundred feet, and nothing in the shape of a horse, mule, or jackass can ascend it. Somebody's clever-looking dog, however, getting a smell of our cold chicken, which the guide carried for our lunch, accompanied us.

Immediately upon our arrival we commenced ascending —the donkeys being left in charge of men, a surplus of whom may always be found for this purpose, and to render aid to those who may desire it in going up. A novel and spirited scene is now presented. Some twenty, beside ourselves, were scattered along old Vesuvius's almost perpendicular sides, from the base to the apex. As one casts his eye toward the top, and thinks of Vesuvius with its yawning crater, into which he may look, he is filled with the liveliest ambition, and glories in the adventure. It is "Come on," and "Go ahead." And some of the men come after you, desiring for a sum of money to pull you up; we tell them again and again vehemently to be gone, for we are able to walk it. Still they persist, endeavoring to frighten a man "out of his senses," that he is likely to fail in the attempt; and fearing the loss of a job, the price quickly falls from "five carlini" to "one," but without dissuading us from our purpose; we walk up unaided, with our own legs. The party of ladies and gentlemen who left Naples before us, and first here, were making the ascent: a few hurried steps on our part, and we pass some of them. One lady, having set out without even the aid of a stick to serve as a cane, becomes short-winded, and is obliged to squat down in a bracing position, while her husband goes back to seek the necessary stick. Ladies always go up in the sedan: why didn't she? We, of course, pass them. Yet we have to slacken our pace, for we are convinced Vesuvius is not so easily surmounted. However, we have gained on the other part of the company starting much in advance, and overtake them.

Interesting Time going up *Vesuvius.*

A fat, rosy-cheeked lady sits smilingly in a sedan, a kind of chair fixed upon two poles, carried by four brawny men, which costs a piastre to each man, that is, four piastres, equal to four dollars. The men, tired out, have stopped, and are blowing with mouths wide open, like porpoises! The upper ends of the poles are resting on the ground or stones of lava; one of the men is partially down, seeming to have a hard time of it—the other with handkerchief out to relieve his brow of copious perspiration; while the two holding the lower ends of the poles to keep the lady in *uno grazioso riposo*, stand bracingly at their posts with amazing fidelity. They will have a tough time in getting up with their happy charge. Two gentlemen are standing by, evidently belonging to the expedition, and look somewhat interested. They are all wheezing, save the lady: their basket, disclosing the necks of four bottles, apples, oranges, and other covered refreshments, has been set upon the ground, and is half inclined to start on a sliding excursion down the precipice. We pass them!

As we continue to ascend, the mountain looks higher to us, or our imaginations have become morbidly excited through the telling effect which this kind of locomotion has upon the walkers. We wished we had eaten a more substantial breakfast. But the task is not wholly characterized by drawbacks, as every step toward the point of summit brings to us a cooler and more bracing atmosphere. This is very sensibly realized, and is inhaled with delight and benefit. Notwithstanding this, we sweat as if under a tropical sun, and puff wonderfully. Stopping again, we doff our coats, and handing them to our guide, we make a fresh start. Ere this we have left a delicate gentleman in our wake, in a sedan, borne, like the lady, on poles carried by four men. As we look up to the goal of our destination, the distance seems not lessened. We are again convinced that going up

Vesuvius is no boy's play. My sturdy, muscular Australian friend, the weight of whose arms and shoulders had borne so heavily on his inch and a half stick as to break it—the cost of it was a single carlini—now digs slowly along. His vacillating legs under muscular convulsions, his many "ah's" and accelerated "whiffs" indicate that this caps all in his experience. There are three popular modes in practice by which to make the wonderful ascent. The first is that already mentioned—the sedan, principally used by ladies, requiring little or no exertion on their part, save a cool bearing and good command over their nerves during oscillations and the thought of being keeled out, through which all do not go with equal fortitude, and is the only sensible method by which they should attempt the ascent, to obviate complete exhaustion, and the use of smelling bottles and restoratives. It is slow, but faster than they could think of going themselves.

Another mode of going up is by the aid of a single man with a strap over his shoulder, one end of which has a loophole which you grapple, and thus you are pulled along. The third and best, for all who are able, is to walk up unassisted, taking care to proceed with moderation, and adjusting some thicker article of clothing immediately upon reaching the top, to prevent taking cold. But we are not up Vesuvius. The distance, however, begins to look shorter. We overtake another gentleman, while there are others yet in advance and near the top, but having so much the start of us, we abandon all idea of beating them. It is remarkable how little one slips in going up so steep a mountain as Vesuvius. This may be accounted for by the little aids in the form of hard and rough stones of lava, thickly though loosely covering the whole strip over which we pass. They were first considered obstacles, but their rough and shaggy proportions proved a help, as the feet seldom gave way

while thus passing over them. The descent or return is made another way.

As we near the top, our ambition is merged in the most conscious satisfaction; and curiosity leads us to forget the struggle, and look for the coming wonders which the exertion of ascending has won. We are now at the top—not exactly; it is a kind of plateau or resting place; and as our faces are still turned in the same direction they were in coming up, we see the ground beyond still rising, perhaps a hundred feet more, clearly showing, before we have reached the summit, a higher point is to be gained. But this is no chore. We don our coats and button them up, to preclude all danger of taking cold, and walk toward and up the prominence which seems to reach nearest the sky; and without any particular thought or idea as to whether there was much of a crater at all. We had heard it spoken of, seen the pictures of its smoking top, and what were deemed good representations of the vast opening, which all who accomplished the work of ascending might have the privilege of looking into. At first a kind of vague doubt was momentarily entertained of its existence. It was quickly banished, however, as fruit and refreshment peddlers told us the crater could be seen from the top of the other prominence, toward which we were now walking. The ground here is as mellow and soft as a sandhill. Walking a little in the rear of one of my friends from whom, on reaching the top first, I heard a word of surprise, as he stepped back and took my hand, I was told to "close my eyes;" and thus leading me to the top, he said, "Now look!" I could not help exclaiming, "My stars, what a horrible gulf!" The scene astonished all of our company; and a gentleman present, who visited Vesuvius fourteen years ago, informed us that at that time he found no crater; beside, the top of the mountain, instead of being so broad, with its immense opening, as

now seen, was then much higher, with an exceedingly pointed and narrow top. Now we look down into a frightful abyss, exactly the form of an inverted hollow cone. It is many hundred feet broad, with an estimated depth of twelve hundred feet. Its internal sides are varied in appearance; in some places light and dark yellow streaks may be traced, showing the existence of sulphur formations; and in others, dark brown lines interspersed with blue and fiery colors are seen, impressing the beholder with the extraordinary phenomenon of its composition, and leading the mind into supposed wonders as to what is concealed from the view, in the burning and convulsive elements of which its hidden bottom is composed. Many little columns of smoke and steam are continually issuing from its sides.

The perpendicular height of Vesuvius is said to be 573 fathoms, or 3,456 feet. It sometimes preserves a tranquil appearance for several years; but this apparent calm is not to be trusted, for the volcanic matter, which is constantly boiling and fermenting, is seeking to escape from the profound abyss in which it is contained. Under these circumstances subterranean concussions are felt, and a violent earthquake is experienced, as realized at the time of last December's eruption. The effect of this we not only saw in the great river of hardened lava which we passed, but hundreds of heavy stone buildings, seen in passing through the village of Resina, were shattered and cracked, with such parts strongly propped and in process of repair, to keep from falling to the earth. Timely warnings of these fearful eruptions are generally given, and may be known by clouds of black smoke, assuming in their change a whitish appearance, which is said to be a certain indication of an approaching eruption. The smell of sulphur here is strong. The lava, when flowing, is a sort of liquid fire, of the consistence of melted glass. It usually bursts from the side of the

mountain during an eruption, spreads itself like a torrent at its foot, and often extends as far as the sea shore, where it forms small promontories. When it ceases flowing it loses by degrees its natural heat, and is converted into a kind of stone, of a brown color, as hard and easily polished as marble, for which it is often made a substitute. It is also used for paving the streets in Naples and neighboring towns, and when it is properly polished, it becomes so glossy, that it is manufactured into tables, snuff boxes, and even into rings and earrings.

The first eruption recorded by the early writers occurred on the 24th of August, in the 79th year of the Christian era, which buried the town of Herculaneum, as well as those of Pompeii and Stabia. But other eruptions must have taken place previous to this, as it is well known the streets of these very towns were paved with lava, which has induced the belief that Vesuvius had been considered as an extinguished volcano for a considerable period, during which time several towns were built in its environs. Thirty-six eruptions are recorded as having taken place from the years 79 to 1794; but they may be said to occur annually; for scarcely a year passes but a greater or less quantity of lava, &c. is emitted either from the crater or the sides of the mountain. The remarkable eruptions of a more recent date occurred in the years 1830, 1832, 1835, 1839, 1844, and 1847, causing more or less injury by the overflowing lava; and that of 1850 was yet more pernicious, as it is stated a large extent of land was devastated, many trees and cottages were burned, and many persons were killed who were too bold and curious.

Now looking below, and standing near the margin which partly overlooks the great crater, we hear occasional sounds, some like the noise of fire crackers, and others as loud as that of a pistol, giving the idea of changes constantly

occurring a long way down from our standing point, amid the convulsive and seething elements. Portions of the sides within are hourly peeling off and dropping down into the vortex.

We now started to walk around the crater, and as we descended somewhat in proceeding around the side, we encountered a thick and sulphurous smoke, which we found to our surprise was emanating from another crater, not so formidable, however, and apparently located on the side of Vesuvius. It is a great dish, with one side barely permitting a pedestrian down its declivity; it has a bottom, which we can see, with perhaps a depth of one hundred feet; it seems to have been much more extensive and imposing, but is now filled by the earth from the top and sides falling into it from some former convulsion. We hear voices below, but see no one, as the sulphurous smoke coming up by the way we think of entering, and before which we stand, shuts out our view. It seems dangerous, and the height of folly to descend because others have done so; but our guide bids us come, and we follow him down into the strange opening. The smoke sets us all coughing; beside, the current of air we meet is hot. Down we go, as one of our party says, to get a bit of sulphurous lava to carry away as a trophy of our courage and a memorial of the spot. We now come along to the sides of the smoking crater, and look into steaming crevices before which we could not stand, or bear the hand but a few moments. Two of these, especially, would not permit of our doing this without injury. As we look above and around, even this appeared frightful. What must the other be, if this now appears so to us? But there is no such feat attempted in the other; for in undertaking it, you would drop from its side into what appears an interminable gulf, never more to be seen!

Delightful Time coming down *Vesuvius.*

As we crawl up to the side of this, which we have entered, and near one of these gaping crevices into which you could put your body, the air is so hot that one would be burnt or suffocated by standing immediately before or too near it. A peasant, who has followed us down with a basket containing unboiled eggs, to excite our curiosity and make a sale, places a few near the margin of the hot opening, and they are roasted in a few moments; when, after hurrying out of the disagreeable crater to the top again, some of our party buy and eat the eggs, which were altogether too hard for my liking. I have a special prejudice against hard-boiled eggs, or I should have shared in the novelty of a feast, thus cooked, cracked, and eaten on the top of Old Vesuvius. Our lunch, at the same time, is completed directly opposite to the spot where we first caught the surprising view. As we continued in our journey around the crater, we noticed several parties who ascended before and after us, and the whole number on the top of the mount is not less than forty—some sitting, evidently fatigued—some walking, and others industriously heaving every large stone they can get, down into the awful gulf. They tell us five minutes is required for a stone to reach the bottom; but there is no calculating it, as there is no means of knowing the moment it has found its resting place—though one may hear it striking for many moments at intervals along the sides, if a large stone; but, as there are other sounds occasionally heard, there can be nothing certain ascertained in this respect. Our view now, as we look abroad in every direction, is grand in the extreme. A more imposing one than from the top of this celebrated mount one rarely meets with. The day was clear and beautiful, thus opening to the view some twenty towns, lying in the valley of seeming velvety green—the rising mountains back and beyond, with tops still pointing above Vesuvius,

clearly disclosing their perpetual winter; the bay spread like a blue sheet, and now so calm, extending far to the sea, with ships dotting its surface, and so small do they appear upon the mirrored expanse as hardly to be recognized. Naples, with its 450,000 people, seems but a mere border to the shore of its beautiful and circular bay, while villas, dwellings, and mansions, are scattered back over the gently rising acclivities; and these, standing amid cultivated gardens, and groves of the mulberry, the almond, and the orange, complete a panoramic scene of unusual beauty.

The time occupied in going up was precisely three quarters of an hour. We started to descend, but by a different route, over soft and gravel-like ground. One before the other, the path cannot be mistaken, and is admirably adapted to make the descending feat as easy as one could wish. It is so mellow that the foot, on coming down, goes in the dry gravel, sometimes up to the knee. The work is quite as novel, and affords more fun than in ascending. We have a happy time of it, reaching the bottom safe and sound, with shoes full of dirt and gravel, in just twenty-six minutes from the time we started. Our stockings also were considerably blackened, and legs slightly discolored by the same compound.

Making ready, we remount our donkeys, and start to make the balance of the descent by other legs, and those more used to the business than our own. About midway down, I was sure I was on a different donkey than the gentle fellow who carried me up—and it was so. I could not well mistake it, for many times he bowed his head and threw up his hind legs with an extraordinary spiteful kick, threatening to get me over his head, much to the amusement of my comrades, and not at all pleasant to me. The guide informed me I was on a different donkey, and the one on which I came had been sent back by others returning before

My Irascible Donkey—Prospect beyond!

us, and this put in his place. About this time we met two parties—the first was composed of three English ladies of our acquaintance, with a guide and two gentlemen piloting them up. They were on donkeys. The second was a Russian gentleman, wife, and two daughters, picking their way up over the lava by the same mode, and were in the best of spirits, delighted with the rustic feat. Arriving in time for the half past 5 o'clock train, we were soon again in Naples—thankful for our good lunch and safe return, and with good appetites for a six o'clock dinner.

On a little ride out of Naples one lovely day, toward Pompeii, we were not a little interested with things seen on the way. The stranger cannot but notice the modes of conveyance, the carriage of produce, and the employments of the people. The first thing is a vettura, or two-wheeled vehicle, with very large wheels and long thills, carrying from eight to fourteen persons. Men, women, and children are piled upon it, and all find a sitting, standing, or hanging-on place. One horse draws the whole company. We meet many of them. We notice, in the next instance, men engaged in drying and preparing the skins of young goats, thousands of which are strung upon poles to dry in the air, soon to be converted into kid gloves, which are so extensively manufactured in Naples, and may be had very cheap, of all colors and qualities. Naples is noted for its kid gloves, its extensive macaroni making, which last may be seen plentifully strung upon poles, the fronts of whole buildings occupied by the good and wholesome food, to be sent to all countries as an article of export, and is also largely eaten here. The poor live principally on it. We meet, coming in town, large four-wheeled carts, loaded with vegetable produce and the general industry of the country; and these, in some instances, are drawn by a single ox between a pair of thills—a cow, or cow and horse, hitched together—the

horned beast harnessed in the thills, and the horse walking by the side, drawing by collar and traces. It is a novel scene, and a strange way of doing things. We laugh, and drive on. On our ride this morning we have seen more aged people sitting on their thresholds than we ever saw anywhere else. Many of them are still inclined to labor at light work, knitting, sewing, &c. We noticed a new mode of spinning also. The bunch of flax is held standing; while the spool, suspended by the thread, near the ground or floor, as it is forming, goes around like a top, winding up the thread as it is spun out from the flaxen bunch held in the hand, and which is partially formed, as it seems, gradually to slide out between the fingers.

The mode of dealing out and selling milk to customers in and about Naples, is the best one I ever saw. I wish it was universally adopted in cities. "Which will you have, cow's or goat's?" The fashion is: the handsome cow or fat goat is led around to the doors of regular patrons, and the nice liquid food is milked straight out of the teat into the glass, earthen, or tin vessel for immediate use. There is no mistake about this, and one knows it is *real* milk. Beautiful and extensive gardens are scattered along this road—though high walls on both sides of it hide many in a great measure; but enough is seen to determine their extent and richness; and there seems to be growing everything produced in the tropical as well as temperate zones.

Getting permission to enter one, we were convinced of this by the varieties of flowers, plants, and trees growing, among which stood the camphor tree, and other genera of an uncommon nature, as everything common seemed to be excluded, except orange and lemon trees, hanging full of their fruit, beautifully pruned, and regularly planted along wide walks; over one thousand of them could be count-

ed, giving additional beauty to the extensive grounds. All that we here saw was in the finest state of cultivation—the garden magnificent!

CITY OF NAPLES—CLIMATE, ETC.

Naples is said to contain 450,000 people. The great and principal thoroughfare is Strada Toledo, which, during portions of the day, seems to have much of the life and bustle of Broadway, New York; but it is a much narrower street. The most of the buildings rise five and seven stories, and I have noticed the eighth story in some instances; they are of light color: the lower stories, being occupied as stores, principally by the Neapolitans and French, are quite fine, displaying rich and costly goods. The people are famous for their love of pleasure, their fine equipages, and afternoon drives, for which they have every inviting opportunity—good roads, handsome scenery to fill the eye, and a bracing sea-air for the lungs.

When walking one pleasant afternoon through the beautiful Villa Reale, I was induced by the clatter alongside to stop. During the space of three minutes I counted over one hundred splendid two-horse carriages rolling by, driven by dignified postilions, carrying occupants and supposed owners of the gayest order; giving the stranger one phase of outdoor life in Italy. It was one continual tramp of proud horses and noise of wheels, which I soon ascertained was no uncommon thing to see, as on every pleasant day I beheld the same. The city of Naples is considered one of the most beautiful and delightful cities of Italy. I have not seen all, and therefore cannot say. The aqueducts under the pavement of the streets are very broad; they have twice been used at the capture of Naples; first by Belisarius, and afterward by Alphonso I. The city is said to contain three

hundred churches—twenty-three of them are costly and beautiful within. One, called St. Severus, or the Church of St. Mary of Piety, though originally erected in 590, and not so large as some, contains specimens of the richest marbles and most extensive and elaborate sculptures. The whole of the church is covered with beautiful marbles. The grand altar, with a basso relievo in marble, representing Mount Calvary with the passion of our Saviour, is an exceedingly fine work. Also the piece of sculpture representing the dead Christ is another extraordinary and fine piece of workmanship. The whole is of the purest marble, covered with a veil, through which may be distinguished the form and even the muscles of the body; this veil appears slightly moistened by the perspiration of death, and the whole figure is a striking exhibition of sublimity and resignation.

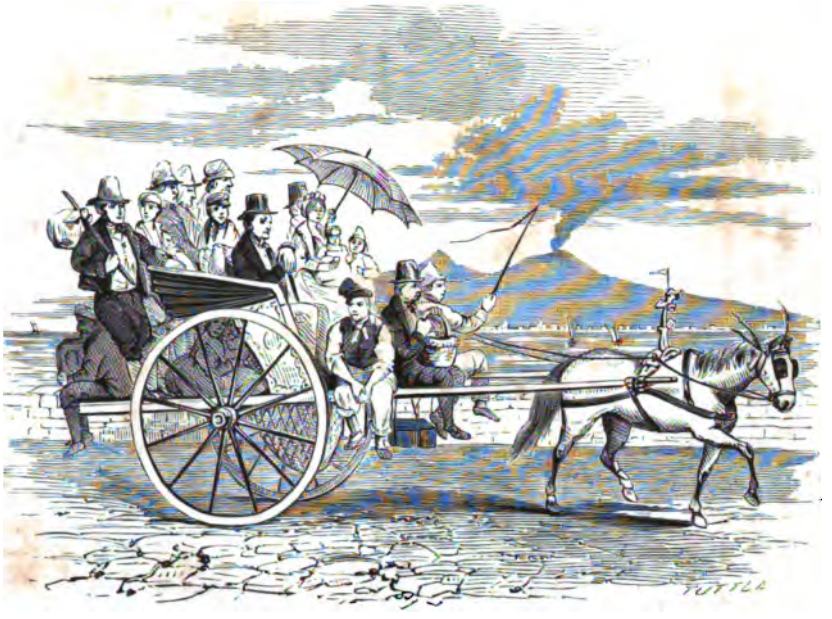
The royal palace and the museum are interesting, and worthy of a visit. There is enough in the museum of Naples to interest an inquiring mind for two days. I visited it twice, and then did not get properly through it. All of the interesting relics exhumed from the ruins of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and other ancient cities, which were buried by the eruption of Vesuvius centuries ago, are here, together with a vast amount of sculpture, and all that constitutes a great collection, filling a building several hundred feet long, which has engaged the labor and attention of scientific men for years. There are medals, Egyptian antiquities, two superb galleries of fine pictures, Grecian sculpture, and a library in the building containing 200,000 volumes. What is no less interesting to the visitor may be seen in the second story, composed of earthenware and pottery of immense calibre, pitchers, metal frying pans, helmets, spears, instruments, prodigious urns, glass bottles, vials, and vessels of every description used by druggists; gold rings, pins, and necklaces, worn in the year 79 of the Christian era; and

all these have been exhumed from the cities of Pompeii and Stabia, buried during the eruptions of Vesuvius at that early period, where they have slumbered for so many generations. Still more interesting are the charred wheat, coffee, almonds, dates, rope; thread in bunches, beside honeycomb yet in perfect form; a pot containing food, supposed to have been cooking at the time, and, strange to say, a round cake, still in the dish in which it was baking, with a multitude of other things too numerous to mention—presenting to us to-day, in modern times, many things of the early ages; and what is even more wonderful, many of them are of the most perishable character, which seem to have been peculiarly shielded or contained in vessels that escaped with but a scorching—and this all the better for their preservation while thus smothered under the falling stones, ashes, and lava of the terrible catastrophe!

One having time, may be interested in and about Naples for two weeks; enjoying at the same time a fine and bracing air, said to be more so than either Rome or Florence. Winds prevail in March and April; but those who are best informed say that little fog is realized, which is remarkable for a seaport town. I much doubt the superiority of the Neapolitan climate over that of San Francisco, California—taking into consideration uniformity, evenness, and healthiness the year round. I believe the climate of the latter to be more healthy: it is not in the least relaxing in the summer; which, I think, cannot be said of that of Naples during the two very hot months of July and August.

The other places of interest afforded the visitor at Naples are the ancient towns of Stable, Castellamare, Sorrento, Amalfi, Lacava, Salerno, twenty-seven miles distant, the ancient city of Paestrum, Aversa, eight miles, and Caserta, thirteen miles from the city; the palace of Cardilello, the city of Beneventum, Trajan's Arch, Procida, Ischia, and

Capri, seventeen miles over a splendid road, and the whole tour of the last three is included within this distance. The Castelnuovo, the Palace of Finance, and the Royal Palace measuring 455 feet in length, are all equally interesting—while every one who has heard of Italy, knows that the ruins of Pompeii, the museum, and the world-renowned Vesuvius are things of great interest, and should be seen by every one visiting Naples.



Peasantry riding into Naples.

CHAPTER XIV.

Departure from the Neapolitan City—Stormy Weather—The Quirinal—Last Look—The Night—The Sea and I—Next Morning—Landing at Civita Vecchia—Custom House—Rail to Rome—Arrival at Rome—Church of St. Paul: its grandeur and dimensions—The Piancotheca—Raphael's Peerless Transfiguration—The Grand Hall of the Vatican—The Coliseum: some of its past uses and history; its present interest; former capacity—View of Rome—The Pantheon—Basilica St. Sebastiano—The Catacombs—Circus of Romulus—Charming and Interesting Scenes—Where St. Peter was Crucified—Holy Table, Pilate's House, &c.—The Holy Steps—Santa Maria Maggiore—Sacred Culla—Fragments of our Saviour's Cross—St. Peter's Cross—Grand View of Rome—The Sacred Pillar—Rome Generally—Climate—Hotels, Fountains, and Cafés—The Pope—The Jews' Quarter and Streets—Francis II.—The Peerless St. Peter's—First Views Imperfect—Some Description of: its cost, dimensions, and grandeur—Easter Sunday—The Pope, his Triplet Crown, and what symbolical of—A sublime Earthly Temple—Coming in and going out of Rome—The Passport System and the way they do things—Seeking the Consul—The Taxing Process, &c.—Departure from the Pope's Dominions—Leghorn—The American Consul—Delightful Ride, and arrival at Florence.

On one of the most stormy days of the season we departed from the Neapolitan city, in which we had spent eight days with so much interest and pleasure. We much dislike to make the start in the face of a high-rolling sea, whose foaming surf comes up to the shore, which the windows of our hotel overlook, and the roaring sound seems aught but inviting. How different from the day of our arrival! It rains; and in such a raw March storm it seems to be a greater difficulty to get out than to come in, at which time they are so particular to see your passports and register your name. Having the day previous received the necessary visé to our passports, on proceeding to the office of the steamboat company for our tickets, we were required to give them to the agent, for which we are given a receipt in return, and the passports, according to rule, are sent on board in charge of the

captain; and I believe we are not to see them again till we reach Civita Vecchia, the port at which we land in order to reach Rome. Arriving at the wharf by a covered vehicle, we go aboard by a small boat, which is fearfully pitched about by the swelling waves—the rain wetting us and our baggage, which our umbrellas could not cover. Fortunately the fine French steamer *Quirinal* was quite near; and as she was advertised to leave at 4 P. M., we were more at ease when finding ourselves snugly in her cabin at half past 3, ready and impatient for a start much sooner than the steamer was inclined to move off. The time, too, has now arrived, and why this delay? It is said to be in accordance with French custom, to be an hour behind advertised time in starting. An hour or more has passed, when the blowing at the steam pipe ceases, which is always a good indication; and the next minute the splashing sound of the paddles is heard, and off we move over the rolling billow at precisely half past 5 o'clock. We took our parting view of Naples, her beautiful bay, and towering Vesuvius, which last, veiled with clouds, was not satisfactory nor at all pleasing: we wished it could have been different. The plates rattle: it is the sound for dinner, which is ready and announced by the bell at 6 o'clock. We have a full boat, but few at the table. I finished the first course, composed of a dish of well cooked macaroni soup, and received a silent warning that it would be better not to tarry, but seek a recumbent position as soon as I could get below. It does not go smoothly with others. Carrying a French roll with me, with the intention to eat something, I went down and nibbled away at that, lying flat—thus completing a dinner. Previous to this, I was not a little surprised to learn that all the state rooms were engaged, and my friend, myself, and another gentleman were to sleep on sofas or sit up, as we chose. To pay eleven piastres each to go 175 miles, the distance to the port of Civita Vecchia,

with such accommodations, was the dearest business we had yet met with on board of steamers. However, we endeavor to put a bright side on the matter, and consider ourselves having quite an interesting time of it. As the sea and I were a little at variance, as is generally the case upon a first introduction, I felt my most pleasant way was to hug the sofa closely till the next morning at half past 8 o'clock, the hour of our arrival and anchorage in the port of Civita Vecchia.

A very rough night had been experienced: some came out with writhed faces, saying they passed a "shocking" night; and those who on this raw, tempestuous morning were booked to proceed in a few hours farther up the coast, seemed much disinclined to do so. My athletic companion, having come ten thousand miles over the sea "without the first symptom," and of which he might well boast, now was obliged, for the first time, to succumb to the short swells of the little Mediterranean or Tuscan Sea. Early this morning he was obliged to doff his hat and make polite obeisance several times to the conquering wave. He charged it to a bad cup of coffee, and I could not restrain a comical smile to notice how blue and sober he looked over the matter. Fortunately I escaped with but the early premonition, and raced the upper deck to keep warm, while with a score of others we were waiting to receive *permission* to go ashore. We were obliged to wait the pleasure of the police, who, according to the pope's *pro forma*, come out in small boats to grant permits to those who can produce a passport and wish to land. What we had anticipated with dread, was now approaching a realization. We wanted to go to Rome, to look upon her wonders and inspect her many antiquities; but the engineering required of one to do so, and the vexation he is subject to at every step, almost inclined us not to attempt the performance. But we must go. We hear this morning that they are in no hurry, and always keep pas-

sengers an hour before coming out to the steamer to permit them to go off. We were all obliged to wait two hours. They come, give you a little permit with the sum of two francs written thereon, to pay the one having us in charge, as a fee of entrance, and, getting in a small boat, we are soon upon the wharf and within the dominion controlled by His Holiness; and after getting our baggage through the custom-house, we are in the course of the forenoon on our way to the city of world-renowned fame. Full particulars of the mode of ingress and egress I will state under another heading. Green fields are spread out to our view while thus riding in a south-eastern direction, with the sea in sight for many miles. The distance from Civita Vecchia to Rome by rail is 45¼ miles. Herds of large horned cattle and flocks of sheep are seen feeding upon the greensward. We seem to get no conception of the scene of an old country; on the contrary, it looks more like a new one. We see few dwellings and as few inhabitants. We make a couple of stops, and these are at stations of little importance. When within six or eight miles from the city, the road turns from the coast and heads more for the interior, and the view of the foaming sea is left in the rear. About here numerous vintages are seen, with an occasional dwelling; knolls, and rounded prominences; an aqueduct; with now and then an excavation. A dilapidated or partially fallen and covered wall or tenement somewhat changes the aspect of the scene. When about three miles from town we cross the Yellow Tiber—called yellow from the appearance which its waters continually bear upon their face, from the soil being of this color at its bottom. We are at Rome, after the long interval of two hours and a half to come 45¼ miles. On approaching the city, its appearance in the distance is more inviting than when entering by the coach her narrow, dingy, and filthy-looking streets. Everything looks greasy and

old; inclining one to the feeling of a short sojourn within her walls. Better this impression at first than afterward. Before reaching the hotel, however, and striking the Via del Corso and other streets, with now and then an open square and playing fountain, our views became with this introduction materially changed. We find comfortable rooms and a polite host at the Hôtel de l'Amérique, with those who speak good English; and withal feeling truly thankful to be thus coseyly nestled in Rome, after the peculiar tediousness and ado through which we passed and escaped at Civita Vecchia, and with but the smoke and moisture of the excitement on our backs.

CHURCH OF ST. PAUL.

On a cloudy afternoon, after visiting St. Peter's, we drive to the "Basilica of San Paolo fuori le Mura," or Church of St. Paul, which is situated 1¼ miles beyond the Porta San Paolo. It is said to have been commenced by the emperors Valentinian II. and Theodosius in A. D. 388, on the site of a more ancient basilica founded by Constantine over the catacomb of Lucina, a Roman lady, who had embraced Christianity, and completed by Honorius in 395. Leo III. restored it in the eighth century. Under the high altar was the tomb which the tradition of the church, from the earliest times, had pointed out as the burial place of St. Paul, whose body, on the same authority, had been removed here from the Vatican in A. D. 251, and enclosed in a stone urn, on which was engraved the name of the apostle. It is said also to be the church of which the kings of England were protectors previous to the Reformation, as the sovereigns of Austria, France, and Spain are still of the basilicas of the Vatican, of the Lateran, and of Santa Maria Maggiore. All this is now a matter of history, and the

edifice in which Christian worship had been uninterruptedly celebrated for nearly fifteen centuries was reduced to a heap of ruins on the 16th of July, 1823. Since the disaster, large sums have been contributed by the Catholic sovereigns and princes, and by each successive pope, for the restoration of the building; and the work is now completed, as far as the interior is concerned. The transept and high altar were finished and dedicated in 1840 by Gregory XVI., and the whole edifice in December, 1855, by Pius IX., in the presence of an immense concourse of church dignitaries and prelates from every part of Christendom.

This new structure has been thirty-nine years in building, and is yet not finished. Nothing can exceed the richness of the whole edifice. The splendid nave and aisles have been completed by Pius IX. The effect of the four ranges of granite columns is unparalleled, and, next to St. Peter's, it is undoubtedly the most colossal and magnificent structure of the kind in the world! There are eighty columns of solid granite in all, between the nave and aisles, of the Corinthian order, the capitals being of white marble; in addition to which, there are two, more colossal than the rest, of the Ionic order, supporting the arch over the high altar between the transept and the nave, and each of these magnificent pillars is of a single block from the quarries at Montorfano, near Baveno, on the Lago Maggiore, whence they were conveyed on rafts to the sea, and from the mouth of the Po to their present site in sailing vessels. Beneath the arch of Galla Placidia stands the high altar, under which are preserved the relics of St. Paul, except the head, which is at the Lateran, surmounted by a Gothic canopy on four columns of red porphyry, erected in 1820, and over this again by a magnificent baldaccino, supported by four columns of oriental alabaster, presented to Gregory XVI. by Mehemet Ali, the viceroy of Egypt. In front of the high altar, toward

the nave, is the splendidly decorated chapel or confessional of St. Timothy, where his remains are deposited. Here is a series of portraits of the popes in mosaic, who have occupied the papal chair from St. Peter to the reigning pontiff. The likenesses of the later ones only can be correct, while the former are to be regarded as imaginary. The total length and dimensions of this costly and magnificent structure are said to be: in length, 396 feet, not including the tribunal; the length of the nave, 306; the width of the nave and side aisles, 222; the width of the transepts, 250 feet; and the length of the transepts, exclusive of the tribune, 90 feet. It is one of the grandest modern structures I have yet beheld.

PIANCOTHECA, OR GALLERY OF PICTURES.

Our next visit was to the picture gallery: two among the collection are remarkable, and claim the admiration of all lovers of art. One, representing the communion of St. John, is considered second only to the Transfiguration painted by Raphael, and is remarkable for its unity and simplicity of action, which explain the subject at the first glance. St. Jerome, who died at Bethlehem, is represented receiving the sacrament from St. Ephraim of Syria, who is clothed in the vestments of the Greek Church, the deacon bearing the sacramental chalice wears the dalmatica, and the kneeling attendant holds the volume of the Gospels. Santa Paola, on her knees, kisses the hands of the dying saint.

The other splendid work of art, is the "Transfiguration" by Raphael, the last and greatest oil picture of the immortal master, and justly considered the first oil painting in the world. I cannot better describe it than in the words of Murray: "The twofold action of the picture has been frequently criticized, but it appears to be in perfect accordance with the intention of the painter to produce a work in

which the calamities of life should lead the afflicted to look to heaven for comfort and relief." The upper part of the composition is intended to represent Mount Tabor; the three apostles are lying on the ground, unable to bear the light proceeding from the divinity of Christ, who is floating in the air with Moses and Elijah, as a personification of the power of the Lord and the source of Christian consolation. The scene below is a representation of the sufferings of humanity: on one side are nine of the apostles; on the other a group of persons are bringing to them a demoniac boy. His limbs are fearfully convulsed, and every countenance wears an expression of terror. Two of the apostles point upward to indicate the only Power by whom he can be cured. "In the fury of the possessed," says Lanzi, "in the steady faith of the father, in the affliction of a beautiful and interesting female, and the compassion evinced by the apostles, he has depicted the most pathetic story he ever conceived. And yet even all this does not excite our admiration so much as the primary subject on the Mount. There the figures of the two prophets and the three disciples are truly admirable; but still more admirable is that of the Saviour, in which we seem to behold the effulgence of eternal glory, that spiritual lightness, that air of divinity which will one day bless the eyes of the elect. In the head of the Saviour, on which he lavished all his powers of majesty and beauty, we see at once the last perfection of art and the last work of Raphael. The two figures, who are seen kneeling under the tree on the Mount, in adoration of the mysterious scene, are St. Julian and St. Lawrence."

One is not satisfied with a cursory view of pictures like these, but is drawn to behold them again and again; and the more they are studied, the more interesting and enchanting they become. There are others in the gallery, of merit, and one especially, the crucifixion of St. Peter, a magnificent

painting, classed among Guido's best works. The Braccio Nuovo, or hall of statues and busts, we next visited. The hall is 260 feet long, supported by columns of cippolino, giallo antico, and gray granite, with Corinthian capitals: in the centre are two tribunes, decorated with two fine columns of white oriental alabaster and two of giallo antico. The floor is paved with white marble and ancient mosaics carefully restored. There are upward of forty statues and eighty busts in the collection. The Nile is one of the grandest figures in the collection. To go into detail in regard to these and other collections would occupy too much space, and therefore I will omit it. The next is the Vatican Library. It is said to contain in the oriental collection 590 Hebrew, 786 Arabic, 80 Coptic, 71 Ethiopic, 459 Syriac, 64 Turkish, 65 Persian, 1 Samaritan, 13 Armenian, 2 Iberian, 22 Indian, 10 Chinese, and 18 Sclavonic manuscripts. The amount of the whole collection of Greek, Latin, and Oriental manuscripts is 23,580, the finest collection in the world. The Great Hall is 220 feet long; and the galleries, which open from the extremity of the Great Hall, and which occupy 1,200 feet in length, contain also presses with manuscripts. These contain also many interesting things: such as lamps, glasses, gems, personal ornaments, instruments for domestic use of the early Christians, chiefly from the catacombs, and also various instruments of torture employed against the early sufferers for our faith, amongst which deserving notice is a plumbatum, or copper ball filled with lead and attached to a chain, found alongside the body of a Christian martyr in his tomb. Antique paintings of Samson slaying the Philistines and carrying off the gates of Gaza; our Saviour amongst the apostles, or the last supper; a dove with the olive branch, and a copy of a female figure in the act of adoration, from the catacombs of St. Nereo.

COLISEUM, OR COLOSSEUM.

April 2, 1862.—The Coliseum—the wonder of old Rome. Approaching it, we are at once struck with the magnitude of its still massive and towering outlines, its brown and yellowish composition, with the tops of its many tiers, stories, and divisions, capped with growing moss, plants, ferns, and flowers, spontaneously springing from the mortared places of stones and entablatures long since fallen. We are within the vast area of elliptical form and regular arrangement, the length of which is 278 feet, and 177 in width, and this the smallest portion of the whole area upon which the great foundations of the ancient structure are placed, and the extended surface which they occupy. As one beholds the whole, there is no doubt as to its antiquity, and the wonders concerning it of which history speaks. There are no drawings, neither have there been any descriptions to come up to the reality. This building is said to have been commenced A. D. 72, and dedicated by Titus A. D. 80, ten years after the destruction of Jerusalem. Church tradition informs us that it was designed by Gaudentius, a Christian architect and martyr, and that many thousand captive Jews were employed in its construction.

History relates that at the dedication of the building by Titus, 5,000 wild beasts were slaughtered in the arena, and the games in honor of the event lasted for nearly a hundred days. During the persecutions of the Christians, the amphitheatre was the scene of fearful barbarities. In the reign of Trajan, St. Ignatius was brought from Antioch purposely to be devoured by wild beasts in the Coliseum, and the traditions of the church are filled with the names of martyrs who perished in its arena. It is stated that in the middle ages it supplied the Roman princes, for nearly two hundred years, with materials for their palaces, and that

the palace of St. Mark and the Farnese and Barberini palaces were in great part built from its ruins. After these, and to prevent other encroachments, Benedict XIV., in 1750, consecrated the building to the memory of the Christian martyrs who had perished in it. The French cleared the porticos, and removed the rubbish which had accumulated for centuries. A cross now stands in the middle of the arena, and fourteen representations of our Lord's passion are placed at regular distances around it. In the rude pulpit a monk preaches every Friday.

The amphitheatre is built of travertine, though large masses of brick are to be seen in different parts of the interior. The outer elevation is four stories. In each of the lower tiers there were eighty arches: the first, of the Doric order, is nearly 30 feet high; the second, Ionic, about 38 feet; the third is Corinthian, of the same height; and the fourth, also Corinthian, is 44 feet high. The height of the outer wall is said to be 157 feet; the major axis of the building, including the thickness of the walls, is 584 feet, the minor axis 468 feet. The superficial area is nearly six acres. We mount to the third tier or story by stone steps, and, looking below, are enabled to take in much more of its vastness, and get some idea of the great rising circle, which, with its highest seats one hundred and fifty-seven feet above the actors, is said to have been of sufficient capacity to take in and entertain eighty-five thousand people! Others state that one hundred thousand could be accommodated! What a thought for us who live in modern times, who walk around and over it, now beholding the still vast proportions and outlines of a work exciting the surprise of thousands of our day! It has been robbed of its rich marble exterior and the beauty of its internal finish, leaving nothing but the main solid walls, the eastern portions of which have been partially thrown down, while the opposite side yet stands

to the towering height previously mentioned. It is said to have been two stories higher than the highest portion now seen. As we cast our eye, on this lovely April morn, over Rome and the country, the scene is peculiarly enchanting. All things in nature appear in the first fashion of spring's early bloom, and wear a freshness in the highest degree pleasing. The rounded domes, the courts, the palaces, obelisks, temples, and tombs, the long white form of St. Paul's, and the crowning majesty of St. Peter's, stand out in bold contrast amid green trees and the yet standing pillars and walls, designating ancient palaces and forums, once the glory of this wonderful city!

PANTHEON, BASILICA OF SAN SEBASTIANO, CATACOMBS, AND CIRCUS OF ROMULUS OR MAXENTIUS.

There are so many things of interest in Rome, that one hardly knows which to visit first. Things of any account within the city may be taken up and disposed of, especially those near by, within a short interval, which would be insufficient for more distant and interesting places and objects requiring special hours in the day, and much more time to see them. The Pantheon is but a short walk from any of the hotels, and is worthy the stranger's attention. As this building is one of the relics of Rome, and celebrated for its architectural beauty, which, it is said, claimed the admiration of the ancients eighteen centuries ago; and as it is also the best preserved monument of ancient Rome, every one thus visiting it must be interested while considering its merits, which were specially held in such esteem at so early a period, and during so many ages of the past. Says Childe Harold:

> "Shalt thou not last? Time's scythe and tyrants' rods
> Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
> Of art and piety—Pantheon! pride of Rome!"

It was erected by Agrippa in his third consulate, B. C. 27. In 608, Boniface IV. obtained permission from the emperor Phocas to consecrate it as a Christian church, under the name of S. Maria ad Martyres; and to this circumstance the world is probably indebted for the preservation of the only monument of ancient Rome which has retained its original appearance. It is 110 feet long and 44 deep, and composed of sixteen Corinthian columns of granite, with capitals and bases of white marble. The height from the pavement to the summit is also 143 feet. The majestic dome is divided into square panels, which are supposed to have been covered originally with bronze. The pavement is composed of porphyry and different marbles, disposed alternately in round and square compartments. It is sacred in the history of art as the burial place of Raphael, whose tomb is behind the third chapel on the left, which was endowed by him.

We next ride to the basilica of San Sebastiano and catacombs, about two miles beyond the gate of that name on the Via Appia. The remains of St. Sebastian are buried under the altar in a marble urn. In the opposite aisle is the handsome chapel of Albanis, and near it another celebrated for its relics! the most curious is the stone which is said to contain the impression left by the Saviour's feet when he was met by St. Peter at the spot now occupied by the little church of *Domine, quo vadis*, which was built to commemorate the event, and so called from the words which St. Peter addressed to our Lord.

We pass from this down to the catacombs, over which the basilica stands. They are immense subterranean galleries, labyrinthine, and through which we pass with torches, a guide in advance lighting the way. These galleries are supposed to have been originally excavated by the early Christians for the purpose of depositing their dead, and sub-

sequently for religious worship and meeting. From the open places which served as chapels and localities of meeting, there are other passages diverging in different directions, and on each side of these passages are niches for the dead, in tiers above each other. These oblong places thus cut in the side are of different lengths and sizes, and in some localities there may be seen a group of them, leading one to believe, as is stated, that such were the resting places of one family. We see them of a size sufficient to take in a child, and varying from that to a capacity sufficient to contain the remains of a grown person. Who can then doubt, while walking through these extended subterranean caverns, that the early Christians here entombed their dead, and, also, were accustomed to meet in such places for religious worship, and for concealment from persecution? We are told that the excavations now seen are but a small portion of what has been already explored, and the danger of allowing such a labyrinth of subterranean passages to remain open, has rendered it necessary to close many of them. The monuments, inscriptions, &c., found here, have been removed to the museum of the Vatican and the Lateran, where they may be seen.

Proceeding from this, we continue our drive over the old road walled up on both sides, toward ancient Rome, to the ruins of the circus of Romulus or Maxentius, which, with its vast area of 1,580 feet in length, and 260 in breadth, is in the best state of preservation of any, thus enabling the visitor to study the construction of what was once one of the most extensive of ancient circuses. Here chariots were driven with great celerity, and expert feats, such as were customary in that day, were viewed by thousands who sat within the long walls now overgrown with shrub and verdure; while the great area lying within is a beautiful meadow in the freshness of spring, where the pretty goat

and her kid graze, the cow and horse roam, and from and over which the meadow lark dances in the breeze, with her unique melody sent to us on the air. The sweetness of this bird's voice, so long since heard, struck us with momentary delight. The walls are constructed with brick and small stones, with portions of large earthen vases remaining along near the top of the inside, showing the mode in which the building was lighted, and below which fall the terraced seats. At one end are remaining two towers, the supposed seats of umpires, while at the other end of the long circus are the *carceres*, six in number, designed for the chariots—one end being in the form of a semicircle, through which is a wide gate of entrance, and steps leading from it. The whole, once buried in the ruins of past ages, was carefully excavated in 1825, at the expense of the banker Torlonia, to whom the estate upon which it is situated belonged: the fragments of statues, &c., then found, with Latin inscriptions, have been placed at the entrance. From this we again take the carriage and proceed farther in our ride over this old thoroughfare, with traces and fragments of ruins on either side, interesting us at every step. Terminating our ride at a rising hill, from which we look to the eastward upon the ruins and yet standing columns of ancient Rome by the side of green fields, with an amphitheatre of mountains rising far beyond, presenting in their general outline a gray appearance, some darkly shaded, while the highest are clothed in their snowy garb, reminding us of winter scenes amid the beauty of spring and budding roses—we return to town, from want of time to proceed farther to-day on this interesting trip, hoping to resume it again to complete our observations of all that may be traced out concerning the ancient and once great and populous city of Rome.

On our next ride we pass through the Porta Maggiore, a noble arch of travertine, the finest gate in Rome, formed

by two arches of the Claudian aqueduct. It commemorates the name of Tiberius Claudius, emperor of Rome, who in the year 41 of the Christian era brought the aqueduct over it into the city. Following the wall farther around, we come to the closed gate, called Porta Latina. The church tradition relates that St. John the Evangelist suffered martyrdom within this gate, by being thrown into a cauldron of boiling oil, where the circular chapel of S. Giovanni in Oleo now stands. We proceed from this to the Mamertine prison. This celebrated prison is one of the few existing works of the kingly period. It is built in the most substantial style, and consists of two chambers or cells, evidently excavated in the tufa rock, and placed one over the other. They are situated beneath the church of S. Guiseppe dei Falegami. A flight of steps leads down to what is styled the upper chamber, sixteen feet high, thirty feet in length, and twenty-two in breadth, and is constructed with large masses of peperino without cement. The lower prison, reached by another flight of stairs, is something of the form of a hollow globe, twenty feet in diameter. The stones of the roof of this lower chamber are held together by strong cramps of iron. In the centre of the vault is a circular aperture through which the prisoners were thrown into it. It is hardly possible to imagine a more horrible dungeon. It is stated that Jugurtha was here starved to death; also Cethegus, Lentulus, with the other associates of Catiline, were strangled by order of Cicero, &c. The church tradition has consecrated this prison as the place in which St. Peter was crucified by order of Nero. The pillar to which he was fastened is shown, together with the fountain which miraculously sprang up to enable him to baptize his jailers, Processus and Martinianus.

From this we drive to the Cloaca Maxima, a subterranean canal extending to the Tiber. This prodigious work is

an enduring memorial of early Roman architecture, and is as firm as when the foundations were first placed. It has stood seven hundred years, unaffected by the tremor of earthquakes and the waters of the Tiber. It is stated, nearly twenty-five centuries have now passed over since its first foundation; and undoubtedly it will excite the admiration of posterity for an equal lapse of centuries.

Our next visit is to the basilica of the Lateran, which was long regarded as the first of Christian churches: the engraved letters over the door styles it, "*Omnium urbis et orbis Ecclesiarum, Mater et Caput.*" For fifteen hundred years it has preserved its rank and privileges over St. Peter's, in the ceremony of taking possession of the Lateran basilica, in the election of a new pope. It is third in size, beauty, and magnificence, among the many churches of Rome. The high altar of the basilica stands beneath a beautiful Gothic tabernacle. It was erected at the expense of Charles V. of France, to receive the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul, which were found during his reign among the ruins of the old church. Within the high altar is enclosed a table of wood, upon which St. Peter is said to have officiated, and upon which the pope, or cardinal authorized by a special brief from him, only can celebrate mass. The vault is covered with mosaics, representing our Saviour in the heavens, with the rivers of paradise, the Virgin and saints, &c. In a recess, a table is shown as that on which the Last Supper was laid. It is composed of cedar wood of very ancient appearance, and was once encased in silver. One of the single chapels of this church cost 65,000 pounds, equal to $325,000. We passed from this to the cloisters which retain their beautiful Gothic appearance of the 12th and 13th centuries. In these cloisters we were shown two columns, said to be of Pilate's house, and also a column, which was split when the vale of the Temple was rent in twain, on each

side of the porphyry slab on which the soldiers cast lots for the Saviour's raiment; and another slab supported by four columns, which are said to be the height of our Saviour (6 feet).

We proceed next to the Scala Santa, or basilica containing the Holy Steps. These stairs are composed of twenty-eight marble steps, which church tradition says belonged to Pilate's house, and are the same which our Saviour descended when he left the judgment seat. Penitents only are allowed to ascend them on their knees; and the numbers thus visiting them in the past were so great that it was found expedient to protect them by a wood covering, which has been three times renewed. The Holy Steps are a fair sample of white marble, and are evidently considerably worn, as one may see beneath the planks. The church has also a pretty Gothic chapel at the summit, called the Sancto Sanctorum, with a painting of the Saviour, 5 feet 8 in height, said to be an exact likeness of our Lord at the age of twelve. No woman is allowed to enter it.

From this we next go to the basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, and I should say the fourth church in extent and beauty. It was founded A. D. 352, and is located on the summit of the Esquiline, one of the seven hills of Rome. Its columns are composed of solid jasper, and received its present name from being one of the principal churches in the city dedicated to the Virgin. From the elevated balcony in the portico of the extensive façade the Pope pronounces the benediction on the carnival of the Assumption. Many of the walls and vaults of the portico are covered with mosaics, and the interior is the finest of its kind in existence. The aisles are divided by two rows of white marble columns of the Ionic order. The length is 280 feet; the breadth 60. Mosaic pictures embellish the side walls of the nave and the arch of the tribune, representing the lives of Moses, Joshua,

Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, of the Old Testament. The subterranean chapel beneath the altar contains the sacred *culla*, comprised of five boards of the manger in which the infant Saviour was received at his birth, being encased in an urn of silver and crystal, with the gilt figure of a child on top. It is said they were brought to Rome from Bethlehem at the time St. Jerome's remains were also brought in the seventh century by Pope Theodorus. In front of the basilica is a splendid Corinthian column of white marble, forty seven feet high, exclusive of the capital. It formerly belonged to the basilica of Constantine, and some say, originally to the Temple of Peace founded by Vespasian.

BASILICA OF SANTA CROCE IN GERUSALEMME.

This building is said to contain fragments of the true cross, which were placed in it by the empress Helena, brought from Jerusalem, from which it derives its name. These sacred relics are to be seen only on Easter week. The high altar is rendered beautiful by its ancient urn in green basalt, with four lions' heads, in which the remains of SS. Caesarius are placed. The chapel in this basilica, called St. Helena, the floor of which is said to be formed by earth brought by St. Helena from Jerusalem, cannot be entered by ladies except on the 20th of March, which date is the anniversary of its dedication. A special notice to this effect is engraven on a marble slab, and placed near it, that the fair sex may fully understand the matter.

Driving from this to the next, called S. Maria degli Angeli, situated in the Piazza di Termini, we find another immense structure, which vies with the others in beauty, having the form and shape of a Greek cross. It is erected over the Piancotheca, or spot of the ancient baths. Eight of the sixteen magnificent columns of the church are of red Egyp-

tian granite, with fine bases of white marble. The transept hall is 297½ feet long, 91 wide, and 84 high. The length from the entrance to the high altar is 336 feet. The granite columns are composed of one piece, 45 feet high. The large pictures which adorn the walls are magnificent. That of the baptism of our Lord is an exceedingly fine one. There are seven others very beautiful. The cloister has around it one hundred columns of the Doric style, composed of travertine, forming four fine corridors. Within this square are the tall cypresses, which, it is said, were planted around the fountain by Michael Angelo, at the time of the construction of the cloister. These stately and ancient trees, which adorn their places with the fresh hue of the present age, are thirteen feet in circumference, and are said to be 300 years old. Their gray, weather-beaten trunks, irregular at the base, seem truthfully to bear out the assertion. Adjoining the church is the Pope's oil cellar, in which all the oil is preserved for use in the city. We did not care to look into it. We pass from this in our drive to S. Maria della Vittoria in the Via de Porta Pia. This bears similarity to some others visited, and is a fine temple with its chapel, disclosing rich formations of jasper and alabaster. Some of the flags seen hanging on the roof were taken from the Turks at the battle of Lepanto in 1571.

Proceeding to the next, we find it more interesting, from the sacred memories of antiquity of which it is the monument. This church is called S. Pietro in Montorio, and stands near the spot where St. Peter was crucified, the foundation stone being laid by Constantine, and derives its name of Monte d'Oro or Montorio, from the yellow sand which composes a part on which it stands. The transfiguration is finely represented in the fresco of the roof, and is said to have engaged the attention of Sebastian for six years. This church should prove interesting to Irish travellers, as it

contains the tomb or remains of Hugh O'Nia, Tyrconnell, Baron Dungannon, the son of the Earl of Tyrone, who fled their country, and died at Rome in the seventeenth century; having been engaged with others in their intrigues against Elizabeth and James I. In one of the cloisters is the spot where, it is also stated, St. Peter is supposed to have suffered martyrdom. It is a small circular building, displaying the first work of modern times. In the upper chapel, before the altar is a sitting statue of St. Peter; and in the richly decorated crypt below, may be seen the hole into which was struck the cross upon which the Prince of the Apostles was crucified. This church stands upon a hill, and from its front we get one of the most magnificent views in Rome. We are enabled to see its length and breadth, and the country around, which, in part, led us to its summit.

This, with the view from the cupola of the capitol, is the best to be had in the city. St. Peter's, standing to the north-west from our position, is, with all but the dome, shut from our view by this rising hill, partly behind which it stands. With this exception, the greatest structures of the whole city lie under the eye; and, when taken with the surrounding country, the Appian hills, and, still farther beyond, the long blue lines of the Apennines, the whole makes an extensive and beautiful picture. Looking immediately upon the town, we count some twenty grand domes, the most of which are the crowns of costly churches, the finest of which have been visited and mentioned. Domes, in lieu of pointed steeples, designate the multitude of magnificent temples and houses of worship in Rome. The amount of money thus lavished upon them, if it could be computed, would seem like a wonderful fable instead of an astonishing fact. While the poor of Rome have suffered, and many of them been permitted to starve, these grand temples, churches, and palaces, to say nothing of the cloisters and nunneries, have been

constructed and embellished with the most precious things of earth, and have risen toward the sky, as monuments to satisfy in a great measure the pride of earthly power and glory. Kings, emperors, queens, viceroys, and sultans, of different nations of the world, have contributed toward the erection and embellishment of these monuments, which the scythe of Time will level to the earth, as seen in the carpet of green and standing trees over ancient Rome, and the crumbling citadels and mosques of oriental Egypt. Deeds of love and works of charity, and the spirit of Christ—which so many gorgeous pictures and costly temples are intended to typify—really and faithfully performed, will continue to shine and endure amid the glory of another world, long after the solid monuments we now behold have fallen, and their symmetrical parts have returned to the chaotic disorder out of which they were formed.

S. Praxcedes, coming next, and which is adjacent to the basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, is represented to have been a place of security for the early Christians from persecution. This place is rendered remarkable by the sacred antiquities which it contains. The identical pillar on which it is said Christ was scourged, is here placed for the inspection of visitors. It is a portion of a column of black and white marble, to which he was bound at the time of his flagellation, and it is said it was brought from Jerusalem in 1223. Ladies are here also forbidden to enter the chapel under pain of excommunication. In the middle of the nave is a well, in which St. Praxcedes is said to have collected the bodies and blood of the martyrs who suffered on this hill. Under the high altar in the confessional are four sarcophagi of early Christians, one of which contains the remains of SS. Praxcedes and Pudentiana. The church tradition speaks of Pudens as the first person in Rome converted to Christianity by St. Paul: the apostle lodged in his house from the

first year of Claudius to the ninth, and again in the year 62, when he returned a second time to Rome. The departure of the Jews from Rome is mentioned in Acts xviii. 2: "Because that Claudius had commanded all the Jews to depart from Rome." What we here saw interested us much.

This ends the many visits paid to the churches of this city. At every one a person encounters from one to five beggars, some lame, without eyes, or decrepit, and others apparently in good health, of middle age or young, and, one would judge, competent to do almost any kind of physical labor. Whether any or all are worthy or not, and fit objects of charity, one is left to judge and bestow accordingly. The beggars of Rome exceed in number those of any other country I have visited. When visiting public places in and about Rome, those in attendance expect a fee, which is cringingly demanded with an extended hand or hat, especially if, before one departs, he seems to have forgotten this part of his business. In this work of sight seeing, a person, in order to get a peep at things hidden by drawn curtains, or doors to be opened only with keys, needs not only to have a seeing eye and thoughtful mind, but his purse of small change constantly open, out of which to bestow shining gratuities.

Rome is filthy, and in many respects unpleasant, but an exceedingly interesting city. The climate is called soft; it is relaxing, and less bracing and healthy than that of Naples. The thermometer, for nine days during my stay, in April, averaged 63°. The immediate suburbs are pleasant and rather enchanting. Upon the whole, as a city in which to reside, one would prefer almost any other Italian town to Rome, especially during the summer. The streets are narrow, and, as I have said, many of them are filthy, while the old and greasy appearance of buildings in the compact portions is anything but enchanting. Rome may be called a city of

fountains. They are playing night and day everywhere. Water is abundantly supplied, and the unique style of many of these fountains, with jets sent out through every kind of image, makes up one of the pleasant features of the city. The hotels and their *tables d'hôte* are well supplied, the room occupied is according to the extent of your purse or desire. You pay an extra price for everything furnished of a perishable nature, from a piece of soap to a candle. Service is extra, and for which an extra charge is made in your bill; and all these things are well enough, considering that one is in Rome, and should be willing to "do as the Romans do." The only thing that seems wanting is a public sitting room or parlor, in which to spend short intervals, especially on rainy and gloomy days, when a person does not wish to be wholly cooped up in his isolated apartment, or be exposed to the inclemency of the weather.

The *cafés* of Rome may be counted by scores, and the prominent ones are filled, in the evening, with smokers and coffee drinkers; and the sound from so many voices in conversation, makes up a continual roar of musical Italian. The Pope keeps himself as much confined as though a prisoner: in fact, I cannot but regard His Holiness as such; and this is not, by any means, an enviable situation. The emperor of France has, according to computation, here and through the Roman States, 25,000 soldiers for his protection. How long this state of things is to exist, no seer can well determine, but Italy will some day be freed entirely. Daily the troops of Napoleon may be seen on drill; and their uniform and dress, in red pants, as they move at times in bodies by the call of the shrill bugle, is a scene not a little enlivening and exciting.

PRESENTATION TO THE POPE.

Any gentleman desiring to be presented to His Holiness is received in his private apartments on week days; ladies only on Sundays, and then are received in one of the galleries of the Vatican—it being contrary to etiquette to admit females, except of royal blood, into His Holiness's apartments. It is also etiquette that Protestants should show him that mark of respect, which His Holiness has reason to expect upon presentation, by kissing his hand. Roman Catholics will consider it their duty toward the head of their church to kiss the Pope's foot or knee, or to make such an obeisance as to show their desire to do so. The number of priests and friars in Rome is also said to be 4,500, and of nuns 1,900. The number of Jews—descendants of the original Jerusalemites—is 4,196; and they are compelled to live within circumscribed limits—a district called the Ghetto or Jews' quarter, a filthy locality near the Tiber, and the first place to overflow at high water. The principal business thoroughfare in Rome is the Via del Corso, on which there are many good stores, with almost every conceivable thing for sale. This is the only street with sidewalks, and these are very narrow. It is not an unusual thing to see ladies, finely attired, walking in the middle of the streets, for this reason. Vetturas, carriages, and other modes of conveyance may be had at reasonable prices—in fact, cheap or dear, according to your means or notion; and one will not experience much trouble in finding them, for at the corner of every street and on every plazza he is hailed by anxious owners and postilions, who are ready to serve him for from two to four pauls an hour. Among the notables who may be seen on pleasant days in a princely carriage, driving over and about Rome, with his queenly wife, is ex-King Francis II., the former king of Naples and the

Sicilies, who, having fled before the smoke of Garibaldi's cannon, is here under the Pope's protection, or the Pope is under his—a matter which it is quite difficult at present to tell. His efforts to buy back his kingdom will not succeed.

ST. PETER'S.

What shall I say of it? Much has been written, and its grand outlines so often portrayed to the world, that to write minutely and at length concerning it seems quite unnecessary. I have felt indisposed to attempt any description of this costly temple of earth; and now must leave it with but a few remarks, in view of all that has been said, and my inability to add anything new, or do it the justice which it merits. Every one concedes it to be unsurpassed by any other of its kind in existence. This magnificent temple of art I have visited and revisited, and every time something unseen, some part, which before was cursorily scanned, more fully appreciated, and the imagination so much taken up with the first wondrous view of its immensity, that the mind still failed to take in fully its vastness, and the transcendent glory borne upon the face of its stately forms, which, while the world stands, will continue to claim the admiration and excite the wonder of men! One is not satisfied with a single visit. The appearance under a more careful scrutiny becomes more august, and the mind thus gradually comprehends the growing vastness which its many portions contribute, to make up the grand whole. This structure may afford interesting study to the curious and investigating mind for a month, and then there will be something more to admire or interest the visitor. Who does not love to go and look at St. Peter's, and wish to linger there, and scan the symmetrical pile, with its towering dome reaching toward the sky. The stranger generally is first met here—he looks,

perhaps, for the first or second time through the spacious interior; inspects with careful study the statuary, the pictures, the emblems, and the richly and massively formed interior of its many chapels; he admires from all standing points the grand bronze baldacchino, covering the high altar, under which are the relics of St. Peter—the same prominent covering is supported by its four unique spiral columns, 95¼ feet high, and the whole cost of this arrangement alone is $110,000. He walks up to the confessional, with its circular balustrade of marble, on which are suspended 93 lamps, kept burning night and day; he casts his eyes down in the sunken space within, following the double flight of steps which lead to the kneeling statue of Pius VI.; he continues his journey from this to the tribune, rich with decorations, to behold at the farther end the identical chair of St. Peter, in bronze, of prodigious size; he moves from monument to monument, and tomb to tomb, endeavoring to decipher sacred inscriptions and representations; he meets, all along the sides, beautifully faced slabs of marble, porphyry, and alabaster, bearing different hues; he pauses before the superb pictures in mosaic, especially that of the Transfiguration, large and life-like, begetting within him feelings identical to the speaking representations in the portrayal of which the artist has so ingeniously succeeded. He sees a small object in the distance, walks toward it; it proves an immense medallion, a great marble cherub, or some colossal figure typical of life, artistically carved out of the hardest and richest material. Among these are the basins which contain the holy water, the doves holding an olive branch, the busts and statues of patriarchs, apostles, and popes. He walks the length and breadth over a marble floor, composed of different colors and qualities, contributed from time to time by different kings of the world, and feels that he understands its dimensions; he walks it and inquires, find-

ing the length of the transepts 446½ feet, and the entire transverse measurement of St. Peter's, from end to end, six hundred and thirteen and a half feet! He gazes with astonishment upon the width of the naves and aisles, the four great arches, the fine, massive piers which support them, and Corinthian pilasters in stucco, and, lastly, the four immense pillars which support the dome; and then gets no adequate conception of even these last, until, walking around them, he finds their circumference two hundred and fifty-three feet! He again steps to the centre to behold the grand dome itself; he thinks it lofty and beautiful, a glorious canopy, a noble crown, a wondrous cupola! The height, even to the top of the grand pilasters which support it, seems great; but when told the letters on the frieze and internal surrounding of the dome's base, are six feet long, and the little pen in St. Luke's hand on the spandril of the arches measures seven feet, his gazing wonder is merged into complete astonishment! But look up to the very internal apex of the dome, cast the eye around its circular and symmetrical form to the point of its centre, and become still more impressed with its immensity, height, and grandeur! Standing thus under this glorious scene of art, the measurement of 175 feet would seem an ample calculation from the floor to the top; but we are told that the stupendous vault thus raised over our heads, claims the perpendicular altitude of four hundred and five feet, and that its height from the pavement to the top of the cross outside extends to 448 feet, with a diameter of 195½ feet at the dome's base: we then begin to comprehend something of the magnitude of St. Peter's! He may visit and revisit it; look into all the wonders of Rome; go to the catacombs, the Coliseum, the ruins, the Vatican, the Capitol, the numerous basilicas and churches, seeing every place and thing of acknowledged interest in and about Rome; and as he again enters the great

temple of art, its immensity will have seemed to grow upon him. He feels inspired anew; the very air seems to eat up all that is harsh, and leaves him nothing but the sublime to feast on. He may pay seven pauls for a permit to ascend and look down from the summit of the elevated dome, and also, for a small fee, descend into the subterranean church, and, with wax tapers in hand, grope around, peeping into the Grottes—see sepulchral urns of popes and historical personages, with too many other things there to mention; he may ascend from the dark cavern to the grand interior of the temple, and behold anew; he may look around, and pass out of one of the five great doors of the church to the magnificent vestibule, 379 feet long and 148¼ feet high, and find this of itself sufficient for an immense church: it is also rich, massive, and costly in decorations and materials. He may descend the steps to the open space in front, with his eye falling on the two semicircular colonnades numbering 284 columns, beside 64 great pilasters, all of which are of an equal height of 48 feet. He may scan the long entablatures which crown them, with their 192 statues of saints, each twelve feet high. He may then turn to behold, for the last time, these extending up to the sides of the great structure, and thus look back upon the imposing front with its grand façade, supported by eight immense columns and four pilasters, each 92½ feet high, from the attic of which appear with splendid effect the thirteen colossal statues, 18½ feet in height, representing the Saviour and twelve apostles,—and with all this, he will go away knowing little of St. Peter's.

This grand temple was commenced in 1450. The drum of the great dome was completed in 1790, at which time, it is stated, 600 workmen were engaged upon it night and day. Thirty thousand pounds of iron were used upon it. The time required for the entire completion of St. Peter's was three and a half centuries, during the reign of 43 popes.

The estimated cost of the building, at the close of the seventeenth century, is said to have been $50,000,000. According to the best information, St. Peter's, in dimensions, exceeds that of any other church in the world. The length of St. Peter's, as stated, is 613½ feet. That of St. Paul's, in London, is 520½ feet. The Milan cathedral is 443 feet. St. Paul's, of Rome, is 419½ feet. St. Sophia's, of Constantinople, the fifth in size in the world, is said to be 360½ feet long. Thus we see this beautiful structure of St. Peter's transcending them all. There is a bronze statue of St. Peter located within it, on the right hand side as you pass toward the altar from the entrance, before which all devotees bow and kiss the toe upon passing out. It is worn so smooth by the many lips that have been pressed to it, that it fairly glistens. There is also enclosed in a room adjoining the first chapel on the same side a column in white marble, said to have been brought from Jerusalem, on which our Saviour leaned when disputing with the doctors. The body of St. Peter, which is beneath the confessional, was brought here by S. Cornelius, during the middle of the fourth century, from the subterranean crypt of St. Sebastian on the Via Appia.

As early as the year 90 of the Christian era, the Bishop of Rome, who had received ordination from St. Peter himself, erected an oratory on the site of the present structure, to mark the spot where the remains of the apostle were deposited after his crucifixion on the hill of St. Pietro in Montorio, and where so many of the early Christians had suffered martyrdom. The present form of St. Peter's is that of a Latin cross, according to Raphael's plan. And the space covered by the buildings of St. Peter's is 240,000 square feet, or about 5½ acres. To keep the great building in repair, including superintendence, costs annually 30,000 scudi, equal to $31,500! On the occasion of the illumina-

tion of St. Peter's, the building is lit up with 6,800 lamps; at which time its gigantic proportions stand out against the dark sky in a complete firmament of fire. It is stated farther that 382 men are employed to light the lamps. Each illumination costs 600 scudi. On Thursday of Holy Week, the cardinal grand penitentiary sits in the north transept of St. Peter's for three hours before dark, to give absolution for mortal sins, which cannot otherwise be absolved. Easter Sunday is the grandest occasion of the Roman Catholic Church. Daybreak is announced by the cannon of the castle of St. Angelo. At 9½ high mass takes place in St. Peter's, the pope, on this occasion, officiating. He enters the church in solemn procession, every incident of which has a mystical meaning. His Holiness is borne on a portable throne, which is symbolical of his elevation as the vicar of Christ. Before him are carried two fans of ostrich feathers, in which the eyes of peacocks' feathers are set, as a symbol both that vigilance is required of the pontiff, and also that the eyes of all men are fixed upon him. The triple crown, then worn, is equally symbolical. The lower circlet represents the crown of temporal dominion, while the mitre represents the spiritual; the second circlet shows the union of the spiritual and temporal authority; and the third the union of the pontifical, imperial, and royal power—a power, however, in my opinion, not long to exist. More might be said, but it is hardly necessary here. Let all who come to Rome visit St. Peter's. It is the sublimest temporal creation of the skill of created beings for the glorification of Him, the great Uncreated, and Creator of all things perishable, as He is of the unseen and unchangeable glory of an ever-brightening eternity!

COMING IN AND GOING OUT OF ROME.

It may not be out of place here to state something in regard to the passport requirement, and the *modus operandi*

of coming in and going out of Rome. Our passports having been originally obtained of the gentlemanly American consul at Alexandria, Egypt, for which we paid one dollar, we consider ourselves free, and at liberty to enter any place or port, without turning either to the right or left. Upon landing at Valetta, on the island of Malta, we were required to have them *visaed* by the Sardinian consul, in order to land in Sicily, for which we each paid an additional fifty cents. We had little trouble on this island, and at the different ports at which we landed. When arriving at Naples, our passports were simply shown, and names written down by the authorities, and our baggage was fortunately permitted to pass without examination, by slipping a small fee into the hand of the person having them in charge for that purpose. Before leaving Naples, we found it necessary to have passports again *visaed* by the American consul—paying one dollar, which, he said, went to the local government. And also, in order to enter the port of Civita Vecchia, and proceed to the city of Rome, we were sent to the Pope's nuncio to receive full privilege, in the style of His Holiness's agent's *visé*, with the demand of fifty cents additional, which we also paid. As we purchased a ticket of passage to Civita Vecchia, our passports are demanded and taken by the steamboat agent, and a receipt given—the passports to be duly forwarded, and handed back again on presenting the receipt upon arrival at the said port. Having enjoyed a pleasant (?) and stormy passage up the coast, we are at Civita Vecchia safe and sound the next morning at half past 8 o'clock. This is the hour we were anchored in the bay, and could not stir an inch toward the shore till the police came on board, examined our credentials, and gave us a ticket of privilege, for which we had been made to wait two hours, and had to pay two francs. We then went ashore in a small boat, meeting, at the landing, guards and policemen in full

uniform, who told us that our baggage must go through the custom house, when at the same moment they were thrown on carts and drawn by men to the grand receptacle building for examination. Immediately they commence unstrapping portmanteaus and trunks, demanding your keys: such are hastily and roughly opened; and everything, nicely tied up, is pulled open, the contents turned over and over, and the lid again closed upon the tumbled things; they are locked and restrapped, and the keys handed you—when you suppose all is over. But the next minute another set of men seize them, pitch them on a counter, behind which stands a sharp man, and, to our surprise, they are again unstrapped and unlocked, to go through another ransacking examination. The sharp man has hold of them, to put on the finishing stroke. Choice memorials, rare collections, and pictures are nearly destroyed in the rummaging work; and the whole contents again turned over, despite all expostulations and assurances that our baggage contained nothing contraband. Two pictures, in possession of my friend, with which they were not pleased, were immediately captured, and he was unable to get them again. The things in our portmanteaus are in an interesting plight. But we have no time to regulate or consider about them: the lids are again shut down, they are relocked and strapped, and from this platform, as quickly as done, they are shoved off into an adjoining room, to receive around their length and breadth a strong cord, with a leaden stamp affixed over the knot, as a proof of their thorough examination and approval. We now drive to the depot, with a lot of rascals following behind, begging some fees. There, upon arriving, our passports, which we had previously received, were again taken, and a red receipt given, for which, when presented at the bureau of police in Rome, our passports are to be returned to us. Our baggage is carefully weighed, the charges demanded are paid, our

ticket purchased, and we are in Rome. We proceeded the next day, according to advice, to said office, received our passports with the necessary royal stamp or appendage, and with the verbal request that we must go to the office of the American consul and have said passports *visaed*. We make inquiries in bad Italian, receive what was supposed intelligible direction, which put into the driver's hand, we are whirled away to the spot. But we don't see the sign of the Stars and Stripes—yet we are informed by persons he is up stairs. We begin to ascend, and find no evidence of a consul until, having wound round up to the fourth story, over old-looking stone steps and beside walls seemingly besmeared with everything except clean paint, we are out of breath! Behold, a small sign is over the door; but it displays no proud eagle, and possesses not a familiar line in its colors of red, white, and blue! "This is not the American consul, and withal we would not find him in such a building as this!" A small tow string hangs from a small hole, with a ring in the end; we pull repeatedly, and a woman appears; we ask for "Console Amerique;" with a jumble of Italian we cannot understand; she bows us in. We twist around through her kitchen, following her to the grand apartment, or small room plainly carpeted, of the so-called American consul. In a few moments a slim, gentlemanly looking Italian appears, uttering broken English. We can understand him, however; and finding that we represent the "North" of the United States, he very politely makes known the wrong direction received, and mistake committed in getting into the consulate's office of the "Confederate Republic of American States—*South!*" This was a thing interestingly and surprisingly new to us, and not his fault that we were there; and so respectful was he, and with all the soberness and dignity of a gentleman, he quickly wrote out and gave us the direction of the American consul of the

"United States," appending the significant word *"North!"* We thanked him heartily, made our exit, and moved down the old stone steps, not a little amused and considerably edified by the mistake. We drive to the real spot—pleasant and accessible building—didn't get out of breath—saw the bright eagle with talon still full of the immortal darts, with the glorious constellation—knew it was the genuine, and the true place—pull a handsome bell-handle—the ring is heard, and the door as quickly opened—we are ushered in, and sit down upon a finely cushioned seat, perfectly at home. We obtain the necessary *visé* to our passports, paying again the customary sum of another silver dollar, in its value of Roman pauls, receive a general posting up, and the information that we must go again to the bureau of police before the expiration of a week, and obtain "permission" to remain in Rome, and a "permit to leave" the city when ready to do so. We accordingly, a few days before our departure, proceeded to His Holiness's bureau of police, are required to state our intended destination—again give up our passports, for which a receipt is given, with the instruction that we may again receive them at Civita Vecchia. For this, and the privilege of leaving the city, we pay the demand of ten pauls ($1.06½). Arriving at Civita Vecchia, all the baggage is carried into a room; and the passengers, who are decoyed into the sitting room, are locked in, and permitted only to look through glass doors, while the baggage men, in an adjoining room, are busy with the same, which room is also locked! For three quarters of an hour one is thus deprived of not only his baggage, but his liberty to do what he may desire during the interim. This is more particularly the case of coming to and arriving at Rome than on the way out through Civita Vecchia. At Rome we could not observe what was going on in the next room, in which the baggage was thrown—no doubt, to give everything a

close, external inspection—particularly to observe whether everything wore His Holiness's genuine stamp in *pewter!* Everything of a suspicious character, of course, would be seized and confiscated. Such is the process through which one must pass on entering and passing out of the holy dominions. Who wishes to undertake it?

DEPARTURE FROM CIVITA VECCHIA, BY STEAMER TO LEGHORN, AND BY RAIL TO FLORENCE.

It was a great relief to pass out of Catholic Rome and the domain of the Pope. At 4 o'clock P. M. of Wednesday, the 9th April, we were on board the French steamer called *Capitole.* A large company was aboard, many having left Rome that day—which was rather surprising, as it was so near Easter, and the time for the illumination of St. Peter's, when it is supposed that everybody is running into Rome. But they are glad to get away, and willing, on this account, to forego the imposing nocturnal scene of that occasion. Four is our advertised hour for starting; but I have learned *that* always means one hour later, at which time we move off over a comparatively smooth sea. But how full the little craft is! And no one seems to expect to be accommodated with a berth or state room, except those who secured passage by purchasing their ticket a week before hand. And this provision it is difficult, at this season, to have guaranteed one from Rome and the port of Civita Vecchia. All were in good spirits, and so continued through the declining day and evening; at dinner, the tables were crowded and set twice to accommodate all. At a late hour, one after the other dropped down, in silk and broad cloth, on plain mattresses laid closely over the floor of the whole cabin for their night's sleep. Ladies and gentlemen, first-class passengers, all were thus spread around in motley confusion;

and those who retired last, might easily tell who snored, and who did not, and thus fix upon a desirable locality. Some drew off their shoes, while others lay down with all, except hats and bonnets. Pillows were not scarce; which, having the form of a log, but much softer, were, in the general "fix," pulled and rolled around in every direction. It must be that crowds aboard are frequent, and that these simple arrangements, so plentiful, are called repeatedly in requisition, and especially at this season, when travelling is rife. One, of course, could not step without a complete span with leg over some one already fast asleep—or trying to do so; and his foot everywhere coming down upon some mattress. It was my good fortune to be safely walled up on one side by a fine old gentleman, whose wife had been soothingly put to sleep on the sofa; and a lady, attired in black silk, on the other. We all felt tired and good natured—knew it was the best we could do—every one looking out for himself; the beds seemed grand, and my sleep was sweet and sound.

At the moment of waking, next morning, I heard the wheels beginning to cease in their revolutions, and the quick tremor of the vessel lessening down to a few periodical shakes—and a voice is heard, "We are in the port of Leghorn!" when a general stretching, scrambling, and rising take place throughout the cabin. We here encounter no difficulties. Leghorn is a free port, a fine city, with airy squares, good and well-paved streets, the best I have yet met with in Italy. It is the emporium of the foreign goods and manufactures required for the consumption of the grand duchy. Many from the interior visit it during the summer months as a watering place, in which to enjoy the pure air tempered by the sea breeze. The buildings are very fine, and the streets wear a very neat appearance, a striking contrast with those of Rome and Naples. As my introduction to the town was so early in the day, I was

enabled to do much running about, to prepare for an early start for Florence. Calling upon the American consul, who was formerly a resident of San Francisco, California, and also a New-Yorker, I found him a true gentleman, with whom I held quite a conversation; and among other things, he stated that, from all he had experienced of the Italian climate, he believed that the climate of California was far superior to it, if not to that of any other in the world. At 11, I proceeded to the station, where, owing to the length of time required to give my baggage a hasty examination, I was too late for the first train, and concluded I would spend the intervening time to the hour for the starting of the next train, in writing.

At two o'clock I am on my way over a delightful country for the city of Florence. This stretch of evenly faced land, extending far away on either side, with its teeming industry, its fields, gardens, fruit trees, and vineyards, struck me with happy admiration, and much exceeded my expectations. How different from the Roman province, or so-called "States of the Church," with its thousands of priests and nuns, and the curse of papal rule! There the distance over a naturally rich country from the coast, until within a few miles of Rome, was a green expanse, without industry, and the appearance of admiring thrift. Here every rod is under the finest cultivation, and the whole distance traversed appears like a garden, and a land truly flowing with milk and honey. Fair Italy—here it is, plumed and decked in all the glory of advancing spring! All that grows wears its peculiarly rich color, as from a soil capable of giving the most exuberant products.

The distance to Florence by rail is fifty-four miles, in a north-east course from Leghorn, reaching to the interior and near the beautiful range of Apennines, which ever to the spectator lends enchantment to the view. When about

half way, the Apennines may be seen on either side, and, before reaching Florence, the two grand ranges seem to be converging more to a point, and small undulations and hills lie interspersed between. But all we see within the great ranges appear in a state of cultivation; and the many fields of grain, gardens, and mellow soil—the regular rows of a peculiarly forked tree, with clipped or pruned branches, so beautifully serving the vine, with its spiral trunk and spreading branches falling over the several crotches of the small tree—and in many places they thus form the fences along the road, and the divisions of fields; showing at a glance that every part is improved, and every foot of ground is cultivated. I am told that at Rome all the manure is carted into the Tiber, in order to dispose of it. In this province and about Florence it is carefully retained, and, as needed, is judiciously spread out on the soil; and many of the poor here, boys and men, go around the streets in cities with baskets in hand, collecting with agility and eagerness all that may thus be gathered during every hour of each day. It is one branch of business, and is much more laudable than that of a New York "rag picker." In the province of Rome one meets papal priests, beggars, and a green-looking country, as wanting in product almost as a desert. Here, in Tuscany, are clean and fine-looking cities, an industrious people, and a country most charming to look upon, growing rich and prosperous from its local products. As we near the beautiful city of Florence, the white, scattering mansions along the side hills on our left, sitting amid this vernal freshness, with the great blue range of the Apennines towering in the distance, we are favored with the most enchanting scene. Arriving at 5 o'clock, I am in a few minutes more at the Hotel de la Ville, provided with a pleasant room for the charge of two and a half francs per day.

CHAPTER XV.

A Gala Day in Florence—Victor Emanuel's Visit—Peasantry—Horse Race, Equipages, and Gentry of Florence—The origin of Bonnets and Hats—Straw—A drive to Pratolino—Cafés of Florence—English Cemetery—"La Superba"—The New Orleans Gentleman—A Charming Café—Turin—Arona—Statue of San Carlo Borromeo—Lake Maggiore—The Alps—Mont San Gothard: Grand Scenery, deep Snow, its Temperature, &c.—Lake Zug—Hair and Straw Plaits—Wohlen, Zurich, and Basel—Swiss Sunday School—Lakes Neufchâtel and Geneva—The City of Geneva—Arrival at Bellegarde, France—Lyons and its Silk Factories—St. Etienne—France a Garden.

Wednesday, April 23d.—The city of Florence is draped in flags in honor of Victor Emanuel, who will arrive on the morning train from Turin, the city of his residence, *via* Leghorn. Every street, and almost every house and store lining the same, displays its flag of green, white, and red. Men, women, and children seem to be dressed for the occasion, and the general appearance resolves things more into a holiday than one of business. Soldiers are moving through the streets, stepping time to the music of bugles, and the inmates of dwellings are looking out of windows and filling up doors. To-day's sun seems charmingly bright, and all things animate and inanimate seem to be giving the King of Italy and the Sicilies a grand reception. So it proved; besides, he was honored with an uncommonly popular horse-race in the after part of the day. To get a better look at his Majesty and see Florence out of doors, I deemed it harmless to walk down to the course, situated two miles from the

city, by the side of lofty elm groves, which, with beautiful roads and walks, grace the eastern sides of the little Arno.

This is also one of the delightful sections out of the number of panoramas of which Florence can boast. I started leisurely, an hour in advance of the king. Hundreds were on the way, and, upon reaching the spot, peddlers and loungers were found to be numerous, while the gentry were sitting in carriages closely standing along the boundary lines marked out by a pole fence on both sides of the course. How smiling and happy they look! Noisy boy peddlers, with cigars, coarse bread, green almonds, pumpkin seeds, and wine, somewhat ruffle the otherwise exceedingly pleasing aspect. What do they expect to do with pumpkin seeds? Strange kind of refreshments; but so it is. Many have baskets filled with them, and tin cups to deal them out, peanut fashion.

At a quarter to 3 P. M. the first bell rings. Now the whole length of the road and the outside portions of the green expanse are covered with peddlers, while splendid carriages and fair occupants are moving swiftly by to obtain a conspicuous view. At 3 the second bell sounds, and the prancing steeds are led around within an enclosure, and patted to quiet their ambitious inclinations for the race. The grand tent to receive the king is surrounded by anxious ones, with myself, to behold his Majesty as he passes in to take the exalted and velvety seat prepared for him. Among the crowd is an aged woman of at least ninety summers, bending meekly over the railing to get a peep at all: remarkable in her look, yet still incessant in her humble work, she continues, with eyes on the masses, braiding her pedal straw for some one's hat or bloomer. Good old dame, I thought, still acting under the impulses of nature, and anxious to see a little more of this world's pomp and glory! My position was at the entrance of the king's tent, opposite

the usher, who is white-gloved, and shining in a glossy suit of black, standing in glistening patents; and by his side is one of the guards standing as straight as a candle, in heavy military accoutrements, with a large gun fully bayoneted—thus equipped to prick down in an instant any unpopular demonstration which may arise.

At 3½ some little commotion seems to shake the sea of heads and bodies, and little ripples appear like those over the face of a sheet of water from a slight wind—a palpable cause for this is the king's carriage, which appears, and is moving up toward us with regal pomp. All are on tiptoe; and simultaneous with his Majesty's arrival, the way is entirely cleared by the guards, as with a sweep, leaving me unscathed and still opposite the dandified-looking usher. His Majesty alights; he is plainly attired; a thick, fat, coarse-looking individual, wearing a prodigious moustache and goatee, and surrounded by a splendid livery of four persons clad in beautiful scarlet. Hats off, and respectful bows as he walks the passage, ascends the steps, and takes the high seat in princely gilt, which overlooks the fine grounds. Ere this, clapping of hands and loud cheers burst upon the air from hundreds of philanthropists and patriots. He is strong in the hearts of his people. Where is Garibaldi? He would create a wonderful demonstration. He is a man of less pretensions, and is quietly engaged in northern Italy.

The crowd now seek another quarter, and become scattered along the line in favorable-looking places, to observe the race. A plump, ale-drinking Englishman having noticed my jotting, comes up, scrapes acquaintance, and politely asks if I am the "reporter to the London *Times*." Setting him right by giving his conclusions another turn, I continued; but he in a few moments commenced conversation again—he wanted some one to talk to in English. I at this

juncture put aside my pencil and blank, and walked off with him for a position to see the race. In a few minutes a little trial, to get the animals in trim, is had over the course. They look like good runners. Much loud talking and stirring is going on around us; it is mostly incomprehensible, thus rattled off in a jumble of Italian, which neither of us pretends to speak fluently. In this respect we are about as good at hearing as deaf men. Our observation leads us to believe, by their gesticulations and movements, that they are betting as to which nag will beat.

The first race has been performed, and three quarters of an hour is to elapse before the second. My newly made acquaintance and I have become separated, somehow; I am rid of him, or he of me; so I step across the road toward the beautiful elm groves where hundreds of the peasantry are seated in groups on the green grass, family-like, eating, drinking, chatting, and all seeming to have a convivial time. It looks like a great camp-meeting, with, however, hand-carts, baskets, and small tables taking the place of tents; and things appear social and enjoyable in their own humble way. Wholesome-looking bread baked brown, hard-boiled eggs, with plenty of the red native wine, which flows out and down with them seemingly as copiously as water. Yet not a single drunkard is seen, nor have I noticed one in all Italy. All here to-day is peaceful and orderly, and the numbers before me appear honest, unobtrusive, and kind. Three heats are run. In the first, there were six horses; in the second, four vie with each other; and in the third there were but two steeds on the ground, and it was the most complete and fleet of all. As to the merits of riders, horses, and the victors in the whole matter, I cannot speak. It is the first horse race I ever honored with my humble presence, and shouldn't care if it was the last. At a quarter to 5, horse-racing and the scenes of the day being ended, the prince and

cortege were seen to move off in all the pomp of regal authority, seemingly illuminated by the splendor of his attractive livery. Now the display of elegant equipages, bearing the wealth and beauty of Florence, drawn by proud, and in some instances prancing horses, follow along immediately in his Majesty's wake. I counted a string of one hundred and forty; and the scene, as they roll over the road skirted on each side by lofty green elms, with the oblique rays of the retiring golden sun, shining upon the things of art, life, and nature—so beautiful, yet perishable—was a peculiarly gorgeous one; it passed like a shadow with the moment, never, in all respects, to appear the same to any mortal again.

The Duomo cathedral, Santa Maria del Fiore, is said to be one of the first in the world having a double dome built. The dome is wider and greater at its base than that of St. Peter's at Rome, but otherwise is smaller. This cathedral has a length of 500 feet, and the height from the pavement to the cross is 387 feet. I had the satisfaction of ascending it, getting a view of Florence, which is unsurpassed. The Santa Maria Novella is also a very elegant structure, 322 feet long and 80 wide. The paintings it contains are very beautiful. That of San Lorenzo classes next, with its grand nave resting upon beautiful columns of the Corinthian order. Any description of these would here require too much space. Florence and its environs are celebrated for their straw goods manufactories. Our ride to the suburban town of San Piero a Ponte, three miles from the city, was fraught with no little interest to me. The streets through which we passed on our way to several *fabricas*, disclosed to us the mode of forming the braid, and making it into hats and bonnets. These are streets occupied by the poor, and every house on each side has its busy occupants: their hands and fingers are nimble in the humble work of straw braiding. Women and children, alike, are thus engaged, appearing

very happy in their humble work, performed with little effort; their eyes for long intervals are turned in every direction, while their fingers are unceasing in the work. It is like women knitting. A small bunch of needle-like straws, six inches long, is fastened about the waist, which are quickly pulled out one by one as needed, while the braid already formed is hanging from their hands or coiled in their laps. Incessant they all seem in their skilful work, and whether sitting, standing, or walking the street, it is not left off, but pursued very industriously. A man is walking with his neighbor, and braids as he goes. Little girls, six and eight years of age, are as expert as their older sisters and mothers.

The Tuscan, Florence, and pedal hats and bonnets seen in all the cities of Europe and America here find their origin. The straw, which grows in Tuscany, is a species of wheat called *marzuoli*, which is pulled up by the roots before it ripens; it is then spread out like a fan to dry, after which it is pulled out at the root, and is then cut in two pieces, divided in the middle. *Punta* is point, or the top which composes the yellow Tuscan braid; and *pedali* is the foot or lower half, and the light-colored straw called Florence, or "pedal." It is then ready for braiding, after which comes the bleaching and finishing process by sulphur.

PRATOLINO, FLORENCE.

The drive to this elevated position, six miles from Florence, overlooking the city and its many suburban villas dotting the hillsides, affords one of the most pleasing and picturesque views to be gained in Tuscany. A most delightful and extensive park and grounds, with every variety of trees and winding roads, crown the summit of the hills which overlook the country and the city of Florence to the westward.

Cafés.—The *cafés* of Florence are very numerous, and some of them are of the most extensive order. One may see in the *Café l'Italia*, on every evening, three hundred persons, comprising ladies and gentlemen and the scene, as presented to a stranger, is of an exciting and stirring character. The *Café Doney* numbers as many patrons. Coffee and chocolate are served in the morning, and, while sipping the same, black-eyed peasant maidens come in with baskets of fragrant flowers and roses, and, with or without your permission, will put before you a rose or nosegay of some kind, leaving you to pay them five or ten centesimi, if you choose. Thus they serve all in the *café*, affording to hundreds a kind of fragrant delight while in the act of eating.

ENGLISH CEMETERY.

Our visit to this place was made on one Sabbath afternoon. It appeared to us a most lovely spot, beautifully laid out, covering a rounded knoll, with a broad pebbly avenue through the centre. While one of its sides is nearly level, the other is the reverse, but no less beautiful, and is terraced with walks and graves. It stood out before us in all the loveliness of spring, verdant with graceful trees and luxuriant grass; its surface is decorated with blooming flowers and the sweetest of roses. Here we saw the grave of Theodore Parker, marked by two simple brown stones, with no other inscription than the name, nationality, and the date of birth and death—certainly a plain and becoming style of tomb, telling us of the resting place of the Boston sage. Florence is much liked, and sought as a place of sojourn and residence by Americans. It seems to be their preference to all other Italian cities. There are about a hundred now living here.

GENOA, ITALY.

The steamer *Prince Napoleon* landed us at this commercial port on Sunday, May 4th, at half past 1 o'clock P. M., and in time for the afternoon service at the Scotch Presbyterian chapel, held at 3, where I listened to a short discourse preached to but six of us; the whole congregation being comprised of four ladies and two men, myself making up the number. After which I visited the cathedral of St. Lorenzo, a noble pile built in the eleventh century. Also the churches of St. Annunciata and St. Maria Carignano, which are costly and remarkable temples. Genoa, called "La Superba," is the chief port of the Sardinian states, and contains a population of one hundred and forty-four thousand. It is built in part upon hills, and is a very up-and-down city. The streets are in most part narrow, and in some of them one may almost shake hands with his neighbor from the opposite window. Some of the buildings rise eight and nine stories.

Genoa is remarkable for its palaces, and looks like "a city of the kings." It is also noted for the manufacture of velvets, as well as the fabric of laces, which are said to be superior to those of any other country. While on my way the next morning to the velvet manufactory, I met a middle-aged, intelligent gentleman, who said he was an American placed in peculiar and embarrassing circumstances. He hailed from New Orleans, and had fled to Italy at the outbreak of the rebellion. All communication was now cut off, leaving him unable to receive remittances or the means of support. "Anything," he said, "would be acceptable," and "hoped there would soon be an end to the war." (?) I gave him a few pieces of coin; received his heartfelt thanks, and we parted; he seeming to walk with a more cheerful step, and I with the feeling that I had given temporary aid

to perhaps a needy person; entertaining the impression, from all I have seen, that many more in like circumstances were now in Italy, and throughout Europe, with little means of support.

The *cafés* in Genoa are numerous. The *Restaurant* and *Café l'Italia*, recently opened, is one of the most inviting and beautiful in Italy. It comprises cool buildings, surrounding one of the most enchantingly laid out gardens, filled with trees, mounds of velvety green, and delightful walks. It is a delectable spot. The sweetest fragrance is inhaled while one is eating. To this place the gentry of Genoa repair, to pass a social hour amid the cool foliage which overtops them. In the evening six hundred brilliant lights give a double beauty and attraction to the garden, and a fine band discourses charming music. One of the attendants informed me, that on a pleasant evening four thousand persons passed into the garden and had refreshment. There were fifteen hundred seated at the time of my taking an ice cream.

TURIN.

Again I am on the train for Turin, *en route* for Switzerland. My senses were delighted with the beautiful country which lies between Genoa and this city. It is highly cultivated: the fields and the hillsides, with the luxuriant valleys, teeming with grain, grass, and the vine, were pleasing to behold, and exceeded all my previous calculation. Turin is the most beautifully laid out city I have seen in Italy. It contains one hundred and twenty-five thousand people. All the streets are of fair width, and are marked out at right angles. It is a city of beautiful squares and shaded walks. Its position, so unlike Genoa, is level, with a few scattered villas skirting the rising hills along the bay, though nothing compared to the beautiful suburban aspect of Florence.

The city of Turin itself is fine. Some of the streets are lined on each side with attractive arcades, thick with shops and stores filled with the richest goods. It is the residence of King Victor Emanuel, now on a visit to Naples. It is also the flourishing capital of Piedmont. Being interested here in a business way, I paid a visit to several velvet and silk ribbon *fabricas;* after which I departed on the 6 o'clock train for Novara and Arona, with the same beautiful country to look upon, rendered more sublime by the towering Alpine mountains which rise in the distance.

ARONA.

Passing through Novara, a city of twenty thousand inhabitants, and near the plains of Marengo, the famous battle field, I arrived at Arona, the terminus of the railroad, at half past 10 in the evening. It is located on the beautiful Lake Maggiore, or rather at its foot. The town of Novara is unimportant, but the air and scenery of the lake and surrounding hills are delightful. A remarkable statue of San Carlo Borromeo, located on a hill a mile distant, is worthy of a visit. Its elevation is on a pleasing lawn of green overlooking the lake, which is reached by a sloping walk skirted on each side with blossoming trees, imparting to the pedestrian their delightful shade. Having four hours' time before the departure of the boat, I walked leisurely to the spot. The statue stands upon a grand base or pedestal of solid granite, covering an area of one hundred feet, with a height, from the ground to the top of the head of San Carlo, of one hundred and twelve feet. It is a huge figure, with the right arm extended, holding under the left an immense book, supposed to typify that best of books, the Holy Bible. Upon approaching it, the dark brown and life-like object seems to look down upon you, and to have the effect of standing with

its head near the blue sky; and so august and perfect is the human representation, that it appears ready to address you in the manner and words of what one would suppose to be those of San Carlo himself.

LAKE MAGGIORE.

At twenty-five minutes to 1 P. M. we steam off, cutting a grand circle, for a trip up the beautiful Maggiore. We are on board the little paddle steamer *San Gottardo*. Our first landing on the left shore is made in fifteen minutes thereafter. It is at the village of Lessa, at the foot of rising hills terraced with fields and living trees. The second town in a few more minutes is reached, called Belirate, and opposite the beautiful island of Isola Bella, which contains a snug little collection of houses, and a grotesque villa of pyramidical form, having cool corridors arched and lined with orange trees; also with minarets and statues pointing up from its many angles. As we move along, the scenery becomes grand; the distant Alps stand boldly out, capped with snow, and portions of supposed glaciers are apparently glistening under the bright sun. At the following towns we make a short call: Stresa, Baveno, Feriolo, Suna, and Palanza, standing also at the foot of majestic hills, and all characterized with a diversity of splendid scenery. Maggiore is a most delightful lake; its waters plentifully abound with fish, and are as smooth and lovely as any to be found. White villas and small cottages peep out of rich foliage, with which the bold and picturesque hills are covered. And every quarter or half hour brings us to a little town with its fine surroundings: in every instance we find them at the foot of an amphitheatre of green hills and lofty mountains. All along the shore these admirable prominences greet the eye and enchant the sense, leading one to believe the like, so rich,

varied, and charming, are to be found nowhere. Now a deep ravine, shaded by the oblique rays of a retiring sun; then the broad hillsides, with a collection of pretty dwellings, nestled in what seems but a handful, amid all the magnificence of natural beauty. Again and again the grand mountain peaks, crowned with glacial and perpetual snows, appear; while their surrounding tops seem to support the blue arch of the skies! We make a bend here and there, and think our journey ended by the high barriers which seem to stand before us. But another turn brings a scene still more enchanting, with new wonders to admire. We call at fifteen other towns and villages—making in all twenty-seven—each having scenes and beauty peculiar to its locality.

Maggiore is sixty miles long. After a sail of the most delightful character over this fine lake, we arrive at its head and at the town of Magadino at half past 7 in the evening. A supper is partaken of; and the diligence, two hours after, brought us to Bellinzona, where we awaited the arrival of the Milan diligence, before starting to ascend and cross the Lepontine Alps. We doze till half past 1 the next morning; the diligence is ready; my name is called third, and six of us are packed in the *interno*, and, with two others in the *coupé*, we move off behind four horses, while the heavens are overcast and lightning is flashing about us. The gradual ascent we have been making finds us by breakfast time, at half past 8 in the morning, at the mountain town of Agirolo. They tell us we are now only at the foot of the mountains over and by which we are to make the pass. Horses are changed while eating our breakfast, and seven of them are now hitched on. Fish, eggs, bread, and tea compose the meal, with extraordinary large cups, the size of a bowl, to drink out of. Ere this we have encountered showers of rain and a colder and more chilly atmosphere. Overcoats were needed, and have been put on. Snow stands out occa-

sionally to the eye from peaks toward which we are slowly moving. We pass through towns on reaching every little ravine or plateau. Who would think it, up here? Pines, verdure, rocks, cascades, streams, and snow-capped mountains constitute the scenery. These mountains are very imposing; and the views from different points and elevations seem unparalleled—scenes which I would not have missed seeing for a principality.

I am enraptured with this panorama of nature's works, and by them am the more impressed with the goodness and wisdom of God. But why, say some, should we have such barriers to surmount to reach Switzerland? Mountains are for a most benign and grand purpose. Here, from their lofty summits, we find the source of laughing streamlets and the mighty river. How many of them we see, and how beautifully they flow down! Now dancing over the rocks, then leaping in foaming crystals, forming the charming cascade. Now, again, how clear! whirling in a rocky basin to take another leap. The deep ravines are honored by the many united branches, thus rolling in one like a young river. Cool and refreshing streams, moving to the valley to gladden all things, and impart life and vigor to both man and beast. Charming streamlets! The noise which we hear in your leaping, rushing, foaming fury is music to our ear. Snowy and icy-topped mountains, with your majestic peaks towering to the skies, you enchant, and you are generous coolers of the air, sending off with every breeze bracing elements to the heated atmosphere below. The rocks, the stones, the verdure, the lofty pines which dot your sides, subserve the needy purposes of man. Up, up we go, but slowly, as we have now arrived at the foot of the grand San Gothard, reaching 6,660 feet toward the sky! This is one of the highest I have hitherto ascended. Snow now is plentifully lying about us in deep banks. These are in some

places twenty feet deep. Some lie across the road, and have been cut through to make passage for the diligence. Often we are thus walled up by the white element. I jump out and take a skip over the snow, and the first upon which I have stood for three years. The bracing air imparts to us lively tendencies, and we are all out, trotting and jumping about. This road over which we are travelling is a wonderful work. It winds in a zigzag manner, terraced along the sides of the great mount, causing us to turn first one way, then the other, continually, as we make the gradual and slow ascent. One would have deemed it an impossibility, by a hasty survey, to make a pass this way through and along the sides of these almost perpendicular collection of stupendous peaks. The Creator has made it a bare possibility, with the best labor and skill of man, to construct a safe road and make the grand pass. Sleds lie scattered along the road, which are called in requisition during most of the year. We are enabled to pass, however, in the diligence which was taken below. The splendid views we get at each turn of the deep valley and other green, rocky, and snowy peaks against which we look, are romantic and intoxicating in the extreme. We have now attained the region of nakedness; verdure, shrubs, and trees stand far below us; and nothing but stone, rock, and occasional spots of moss are presented, where the bold prominence is not mantled with snow.

Mount San Gothard is in the great chain which constitutes the Lepontine Alps. At half past 12 o'clock we reach the top, which is broad, with a basin in which is a large collection of snow and water. Here are also a storehouse and hotel. I see small images of the cross and crucified Saviour fixed upon a post, whose foundation is the rock. Others of a similar character are met with on our way up. We experience cold sensations: overcoats are buttoned up tightly,

and hands are rubbed to keep comfortable. It is the 7th of May. Ripe strawberries, cherries, and the half-grown fig we left below eighteen hours since. My thermometer, when hanging outside the diligence, indicates 40°. A change of horses, and we commence the descent, now with four instead of seven. Other streamlets and miniature rivers are flowing down on this side also, to find the valley and lake. It seems not a single mount, but a succession of mountains, along whose steep sides we are rolling, with peak after peak standing before, and a deep winding cut pointing between them; and with every turn one prominence hides the other, as it is left behind, and a new one breaks upon the vision. The scene is most grand, and strikes us as more imposing than before. The tops of some seem to be solid rock a thousand feet below. The air is glorious to inhale, and the scene altogether too grand to ever fade from memory. The first town below brought the mercury up to 55°; and when at the foot of the great mountain it was found to be 70°, or a difference of 30° warmer than at the top. We see women hard at work with sledge hammers, breaking stone to repair the road. We pass them also in fields engaged in tilling the soil, and men are found at work nowhere. Striking the beautiful valley the apple, pear, and cherry have passed out of blossom, and the visible form of the fruit already appears. Altdorf is the terminus of our diligence ride, and we change to the steamboat, for a sail over the Lucerne Lake, no less beautiful than Maggiore. It is a sheet of water reaching northward seventeen miles to the pleasant little city of Lucerne with its 11,000 souls. We arrive at this place, after another most delightful trip, at 8 o'clock in the evening. The bed seemed most inviting, and was early sought. The next morning I was up and out early to admire the beautiful surroundings of the place. At half past 12, I was once more moving along by rail to penetrate the in-

terior of charming Switzerland. We rode for a short distance along the delightful little lake Zug, surrounded by the most enchanting scenery, its face like a mirror; for the white buildings, the church with its red steeple, and the green trees and fields on the slopes of the opposite shore, were all reflected in the smooth surface as plainly as one's face appears in a looking glass. I never saw the like so perfect and beautiful before. The towns, fields, gardens, and yards of Switzerland wear a neat and pretty appearance. Arriving at the village of Zofingen, we find the manufacture of floor oil cloths extensively carried on. Every village displays its red church steeple, its pleasant white cottages, and industrious and rosy-cheeked people. From the station called Kildegg, I made my way back into the country by diligence to the town of Wohlen, celebrated for its manufactories, arriving at 7 in the evening.

Wohlen is wholly a manufacturing town, in the exclusive branch of straw and hair plaits, and fancy trimmings belonging thereto. It is one of the most extensive of its kind in Switzerland. The manes and tails of wild horses of Brazil (South America) find an extensive and ready market here. The hair is cleaned and put through a refining process, and is wrought in the finest plaits, which compose the best and most fashionable bonnets in Paris, London, and New York; and also, with straw, it is formed into very elegant rosettes, cord, tassels, plumes, and fancy ornaments, which are to adorn the child, the miss, or belle of fashion everywhere. Plaits are also extensively made from the ordinary rye straw, which, when formed into the hat or bonnet, one would little think was composed of this material. The rye is cut when green, and immediately after the blow has passed, and the kernel has begun to form. It is then dried, until perfectly white; the stem is divided at each joint, and split in as many parts as is requisite for the kind of braid

desired. It may then be colored, and hats and bonnets of all colors may thus be made, according to the prevailing fashion. Cotton braids are also formed here; and of late years the braids formed of this material for hats and bonnets are considerable. The raw cotton comes from the United States (when the ports are not blockaded) to Switzerland, and is sent back again in the form of unique and handsome braids and plaits for hats, bonnets, and other uses. Wohlen has 2,000 people. Three days spent here, and my friend Mr. M., with his white horse, conveyed me to the depot, a few miles distant, through a charming country, where I took the first train, proceeding by rail to the beautiful little city of Zurich, at which place I arrived at half past 2 P. M. Spending but a few hours here in looking through a few silk fabricants, I departed on the 5 o'clock train for Basel, a good-sized city of about 40,000 inhabitants, and, next to St. Etienne (France), is one of the most extensive silk-ribbon manufacturing towns in Europe. The busy silkworm of Italy provides the raw material; the industrious inhabitants of that fair clime spin the threads and forward it to Basel, where the ingenious Swiss convert it into splendid ribbons of all colors, widths, and qualities.

SUNDAY SCHOOL IN SWITZERLAND.

May 11th, I proceeded to the grand Protestant cathedral at 11 A. M. on this Sunday morn, at which hour the exercises of the Sunday school commenced. I found a noble little collection of children, numbering about 300, occupying the seats of the main building, where the morning church services were held; and the appearance of the happy youngsters much reminded of an American Sunday school. They took their seats very quietly, and in the most orderly manner, which was maintained throughout. The pastor sits be-

hind the movable desk used on these occasions. A hymn is given out and sung by the whole school, accompanied by the spendid organ's rich tones. The melody is good, thus made up; but the singing is not equal to that of the best American schools. The scholars and teachers then rise, when the pastor reads a chapter in the Bible, to which good attention is given; after which their seats are again resumed, to listen to an address by the pastor of fifty minutes. Several of the children are catechized by the pastor, one at a time; and, when thus personally addressed, stand up and give answers to the questions put. The address is closed by a short prayer, the school rising, after which their seats are resumed, and the services are concluded with the singing of another hymn and the benediction.

A couple of days spent at Basel, and I am on my way to Geneva, passing through a fertile land, and riding along the pleasant shores of the lakes of Neufchâtel and Geneva, which last is a beautiful expanse of water, lying between Savoy and Switzerland, in a valley which separates the Alps from the Jura mountains. The lake is fifty-four miles long, and its breadth in the widest part twelve miles. Geneva is quite a fine city, with good streets and large buildings, rising six and seven stories in height. The city is divided by the river Rhone, which issues from the lake; is situated on the slopes of two hills, and wears a commanding and business-like appearance. Geneva is particularly celebrated for its numerous watch-making and jewelry establishments; undoubtedly a branch of business which is here more extensively carried on than in any other city of like size in Europe. Musical parlor instruments, "singing-bird boxes," and the finest and most beautiful watches are here to be found at reasonable prices. Here also may be seen the academy founded by Calvin, the great reformer; and both Geneva and its immediate vicinity are celebrated as being

the retreat of very many illustrious characters, such as Byron, Voltaire, Calvin, &c. The city contains about 45,000 people, and its environs and surrounding country are particularly delightful. A stay of but five hours is made here. Taking the train again, I am moving swiftly over the ground, passing through several tunnels, and crossing the line into France, direct for the city of Lyons. One of these tunnels is 650 metres long. At Bellegarde, our first stopping place in France, fifteen minutes are required for the examination of baggage, before such can be permitted to pass into the dominions of the emperor. We pass into a room for this purpose; keys are demanded, and luggage is opened, to detect all things of contraband, and such articles, if there be any, on which a duty is imposed. Small portmanteaus and sacks of an unsuspicious character receive but a slight scrutiny: they are merely opened and peeped into; or perhaps the examiner's hand is simply thrust down among the things, and they are again closed: it is a short job, and you walk off to resume your seat again in the carriage *ad libitum*. Again we are going ahead—night has overtaken us, and, on our approach to Lyons, we see a thousand bright gas lights shining out amid green trees, covering an extensive surface at the outskirts of this beautiful and populous city. The distance from Geneva to this place is put down at 102½ miles, and we have been about 5½ hours in reaching it. The hour disclosed to us as we run into the depot is half past 10 o'clock. Finding comfortable quarters at the *Hotel de Lyon* for a night's rest, the next morning's sunlight brought me out early to look over a city of 290,000 inhabitants. It is one of the great manufacturing towns of France. Two fine streams or rivers flow through it—called the Saone and Rhone, which are spanned by eight fine bridges.

Lyons is truly a grand and wealthy city. The stores are fine, exhibiting every variety of articles of French manu-

facture, and the buildings rise uniformly to six stories—many of them are massive and beautiful in architecture. The squares are numerous, adorned with beautiful trees, which, with many wide and well-paved streets, give the city a very inviting and delightful appearance. Lyons is a great dress-silk manufacturing town. Within the walls of this city there are said to be 7,000 establishments for the manufacture of silk, which employ nearly 20,000 looms!

After spending a good part of the day here, I continued my journey by rail to St. Etienne, a city, like Basel of Switzerland, noted for its silk-ribbon fabricants, of which, both small and large, there are at least 250. Coming here for business purposes, I am engaged for two days in looking through many of these, to which come the orders for ribbons from all the chief cities of the civilized world! The rich string that dangles from the bonnet of the fashionable mademoiselle of the Boulevards of Paris, here takes its design. This city, far from being beautiful, is quite populous, having an estimated population of 75,000. An extensive manufactory of fire-arms is also carried on. St. Etienne is situated 361 miles from Paris, and sixteen hours by rail bring one to the capital and emporium of Napoleon's dominions.

In travelling through the interior of France, on this route to Paris, one beholds a finely cultivated country; the ground is put to all the uses of profit and thrift—a land planted with trees and smiling with rich crops—and everywhere extensive fields or strips of ground planted with the vine are to be seen. Hence the grape growing, the wine making and drinking, which make up in part French industry, customs, and life. No fences are to be seen. Women are working in fields, if they may be so termed, which lie in regular strips of land. Now a strip of wheat, then of oats or barley, then

meadow, the vine, or something else. Not a foot of arable land is unoccupied; but all is employed in the production of that for which it is best adapted. The emperor can boast of a great and glorious province, and, withal, strong and populous as a nation.

CHAPTER XVI.

Paris as a City—Things in Paris—The Sabbath—Hotel—French Language—Paris as a Residence—Departure—The English Channel—London—The Thames Tunnel—What you See—Greenwich—Tower of London, &c.—The Crown Jewels—Different Towers—St. James, Green, and Regent's Parks—Zoölogical Gardens—The International Exhibition—Houses of Parliament—The Throne—Young Men's Christian Association—Westminster Abbey—Streets in London—The Nobility: where to be seen—London not a pleasant City—Three Weeks' Rainy Weather.

PARIS, a city of 1,750,000 souls, in point of beauty and attractiveness, is unequalled by any other large city of the world. Paris is the copy of fashion for the civilized cities of the earth. Not only is she the fashionable centre whence flow the exquisite models, tastefully touched with art, to so many parts of the globe, but a city in which almost everything may be had of a fanciful or substantial character. The most of the boulevards, though not extending in straight lines, are very spacious, broad, and fashionable thoroughfares, lined with the greatest number of fine stores and brilliant *cafés*, in front of which thousands may be seen on every pleasant afternoon and evening indulging in the pleasures of coffee, chocolate, wine, or beer drinking, in easy-sitting positions, upon the broad sidewalks. No city can boast of broader or more beautiful sidewalks than those of the boulevards; and their pleasantness becomes heightened by a fine row of half-grown trees on each side. Aside from the Tuil-

eries, Le Louvre, Palais de l'Industrie, and the public structures, the buildings of Paris are quite ordinary, and far from being as fine as I anticipated. Paris is so well known to the world that it needs no description by me. The Boulevard des Italiens is the most gay and fashionable, and multitudes of men and women spend their hours in chatting and coffee and beer sipping. The Champs Elysées, with its broad avenue of the same name, embellished with trees, flowers, and charming walks, is unsurpassed by anything of a similar kind within the limits of any great city. The Jardin of the Tuileries, Place de la Concorde, and Place Napoleon, are all very enchanting portions of the city. The Parisians are a pleasure-seeking people. The Sabbath is but little regarded. This is lamentable. If the greater portion of the stores and places of business are closed on the seventh day, it is not for a strict observance of the Sabbath; but the twelve hours of light and the six of darkness, are spent in the most trivial and unholy pleasures; and the Sabbath with them ever seems to the stranger as one which is made the most jubilant of holidays. The pleasure grounds and jardins, with the beautiful Champs Elysées, are perambulated by thousands, while the whole becomes a scene of gayety and levity, in which, by the younger ones, ball playing, hoop rolling, and other amusements are indulged in; besides, at stated localities, crowds are entertained with puppet shows and the music of celebrated brass bands. Meantime, thousands of splendid carriages with gay occupants may be seen rolling up and down the broad "Avenue des Champs Elysées," turning and crossing the "Place de la Concorde" from every point, with a constant hum of wheels and continual tramp of horses, that every one beholding the scene must be impressed with the general levity and sinful pleasures to which the whole interval of the Sabbath is entirely given.

There are, however, American, English, and Scotch

chapels, with two services a day, in which the Gospel is preached, and the true worship of God may be enjoyed by all strangers and Christians during their stay in Paris. I found them generally well filled: thus meeting with familiar faces, and withal a body speaking the English language, afforded me much satisfaction and pleasure.

The Louvre, which is the great hotel of Paris, is not to be compared with the best of New York hotels, and is far from wearing that pleasant appearance, as well as richness in furniture, together with convenience in every respect, that may be had at the St. Nicholas or the "Fifth Avenue" of New York. The French cannot be said to be the most conscientious people in existence; and in business dealing, it is well to have a pretty good understanding before going too far, that no advantage may be taken when the matter is past remedy. My business led me to deal with many of them, and in almost every instance, after the best understanding, with a memorandum minutely written out and placed before them as their guide, the agreement was in some particular violated, after securing to themselves my order for the goods I desired. But a little sharp watching, and the determination to hold them in every respect to previous stipulations, bring them around all right. There are many things here worthy the attention of the traveller, and the special details of which, if here given, would require too much time and space. I know of no more attractive and pleasant large city in which to spend a few weeks than Paris. Those speaking the French language will enjoy a double interest and pleasure in a sojourn here. I need not inform any Englishman or American that it is the popular language of Europe; and one speaking it well will be enabled to make himself well understood all over Europe. Wherever one travels, out of France, the interrogatory meets him: "Monsieur, parlez-vous français?" If you cannot speak the

Italian, German, or Russian languages, you are asked if you can speak French.

Paris, though beautiful and attractive, after a few weeks' stay, loses those charms, for me, which another city with a different race would afford for a contented and permanent residence. Almost all English sojourners are delighted with it for a short time; but soon feel, after the interest of seeing has been gratified, but little inclination to make it their home. French notions, customs, and life would not suit an Englishman or American. Some few, however, prefer Paris to any other city of the globe. It is Catholic France that is wanting in Christian feeling and principle. Eighteen days were spent in this fascinating city. I departed by rail on Wednesday, June 4th, at 8 o'clock A. M., passing through a rich country and several manufacturing towns, one of which is Rouen, the Manchester of France; arriving at Dieppe at half past 11 o'clock, which is situated on the coast, 136 miles from Paris, and where we take the steamer at a quarter past 12 to cross the English Channel for Newhaven, on the opposite shore of England—distance, 75 miles. Quite a number of our company were sea-sick in crossing, and betook themselves to beds and sofas, even on this short trip. Reaching Newhaven at half past 5 P. M., our baggage underwent a slight examination by "John Bull," and very soon we were proceeding again by rail over a stretch of country of 60 miles to London, which great metropolis we reached at sunset.

LONDON.

The Thames Tunnel.—Passing from the street into the cylindrical shaft leading down to the mouth of the tunnel by 100 steps, the visitor meets with paintings, upon the circular sides, of Calcutta, Mont Blanc, Quebec, Constantinople, Horse-Shoe Falls, Niagara, Hampton Court, Bay of Naples,

Island of Guillaume, Switzerland, &c., all of which are pretty and enlivening representations from nature. The tunnel contains two arched passages, through only one of which pedestrians are allowed to pass, and the toll for each person is one penny. This arched passage comprises sixty-five arcades, thirty-six of which are occupied with fancy goods, and a person at each for selling the same. Many useful little articles may here be bought; and among the number of places there are two eating saloons, and one room of cosmoramas and pictures, with the music of an organ, played by a steam engine. So a person finds quite enough to divert oneself during a half hour's stroll through it and back, with also the pleasing reflection that he is walking under the rapidly flowing Thames, with numerous steamers darting over the water's surface, far above him. The Thames Tunnel extends underneath, and entirely to the opposite shore of the river. It is 37 feet wide, 22 feet high, and 1,200 feet long. And at the end is another cylindrical shaft of the same capacity as the one entered at the opposite side, and by which the ascent is made to the street. At that end I found a man seated, playing a bugle, and also a set of paintings representing the Place de la Concorde, Paris, Ross Castle, Lake of Killarney, Dover Castle, Fountains of Crystal Palace, Duke of Wellington's flag-ship, Windsor Castle, Sebastopol, Walmer Castle, leaning tower of Pisa, and representations of winter, spring, summer, and autumn. The tunnel is well worth a visit. Persons tarrying for a few hours, and getting hungry, may get a good dinner here under the river Thames of London.

Greenwich is a suburban town of London, situated about six miles from London Bridge, on the banks of the Thames, and is noted for its observatory, where scientific discoveries are continually made, and as being the point from which longitude is reckoned by mariners and others.

The observatory contains many scientific instruments, and a huge telescope fourteen feet long. But this, of course, is not to be compared with the celebrated Russian instrument of twenty feet, or that largest of all, in Ireland, said to be forty feet in length. The position of the observatory is fine, and overlooks a beautiful park of fine elm and pine trees, which is very green, and contains one hundred acres of ground. Here also is to be seen the Greenwich hospital for old and disabled sailors of the Royal Navy. The buildings are massive, in which is a large chapel for divine worship. Directly opposite is the "painted hall," containing many excellent pictures, and interesting models and relics; among them are to be seen the spoons, and knives and forks, silver watches, buttons, &c., which were found as the only traces of the Sir John Franklin party, who were endeavoring to find a "north-west passage" to the Pacific.

Tower.—The Tower is certainly one of the lions of London. It has served as a palace, a state prison, and a fortress. It is now used as a fortress and arsenal, and as a depository for the state jewels, and covers a surface of twelve acres. One enters a gate, guarded by men in uniform, and passes into a reception building, where tickets are obtained for a shilling to both the arsenal and depository of the crown jewels. Here, the person entering is obliged to wait five or ten minutes, until a sufficient number have come in, who are to engage the attention and services of wardens specially employed to take visitors through the buildings. They are dressed in black, ornamented with red strips of cloth, and wear black velvet, low crowned hats, trimmed with fantastic bands composed of red, white, and blue. The "horse armory" is first entered, where one beholds the mounted statues, dressed in armor of steel, &c., representing the kings of England from the time of Edward I. to that of James II.; they and their horses are clothed in the

style of armor of the period in which they lived. There are twenty-five of them standing along the passage way, and they present a formidable appearance. Here are guns, spears, helmets, breastplates, and every kind of warlike instrument used during the different ages of the past. There is altogether too much to enumerate, and the want of space will not permit it here. Our company was composed of about twenty-five. We go forward up a narrow staircase and a passage through a wall fourteen feet in thickness, into the chamber which is said to have been the prison of Sir Walter Raleigh, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Here Raleigh was confined twelve years, where he wrote his history. Also there may be seen at the end of this apartment the equestrian figure of the haughty queen of past times, decked in a gorgeous suit, and laden with precious pearls. Our next turn, after many explanations from the warden, is made into the Jewel House, a small castellated building, erected for the purpose in 1842, wherein are deposited the "state jewels." Their estimated value is upward of £3,000,000! The London Tower is a tower of towers; in short, it is composed of the Horse and Queen's Armory, the Jewel House, the Bloody Tower, opposite the "traitor's gate," and so called from the sons of Edward IV. supposed to have been murdered there; the Middle Tower, the Bell Tower, the Beauchamp Tower, the place of imprisonment of Anne Boleyn, the Bowyer Tower, and the Brick Tower, which was the prison of Lady Jane Grey. In short, the Tower, so called, having so much of interest within its several divisions and apartments, should be visited by every one coming to London.

Parks and Gardens.—What the dingy, smoky, and gloomy city of London lacks in pleasantness and attractions, is made up by her numerous large and magnificent parks. St. James' Park is a fine expanse of ground, with noble trees,

a fish pond located at the west end, and the whole containing eighty-three acres.

Green Park, another near by, is rightly so named, as it is beautifully green, and very attractive to the pedestrian, as well as young children, multitudes of whom, on pleasant days, are skipping and bounding over it. This is an oblong strip, and contains sixty acres. From this, one may continue his walk to *Hyde Park*, which contains 388 acres, and is the largest and finest of the West End. A pretty sheet of water, called the "Serpentine," located near the centre, and floating numerous boats for pleasure, is frequented in summer for bathing, and in winter for skating. A species of elm tree affords shade along the walks and drives, which are very extensive. The bridle road is called "Rotten Row," and here, during the season, a good opportunity is afforded the stranger of seeing the aristocratic world *en masse*. Here young ladies of the West End gallop up and down with their pa's, or a young gentleman attendant. Many of them are fine riders, and the free and active open-air exercise, thus afforded and enjoyed, speaks loudly to the credit of the English people. Persons of all ages freely indulge in riding on horseback or in carriages. The fashionable carriage drive is the "Middle Road," near the Serpentine. Every person strolling within the great park, cannot but admire its extent and grand dimensions.

Regent's Park and Zoölogical Gardens.—This is the largest and finest in London. The Zoölogical Gardens make up the chief attraction, and are one of the important and much sought summer resorts in London. Regent's Park comprises 470 acres,* and is a truly enchanting ground, with a drive of nearly two miles surrounding it. Many of the trees are large, and afford pleasant and refreshing shade. The gardens of the Zoölogical Society have been formed

* The Central Park, New York, is said to contain 750 acres.

out of the park, are enclosed with a fence and hedges, beautifully laid out, and admirably adapted to the several wants of the birds, beasts, and reptiles which they contain. The visitor is permitted to enter by paying one shilling. The collection of animals, birds, and wild beasts is very large; to which may be added the different aviaries and water-fowl enclosures, the crane, emu and alpaca enclosures; the great and small carnivora houses, the bear pit and pond, the camels' house, the bison house, the seal pond, vulture cage, beaver pond, otter cage, antelope house and enclosure; the monkey, parrot, and reptile house; the elephant, hippopotamus, and giraffe houses, and aquaria. It would seem, as one gazes on the collection of living species thus caged within these grounds, that a sample of each of the animal creation may here be seen. Everything of the biped and quadruped kind—from a zebra to a monkey; from the bird of paradise down to the Australian laughing jackass—delights and astonishes the senses alike of man, woman, and child. The gardens are divided by a carriage road, under which the pedestrian passes through a tunnel to the other side. Portions of the gardens are beautifully shaded, and are of the most pleasing and inviting character. They possess everything save the rich tropical beauty which characterizes those more enchanting grounds seen in Sydney, Australia. A capital band of music draws around them, on pleasant afternoons, at 4 o'clock, an audience numbering hundreds of the London *élite*. One may spend a whole day here with pleasure, satisfaction, and interest. Go to the Zoölogical Gardens of London.

The International Exhibition, of course, is the greatest lion of the city, at the present time. Like London itself, with its 2,750,000 people, one finds too much to write about, and it must be seen to be understood and appreciated. The fabrics and wares of every nation are here to be seen;

and much from the antipodes of the earth, of little interest to me, because I had previously seen them in my travels. America is poorly represented: being engaged with other matters at present is the chief cause. The International Exhibition is a success; no doubt it surpasses any other of the kind hitherto seen in the world, and is very creditable to the Londoners. The building itself, though covering a great area, is one of the most ordinary character, and is far from being as fine as the picture representation; for only one of the great domes is finished. The picture shows two, with the most perfect and beautiful outlines. It occupies twenty-six acres; has a length of 1,150 feet; is built of brick, and two stories, having a height of fifty feet. The old Crystal Palace building, now standing at Sydenham, is a much more elegant and perfect structure. The greatest attraction in the exhibition, and before which a crowd may be seen, with several policemen to keep them orderly, is the Queen's jewels, among which is the great Koh-i-noor, a single precious diamond, shining out with all the brilliancy of the greatest specimen gem in the world, and estimated alone at £150,000—equal to $750,000!

For want of space and time, I am unable to speak of the many things and places of interest visited in London.

The House of Lords and Commons, or Parliament Houses.—The exterior of these buildings is grand and imposing. The interior is very inferior. Far from filling one with awe and admiration, as do the halls of Congress at Washington, they are indeed too common in their furniture, architecture, plan, and arrangement; in these respects they were far from meeting my expectations. The throne is altogether too low, and its position too squatty and undignified for Her Majesty the Queen. The Queen's chair occupies the middle of the platform; that of the Prince of Wales is on her right; and the one occupied by the Prince Con-

sort, when living, stands on her left. The grand tower is 336 feet high, and 401 to the top of the flag. The House of Lords is 85 feet long, and 45 feet deep. That of the Commons is only 45 feet long, and accommodates only 74 visitors. This chamber is extremely ordinary for a dignified body.

Westminster Abbey was originally built and dedicated to the papal worship; but in 1600, at the time of the glorious Reformation, it was consecrated to the Protestant faith and worship, for which it is now used, and will ever continue. The length of the grand abbey, which contains many tombs in memory of the good and great of past time, is 416 feet, with a breadth of 203 feet at the transepts, and 102 feet at the nave. Its height is 225 feet. One may spend a whole day in groping through the great abbey, deciphering and musing among its ancient tombs, with much interest. The building is over 400 years old. St. Paul's Cathedral of London, is also a grand pile; it is said to have cost $3,000,000, is 500 feet long, and 250 wide at the transepts. The grand dome was copied after St. Peter's at Rome, and is 100 feet across it. The building takes the form of the Latin cross, and the towering dome, when viewed from any standing point, gives dignity to the appearance of London.

The British Museum, the National Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery, Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, Kensington Gardens, Cremorne, are all places of interest and well worth a visit.

The Young Men's Christian Association, with its seven branch associations in London, is worthy of mention here; it affords the stranger means of information, society, and comfort, where to spend many intervals very agreeably, which cannot be found in any other way or place in London. The mother association, or principal head-quarters, is 165 Aldersgate street, where are a variety of pleasant rooms, and conveniences, home and foreign papers, and a large library.

To this branch association 900 young men belong. This, with the other branches, numbers 2,000 members. In the large reading room one may have a plain meal furnished, of which to partake leisurely while reading, and for a merely nominal sum. Tea, coffee, cocoa, and chocolate are provided, with "home-made bread," butter, and a sweet bun, all for the price of fourpence. Devotional meetings are held during the week, and on the Sabbath at 9 A. M.; also in the evening. Visit this association.

Regent Street is the fashionable promenade, and the cleanest and prettiest in London. It is occupied principally with fine retail stores. *Oxford Street* crossing it at right angles, is a much longer thoroughfare, and one for many omnibus lines, extending in quite a straight line through the heart of the metropolis. The *Strand*, *Fleet Street*, *Ludgate Hill*, and *Cheapside*, though names given to different sections, are one and the same thoroughfare, running parallel with the river Thames; not very straight, however, but one in which the greatest bustle of omnibuses and traffic, in general, is seen in London. These connecting streets are too narrow, and the general appearance of the buildings is black and of very uninviting cast.

Lombard, *Mooregate*, *Aldersgate*, and *Wood Streets* are occupied with large and massive buildings, comprising banks and the largest jobbing and wholesale houses. *Piccadilly* is a thoroughfare of good width, and courses a pleasant, busy part of the city.

On a pleasant afternoon, the stranger meets with the greatest bustle of carriage and omnibus driving at the *Hyde Park* entrance, and junctions of *Grosvenor* and *St. George's*, where also is the crossing into *Piccadilly*. At this point, the din and racket is very great, and eighty vehicles pass each minute. A good view of the nobility, moving by in splendid carriages, may be had here.

LONDON (GENERALLY).

Aside from its parks, London has few attractions for me. If there is any beauty, these extensive public grounds make it up almost entirely. There is so much smoke, fog, and cloudy weather, that all the buildings have become extremely sombre and dirty in appearance, and the general atmosphere and aspect of this spot are ill calculated to give one used to clear skies, a cheerful and buoyant feeling. I think climate, light, and darkness have much to do with the feelings; and a life spent amid extremes has a corresponding effect on the disposition and character. I think London a gloomy city. For three weeks of my stay, it rained more or less every day save one; the sky was overcast, with but an occasional hour's sun; and the air, during the most of the time, was of a moist, heavy, and leaden character. They tell me it has been an unusual season; but, again, old residents say, notwithstanding, that these are the general characteristics of the climate, and this spot is not remakable for sunshine. The climate of London, when compared with the northern cities of America, is in summer cool and bracing. Hot weather, in London, is rare; and the winters are said to be not so cold as those of New York. London, then, is cool the year round; and with its smoke, fog, moisture, and gloominess, is called healthy.

CHAPTER XVII.

Departure from London—Green Fields and Fat Sheep—Villages—Coventry—Ribbon Manufactories—Floral Exhibition—The Posies and Ladies—Birmingham—Gillott's Great Steel Pen Factory—Ride into Scotland—Edinburgh a beautiful City—What I Saw—Tomb of D. Hume—Castle Hill and Castle—Regalia of Scotland—The City of Glasgow: its Streets, Buildings, and Climate—The Necropolis—Friends—The River Clyde—Our Sail—Company—Towns—Landing, and Walk—The Loch—Scenery—Our Visit, and Glasgow Hospitality—The Sabbath—Scotch Service—Liverpool.

Tuesday morning, June 24th, at 9 o'clock, I am once more proceeding on my journey. The morning was cloudy, as usual, with indications of rain during the day, but none came down. The country, as we darted out of the great city of modern times, looked charmingly green and fresh; and the new-mown hay was lying in swath, or standing in cocks in many fields—the sweet fragrance of which, even while moving so swiftly along, was delightful to inhale. In this ride over the country we find everywhere the land in so fine a state of cultivation, that England appeared like a great garden which has had the most careful attention. The towns through which we pass, save Coventry and Birmingham, seem quite unimportant. Though the agricultural aspect appeared so fine, I found nowhere the pretty villages, with towering church spires, which characterize the northern cities of America. They are not here. When a collection of houses were seen, they were built of brick, and appeared to be of a low and inferior order. But the appearance of the fields, surrounded with hedges in lieu of fences, contrib-

uted to make up for the seeming want of attractiveness in other respects. In short, the fields of England are beautiful. Maize seems not to be grown, and the staples which garnish the whole face of the country stand in growing crops of wheat, oats, potatoes, and grass. Herds of sheep are met with everywhere; they stand in grass reaching up to their sides: their being so well fed may be one cause for the superiority of English mutton.

Coventry stands in about the middle of the island, where I stopped for a look at the ribbon market. The city is said to contain 41,000 people, and is the principal ribbon manufacturing town in England—also watches and jewelry. The city is said to contain a smaller population than it had three years ago. In consequence of the strong competition of other European towns in the manufacturing of these fabrics, and the present war in America, business has become flat; many have failed, while some of the citizens have sought different parts of the world, emigrating to Canada, Australia, and other British colonies, to seek a more certain livelihood. After a short interval spent in a business way, and being obliged to wait another hour for the train, by the kind invitation of one of the townsmen, I walked with him to inspect the "floral exhibition," held in a large tent, pitched in one of the greenest of fields hard by. As we approached it, the shrill music of the band fell upon our ears, and many gay ones were promenading over the green in the seeming enjoyment of ecstatic delight. My friend remarked that we should have a double treat this afternoon. He referred to the posies and the ladies, both of which were admirable to behold, and quite exceeded my expectations. The hour, like all the hours of this life, quickly passed, and I was again flying behind the iron horse, over a substantial double-track T rail, for the city of Birmingham: arriving there in the middle of the afternoon, it afforded me time for

a few hours' run over the city, ere the evening train departed for Scotland.

The first thing claiming my attention, was a visit to the great steel-pen manufactory of "Gillott's," so celebrated, and whose famous pens are known and used in all parts of the civilized world. I found it as expected, a great establishment, in which 400 employees are daily engaged with busy limbs and fingers, putting the steel through all the varied processes until the last, when it comes out a perfect pen. One thousand gross are made each day; and an extra pen goes through twenty-four operations before finished. Boys and men run the steel sheets through the flattening process below, and then from this first the material is handled by hundreds of girls in the upper stories, in shaping, brightening, bending, and splitting, by the aid of suitable machinery —thus working the article from one to another up to the twenty-fourth and last process.

From this establishment I proceeded to the electro-silver-plating manufactory of Messrs. Elkington & Co., but was too late to see the men in full operation; yet had a view of the many completed wares of this rich factory in the show rooms, where they are for sale. Birmingham is a great manufacturing town, celebrated also for its glass, jewelry, and papier-maché fabrics. It is quite a populous city, and said to contain 296,000 people. As the hour of 9 came, I took the train for a night's ride through northern England into Scotand, for the city of Edinburgh. With a pretty full train and some little napping during the night, we arrived there at half past 10 A. M. of the next day.

EDINBURGH.

This is one of the most beautiful cities of Scotland. Prince's and George streets are fine thoroughfares, very

broad, and lined with uniformly good buildings. It is noted more for its situation and pleasantness than for its business. It is attractive to the traveller, and invites his sojourn. It is considered healthy, and has its portion of the wealth and nobility of Scotland. Edinburgh has a population of 180,000. From Carlton Hill, looking over the city in all directions, and facing Prince's street, which is a mile in length, one gets a good view of it and the surrounding country. Here you behold the Observatory and Burns' monument on the east side; the prisons and Carlton burying ground, in which last stands conspicuously the monument of David Hume, the infidel; and farther on, in the same direction, we look away to Castle Hill and over the city, with the beautiful Prince's avenue stretching in a straight line for a mile, rendered fresh and more beautiful by the green foliage of trees, which line one of its sides, with the other walled up with fine buildings, and the splendid monument in memory of Sir Walter Scott standing down near its centre. Bringing the eye a little farther round, a glimpse of the monument of Douglass Stuart and the Royal Observatory is had; also Lord Melville and Nelson's monuments. I much regretted the day was not sufficiently clear and beautiful to get a distant view of the surrounding country and the waters of the harbor, which is afforded on a clear day from this elevated standing point. This prominence is beautifully green, and numerous women were spreading out clothes upon it to dry. From this point of observation I step a little farther down to an enclosed yard and into a stone building, to see a collection of colossal statues, executed by one Forrest—and therefore called Forrest's statuary. Tickets one shilling each. Mr. Forrest is said to have been a self-taught sculptor; and the collection thus presented is the result of unaided native talent perseveringly applied. The number is comprised of twenty-five, and represents Robert Bruce and

War Horse; Queen Mary and Elizabeth on horseback; Napoleon and his Charger; the Fiddler and Lazarus—and so on down to Robert Burns, Lord Byron, and the Holy Family. Walking down the hill, I passed up to Hume's tomb, which is quite a substantial and prominent one, of circular form, with a dome-shaped top, and upon which is the simple inscription:

"D. HUME,
BORN APRIL 26, 1714,
DIED AUGUST 25, 1776."

From this I proceeded to the Council chambers, in the direction of Castle Hill; and getting a permit, I continued on up the hill to the Castle to see the Regalia of Scotland. The gates are strongly guarded by soldiers; and the whole of the ancient and elevated construction answers all the uses of a fort, and is occupied at every available point with ponderous cannon. A magnificent view of Edinburgh is also afforded. In the topmost room of the castle, and in a solid stone apartment, so dark that a light is required, we found the Regalia of Scotland. It is an ancient crown, artistically formed of crimson velvet and gold, sparkling with brilliant rubies and diamonds, with which it is set. There are other utensils which belong to it, to complete the Regalia. Its value, as stated by the man in attendance, is £500,000, equal to $2,500,000, and, though far from being as unique as Victoria's at London, was in former times one of the grandest to be seen.

From this I stepped down into Queen Mary's room, where King James VI. of Scotland and the 1st James of England was born; and where also the date, as then inscribed, may be seen, which reads: "June the 19th, 1566." Thence I go to Queen Margaret's chapel, in another part of the castle, which was built 800 years ago. Descending to

the level of this beautiful city, a couple of hours were spent in perambulating her fine streets; after which we took the train at fifteen minutes past 3 P. M. for the city of Glasgow, where we arrived in three hours.

GLASGOW.

According to the census, this commercial city has a population of 450,000 people. The streets and buildings are uniformly good, I might say fine. The stores, dwellings, public buildings, and churches are built of fine brown stone; and they are much better than I expected to find them. Buchanan street is lined with splendid stores, which, with the Bazaar, furnishes the fashionable promenade of the city. Argyle street is a straight thoroughfare, wide and metropolitan-like, having principally retail stores, and is one of the main avenues for the omnibus lines. Jamaica, Vincent, and George streets are also important, and vie with others in solidity and attractiveness to the stranger and commercial man. The city of Glasgow is throughout well built, and is the great commercial town of Scotland. The climate here is much colder than that of England, and is characterized by a similar gloominess: winds, clouds, and fogs prevail; yet with somewhat more sunshine than one finds there, especially in the city of London. The city is divided by the river Clyde, which is navigable, and on whose banks an extensive business of ship and steamer building is carried on. The residences of the "West End" wear quite a princely look—many of which overlook an extensive and beautifully undulating park, which is rendered more rural and picturesque by the irregularity of its growing trees, and by a river-like stream which courses through it. The Glasgow Cathedral, which I visited accompanied by a friend—the laying of its foundation stone dating back to 1300 of the Christian era—is yet a noble pile, touched with recent tracings

of art: it was once a temple for the Catholic or papal worship, but latterly has been consecrated to the Protestant service; and in which the eloquent voice of the earnest and zealous John Knox has rung with the Gospel notes of salvation? Glasgow has a fine cemetery, called the Necropolis, and occupies a delightfully elevated situation. A pretty road winds around to its very top, along which one sees many beautiful tombs; and as the top of the prominence is reached, a multitude of the grandest monuments surrounds you. Indeed, it is a burying ground of monuments—the most so of any I have yet met with. From this point a good view of the town is afforded. The banks and public buildings of Glasgow are after no common order.

Recollecting a young man of promise—a Christian brother in California, with whom I became intimately acquainted, whose native place and home was Glasgow, from whence he sailed direct to San Francisco about three years since—and although not knowing his city address, besides finding many of the same name here, yet I was not dissuaded from the purpose of looking up his brother and calling upon him. As it happened, this I was not long in accomplishing. Finding his brother posting a set of books in a large mercantile house, I was invited to tea with them on the evening of the same day. This family, comprising two brothers and five sisters, lost their parents a few years since, and are therefore orphans. On this evening I met only "Maggie," one of the youngest, who entertained and prepared an excellent tea for us, and a young lady friend of theirs, who had dropped in for a little visit. On the evening of the next day I was at the house of my friends again, according to promise, and there meeting other gentlemen, known as Messrs. L. and L., and the other four sisters of Mr. T., the evening was spent up to a late hour in the most social and enjoyable manner.

Saturday, June 28th, is one of the most beautiful and lovely days I have experienced for the past month in England or Scotland. According to the arrangements of the previous evening, an excursion had been fixed upon down the Clyde and over the charming Loch Lomond.

RIVER CLYDE AND LOCH LOMOND.

Our party, composed of four, young Mr. T., Misses S. and T., with myself, step on board the little steamer at twenty minutes past 10 A. M., with quite a number of others, who seem bent on a like excursion with ourselves. A little wind and an occasional cloud at first prove the only disagreeable features of the first hour spent in our progress down the pretty river; after which the day comes out and continues throughout most lovely. A blind fiddler is on board, sawing away—his well-worn instrument giving out speaking strains of lively music in the several tunes of "Bonnie Dundee," "Bobbing Around," and "Gentle Annie," while a black, curly-haired dog, either astonished or equally delighted with ourselves, walked up to face the music, and in response to each sweet strain, with elevated tail, makes up the chorus in growls and barks. Our first stop to let off and take on passengers is made at the landing of Renfrew village, and the next is Duntocher, where are seen in the distance, on our right, elevated hills of no ordinary beauty. Soon we sight what is termed Douglas Castle, and Henry Bell's monument, erected in 1638, which date commemorates the epoch of the first navigation of the Clyde. Again on our right we behold, a little farther on, Tombarton Castle, and Port Glasgow on the left. Soon we glide down to Greenock, a town of importance, displaying a fine custom house, and an air of business: it is one of the noted places of Scotch ship building and iron steamer mak-

ing. We beheld these on their stocks, in different stages of completion. Here, too, as we steam away, the scenery upon which we look begins to assume the most delightful aspect. The next towns we pass are Gourock, and that most beautiful of all, situated on our right, called Kilcreggan, with its many pretty modern cottage seats, dotting the sloping banks of the river and country—appearing truly one of the most pleasant of rural spots for a summer residence. These are scattered along the shore to the cosey place named Cove, with its unique, castellated cottages, enchanting the eye, and heightened by the rich sylvan beauty which surround them. This view is again changed by a different, though not less pleasing character, as we approach and pass Blairmore on our left, with its fine suburban groves of fir trees of the greenest and most attractive hue. Then come the towns of Ardentinny and Arrocquor, and, before losing view of these last, we have already entered the pretty little Loch Long, and now too soon have reached the landing and terminus of this boat ride, being obliged to pass from this over a narrow neck of land between rising hills, in order to reach Loch Lomond. There are hacks waiting to convey us to the Loch; but the day is so delightful, and the green expanse so inviting, we prefer to walk the distance of a little more than a mile, and thus have a splendid opportunity for a romp over the country. So we set out leisurely for Torbet, which has a picturesque locality on the banks of Loch Lomond, and very near its centre. Our arrival is happily made at fifteen minutes after 3 P. M. Our appetites have become very sharp, and we are unanimously in favor of having a dinner, which is ordered and served in a large dining room of the hotel, overlooking this beautiful sheet of water and charming surroundings. It is a lovely spot for recruiting—to drink in pure air, and delight the vision. Ah! Loch Lomond! I cannot forget you—for you are one

of the most enchanting in the bosom of nature's laboratory. Our dinner, a Scotch one, was a joint of Scotch mutton, which nowhere can be sweeter, potatoes, fish from the placid waters of the lake upon which we look, gooseberry pie with cream, and a sweet jam pudding, quite simple, yet all was eaten with a truly hearty zest. A couple of hours were spent here ere the arrival of the boat. At a quarter after 5 the beautiful little steamer *Prince Consort* appeared at the wharf, bearing the date of her completion, the present year (1862), and is the first I have found abroad built after the American order. Loch Lomond is thirty-three miles long, and has been immortalized by poets and writers of the earliest times. Certainly too much could not be said in its praise. Its beauty and scenery are beyond description; and no one coming here can fail to be delighted. The scenery, much like that bordering the Swiss lakes, is characterized by its variety, its hills, its mountains, its freshness and beauty, its narrowings and windings, and the many pretty islands which rise out of its mirrored surface. Our ride over it and the feast to our sense of admiration were altogether quite delightful. Landing at Balloch, in a few minutes we were moving over the ground by rail for Alexandria, which is soon reached; and where, according to the desire of my friends, we stopped to spend an hour with their relative. We were very kindly and hospitably entertained, and could not be allowed to leave without taking tea, before which we indulged in a friendly chat, a look at the garden, and a foot race over an adjoining green field with the girls. The day was thus spent, and, out of the multitude of an existence, was one of joy and delight.

Ten o'clock finds us again in Glasgow by rail. From the station, Mr. T. waits upon Miss S. to her house, while duty finds me walking in another direction with Miss T., to see her safely at her dwelling place. If possible, it was my

purpose to take the midnight train for Liverpool; and with this intention, I set about bidding my friends a hasty good-by, and make for the depot. But to this there seemed an obstacle, and I found myself unable to depart so surreptitiously. That there should be so much feeling manifested on the part of these young ladies and sisters of Mr. T. toward me upon parting, was wholly unexpected, and took me by surprise. Three of them began to weep, and the one whom I had the pleasure of waiting on during the excursion embraced me firmly, and declared that it "was too bad," and that she could hardly think of letting me go so soon! Thus clasped by a young Christian lady, and a stranger, exceeded all the experiences of my life, and in this position I stood, with her head gently bowed, for a few moments, like a statue—unable to say or do anything. It is true, I had done no more than my duty in befriending their brother, when meeting with disappointment, and without success—far from his home—in San Francisco, and knew not that my name had ever been mentioned in his letters to them. But strange as it may appear, I found I was quite as well known to this family as to many of my friends and acquaintances in New York and San Francisco. My visit was one of the most pleasing character, and I have the good people of Scotland to commend for their genuine hospitality, with many kindnesses of theirs to remember with grateful feelings, and as among the most sincere and ardent I have met in my travels.

Too late to get the night train, as intended, and making it a principle never to travel on the Sabbath, when it can be avoided, I concluded to spend the next day in Glasgow. Attending the two services, it was my privilege to hear the Gospel by two of their best divines, and become acquainted with the simplicity of the Scotch form of worship. Their churches are very plain, and those of the Presbyterian de-

nomination are without organ or instrumental music of any kind: vocal praise is therefore offered by all who have the ability to sing, and seems to be entered into with a truly devotional spirit. A Bible lies before each person; and when a chapter is read, and the text given out, the whole congregation turn to it, and follow after the pastor—which is an admirable custom—the same I have not found so fully observed anywhere. Bidding adieu to my newly made acquaintances, at 10 in the evening, I am behind the iron horse, gliding swiftly over the rail for Liverpool, at which city I arrive at 5 o'clock the next morning.

LIVERPOOL.

By the census record, I find this city numbers 437,740 people. It is too well known by the civilized world to require any description from me. One is at once struck with its importance as a commercial city. Its commerce is very great, and the long line of docks, the finest and most perfect in the world, present a vast forest of shipping, extending many miles along the city's front. Its general appearance is much like London; and it is characterized by the same peculiarities of climate, not being exempt from its winds, its bracing air, its clouds, and many sunless days. The day is spent in perambulating the city, and in looking up baggage preparatory to an intended departure for New York on the morrow.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Departure from Liverpool—The Steam Tug: her crowd and baggage—Yankee Doodle—Our Start, Feelings, and Company—Dimensions of our Craft—The Great Eastern—Our Stroll—Green Erin—Stop at Queenstown—Discovery of "Stowaways"—Visitors from Queenstown—More Passengers and Emigrants—Our Start—More "Stowaways"—The "Fourth of July" Dinner Celebration, and Toasts—The Captain—Our Running—Rolling—Expectations—Fog Whistle—Icebergs—A Day of Novelties—Large Iceberg—Land—News, how received—Foot Races—Sixteen Knots—She Never Pitches—Description, &c.—"Captain's Dinner"—Long Island Sound—"City of Elms"—A Pleasant Voyage—Custom House Officers—Our Steamers—Good-By—Scenes—Landing—Impressions—Broadway and Fifth Avenue—Gratitude—How I have been kept and Whom to Adore!

On Tuesday morning, July 1, 1862, and one of the most unpleasant, raw, and inclement of the season, at the hour of half past 9 A. M., I set out in great haste, with four trunks and other paraphernalia—altogether too much baggage for one man—to be driven to Queen's Wharf, there to take the steam tug which would convey us up the Mersey, three miles distant, to go on board a vessel of greater dimensions, which was advertised to sail at 12 o'clock for America! Every one seemed to be in as great a hurry as myself, and when set down at the wharf, hundreds with stacks of baggage were waiting for the tug, which had not yet arrived. The rain was at this time giving us a slight moistening, and the cold, stiff breeze blowing was far from being agreeable. Up comes the little craft: I say little; but it is sufficiently large to take on board several hundreds with their heaps of baggage. Special porters are numerous, and begin to pester you at once: the police stand around, checking hasty imprudences, and giv-

ing general directions to greenhorns—at the same time, saying to some of us: "Here is a porter for you; pay him a sixpence (sterling) for taking charge of each package, and seeing all aboard, and the same placed on the steamer lying in the Mersey." The tug is now ready to receive us—and what a rushing and squeezing to get aboard! "Don't be in a hurry," "Time enough—time enough," are the moderating and cooling words which fall from the police officers' lips, as passengers, with hands filled with all kinds of small luggage, from an umbrella to a baby, crowd the platform leading from the wharf to the steamer. A great load of people and baggage, indeed! Off she moves over the rough wave, with the strongest kind of wind blowing; and strange to say, the band on board, composed of a bugle, harp, violin, and fife, are playing the stirring air of "Yankee Doodle!" It's a cheerful old tune, and seems to be much liked by the English, notwithstanding their unwillingness to acknowledge what they too palpably feel and know, in regard to any progress, excellence, or superiority, hitherto seen and learned of American skill and Yankee enterprise. Brother Jonathan and the live Yankees of the transatlantic country of promise, conscious of their strength, have become great boasters; while, on the other hand, John Bull, with "old fogy" notions, stereotyped forms, slow with age, and withal, perhaps, a little jealous of increasing power in America, has become a great growler; and many sentiments and feelings indicate no little uneasiness. Here lie the two extremes of two of the greatest Christian countries of the world; and what is more strange, both have sprung from the Anglo-Saxon race, and speak the same language. As we sail up to the steamer which is to bear us across the Atlantic, the band winds up with the ancient air of "Auld Lang Syne," which seems to carry us back to the plaintive melody sung and heard by mortals a century since. We draw

up to the extraordinary craft, which has steam up, all ready for us. Up the steps we go—up—up, and we are on board; yet much quicker said than done. The bustle seems great. Porters and carriers are working hard to get each man's baggage on board: they sweat and grunt very much for their pay of "sixpence" a package. All things do not go smoothly, and I notice owner and carrier disputing about the price. The porter puts on a square front and bold face, and demands four shillings up to half a guinea for a job, that, as per agreement, figures up no more than two shillings! It is interesting, and is the way the world over. All things are now ready, and precisely at fifteen minutes past 12 P. M. the bugle sounds, whistles of command blow, and the big, oscillating cranks and pistons are seen to move, indicating that the vessel is under way—and 326 souls (only) of us have made a start for America. Every man and officer in command is at his post. Captain Noel Paton, a sharp-eyed man, seeing one a little derelict, speaks twice before being heard. The second calling brings the hearing and attention. Again the captain calls out in the words of warning to those near: "Keep your ears open!" All is now strict attention; but is the steamer moving? "Yes," say some. "No," is the word from others. And now many are peeping over the bulwarks into the water, to settle the matter conclusively. A bubble is seen to move sternward, and this is a sure evidence that we are going forward. Then we are really progressing, without hardly realizing the fact! Still, steady, and with scarcely a tremor, does this six-masted and five-funnelled modern *leviathan* of our time move along! Her deck seems rather roomy, and one may turn around easily, without jostling or bruising his elbows against the back or belly of a corpulent neighbor. A man is sounding carefully with a plummet from the wheel-house guards—the screw and paddles are both at work—and six

stalwart men are at the wheel. It seems glorious! But is any one going to be sea-sick? "No," is the general answer, "not on this floating arrangement." At fifteen minutes past 1 P. M., a couple of huge cannons are touched off; and greater speed is perceptible, for the trees and buildings on the opposite shores seem to move. Though the weather is cloudy, cold, and somewhat rainy, yet all, with coats buttoned up, ladies with worsted caps or second-best bonnets and cloaks on, are walking the steamer's length and breadth: no doubt all are pleased with the scope. Room seems not to be wanting, as the little (?) vessel's length from prow to stern, according to "Gunter," measures 680 feet, with 83 of beam, and 114 feet across paddle boxes, with the proportion of 60 feet deep from keel to deck. The wheels have a diameter of 56 feet; besides lacking nothing in propelling force and registered tonnage. In regard to this last, her paddle engines possess 1,200 horse power; and that of the screw is stated to be 1,800; while the vessel claims a burthen of twenty-three thousand tons! We look over on our larboard, and behold, on the banks of the Mersey, the city of Cheshire, rendered attractive by its green fields and trees, while the commercial port town of Liverpool on our right possesses no such attractions, but presents another aspect, and that of a fine and populous city, standing next to New York in point of commerce. The wharves of the Liverpool side, as far as the eye can reach, are crowded with dense masses of human beings; an escort steamer, filled with spectators, friends, and stirring music on board, is gliding bobbingly along on our port side—cannon salutes from steamers and vessels with floating flags, come to our ears; and, in short, all eyes are turned toward us. I don't wonder at it, for we are on board of what is called the *Great Eastern!* At two minutes to 1 P. M., the second salute is fired from our noble craft; after which our band, composed of

nine, strikes up a lively air; and during our lunch, which is taken at 1 o'clock, "Yankee Doodle" is played. A few minutes' stop is made; and again, as the vessel moves off, the tune of "God save the Queen" swells out on the salty breeze. Many American flags are seen floating from mast-heads, and these, with the cities and land, in our onward course are soon lost sight of. Full out of sight of land, we are ploughing the St. George's Channel, steering for the port of Queenstown, on the south-eastern coast of green Ireland. We expect to touch there to receive passengers, mails, and the latest news, some time to-morrow morning. Passengers all seem to be pleased with the huge ship, and are walking and promenading the grand deck; some minutely inspecting everything about it, while groups are seen nearly half a mile apart (?) commenting upon her merits and unparalleled comforts. At ten minutes to 4 P. M., the bugle gives the preparatory call for dinner; and at 4 precisely we sit down to a palatable meal. I have drawn up to a more bountiful one than this first dinner, on board of other steamers. This dining saloon, with its elegant breadth and depth, and pendent chandeliers overhead, together with the steady and almost motionless progress of the steamer against a strong head-wind, gives one the idea of being in some great dining room of an immense hotel, rather than that of a steamer. And they say, too, we are sailing the deep at the rate of fourteen knots per hour. A good look at the first-class passengers thus assembled, is now presented, of whom there are 69 on board; which, with those in the steerage, make up a total, as before stated, of 326. It is a most unfortunate thing for the *Great Eastern* that she has not the advantage of a lot of sea-sick passengers, as with other steamers; who, for from two to five days, are unable to come to the table. Every one here can eat with good zest, without fears of disagreeable sensations, or the painful

feeling of gastronomic labor spent in vain. After dinner a general stroll is had on the deck, despite the bad weather and chilly wind; and soon with the approach of evening almost all betake themselves to the grand saloon below, to engage in reading, conversation, or chess-playing, up to the hour of half past 10, when the lights are extinguished, and those yet remaining up make hastily for their beds. Thus closed the first day and evening.

Wednesday, July 2d.—Rise at half past 7; and when reaching the deck, the coast of green Erin is visible on our port side; our noble steamer still continues steady against a strong head-wind; but now we have some sunshine. The weather augurs more pleasantly, and we all most naturally continue to congratulate ourselves on having a fine time of it. The bugle sounds the second call for breakfast at 8—and down we go. It is made up of mutton and pork chops, beafsteak, ham, boiled eggs, Irish stew, biscuit and bread, hominy and butter, together with tea and coffee, and the adjuncts of milk and sugar, to your desire. No living cow is on board: hence the milk used is the prepared or solidified article. Napkins are not furnished; if you want them at table, you must provide your own. Getting out on deck again at 9, the Queenstown light-house stands out before us, and we arrive and stop off the harbor a quarter of an hour later. In dropping anchors, the great cable chain is snapped, and down one goes, never, perhaps, to come up again. It is lost! And our good-natured captain seems to take it as cleverly and magnanimously as though nothing had happened. According to advertised time, we are to lie here till 4 o'clock this afternoon. Well, we don't like this delay very well; and as it is a new arrangement of the *Great Eastern's*, the delay is thus long for the first time; and because so short a notice has been given to the public —we can brook it with tolerable and satisfactory grace.

Meantime, important discoveries are made, as, through a most thorough search, a lot of "stow-aways" are hauled out of the coal cellars to broad daylight! Nine of these fellows were thus snugly secreted in their dark and strange hiding-places, intent upon making a passage to America on a more secluded and cheaper dietetic scale than a third-class or steerage passage affords. But it is the opinion that they are a "pack of rascals," fleeing to escape justice. One or two are known characters, and are said to belong to some jail in England, in which they have not fully served their time. Several of them are now handcuffed and sent ashore, to be cared for at Queenstown according to their deserts. But two, who seemed quite likely young men, were suffered to remain on board, yet to be put at hard work, and thus to continue their journey to the land of promise. The forenoon slips away quickly, and the hour of 12, that for lunch, has arrived. What do they give us? We sit down, with good appetites, to cold ham, beef, and mutton, cold duck and chicken, with lettuce, bread, butter, and good English cheese. Spirit, ale, and porter are furnished to those who desire, for an extra charge; but I must say, however much is drank by men, women, and children, as a customary habit, I have not as yet seen the benefit of their free use, nor comprehended their virtues or their charms.

At 4 P. M. the second bugle sounds for dinner, and all are very soon found in their respective seats at the table. The business is commenced with ox-tail soup, followed by fresh boiled salmon, served with potatoes, bread, and the seasoning condiments which give zest, and are the prelude to the substantials for dinner. Then the choice of meats is offered; and I must say the quality and cookery of these are particularly fine. There is boiled and roast mutton, with caper sauce; roast beef, pork, and veal, duck and chicken, also bird pie. Then the accompaniments offered with these

are a limited supply of vegetables, comprising boiled potatoes, green peas, cabbage, bread and macaroni; afterward a cabinet or plum-pudding, with a variety of dry pastry and tarts. The cloth is removed for the dessert. Of course, as fruits do not grow on board, they cannot be expected to be of the most delicious order. But cherries, strawberries, and oranges make their appearance; which, with raisins, dried figs, and prunes, almonds, Brazil nuts, and walnuts, complete the repast. Champagne wine, and beer are freely drank by those who are supposed to have never signed the temperance pledge; and also by those who have little control over their morbid appetites. During our dinner, the band in an adjoining room discoursed sweet music. The steam tug from Queenstown did not come as soon as expected. Before her arrival many visitors had come on board to pay their first respects to the *Great Eastern*, and are running over her broad deck. They walk up and down her many flights of stairs: their very looks indicate surprise, as they peep and gaze with all eyes and open mouths.

The steam tug arrived at 6 P. M., bringing the mails, news, and a number of steerage passengers, whose baggage and habiliments indicate poverty. But they look honest and good; and as they come up the long steps, they seem to tremble with agitation, with which the big ship and the occasion affect them. The captain gives strict orders to permit none to come aboard who cannot produce a ticket. All is excitement with the emigrants; and their tickets, instead of being in letter form, are rolled up in a perfect wad, having been clutched as strongly and held on to as if necessary to their very salvation. The purser has quite a time of it unrolling them, as each is presented at the wheel platform. The little steamer by our ship's side is bobbing up and down under the agitated billows, like a cork by the slightest wave—while our monster *leviathan* lies amid the foaming

waves as still and motionless as a solid mountain reaching up from the bottom of the sea! At twenty minutes past 7, after ten hours' delay here, the great floating craft steams off, and the band strikes up England's national air, "God save the Queen." Seven minutes thereafter the steamer's cannon announces the departure, which detonation is quickly followed by the sweet notes of the ever fresh and lively "Yankee Doodle." At half past 7 we sit down to tea, the last meal of the day. A little bread, butter, and some kind of jam, with biscuit, and ginger cake, together with a cup of tea, is all that is furnished, and is quite enough for any one. At half past 8 we meet the steamer *City of Washington*, with her deck crowded with passengers looking at us. She is from New York, bound for England. Since starting, and again at sea, more "stow-aways" are discovered. The number, this time, seems fabulous. These men, who thus eluded the first diligent search made at Queenstown, as now pulled out, number not less than *fourteen!* One fellow was found in a hollow place, beneath four tons of iron: thus concealed in the cavity of the pile, he no doubt dreamt of perfect security and the nicest success in his mode of obscure navigation. There is no doubt, also, but that some of the stewards or hands aboard of the ship were friends of the rascals, and managed to keep shady, and feed them in a clandestine manner. The captain and officers have them put to work, as no more landings were to be made till we reach America—giving them the scantiest fare. And as the only alternative, they will be taken to New York and shipped back to England, as a reward for their pains, and a warning to others who would be inclined to try the same, without realizing the fond hopes of fixing an abode in the bright land of America this time.

The following Thursday morning is introduced with cloudy weather, indicative of rain, and a new phase of

steamer experiences is beginning to be seen and realized. Our head wind has changed, and we now have it from the south-west, which with our course throws the long lines of our steamer in the trough of the sea, causing her to roll very much. Being quite a sailor myself, with much ocean experience, and from what I had learned of the *Great Eastern*, it was no more than I expected sooner or later, though many of our happy and high-spirited company dreamt of an elysium during the entire voyage, with multiplied praises lavished upon the ease and delightfulness of the *Great Eastern*. Taking a light breakfast, and coming on deck to enjoy my accustomed stroll, I find two ladies responding to this new state of things by throwing up. Many of the steerage passengers are quite ill; and several in the saloon are not exempt from it; and the majority complain of nausea, or some kind of disagreeable feeling. I must confess I felt a little squeamish at breakfast; but the sequel with me did not prove a genuine sea-sickness. Notwithstanding, this fact is established, that the *Great Eastern*, or any other floating palace in existence, is not proof against sea-sickness. More concerning this at the end of the voyage. The steamer has rolled all day. The next morning, Friday, brings the glorious anniversary of our National Independence. It is the 4th day of July. All true American patriots and lovers of one of the sublimest countries of earth feel unanimous in the sentiment of Union, with the liveliest feelings for the celebration of this day. Captain Paton, our noble and gentlemanly commander, with a kind regard for the patriotic desires of his American passengers and their country, of his own accord avails himself of the best means at hand for a proper celebration of the day. At 12 o'clock four salutes from the great cannon are fired, and two large flags of the beautiful Stars and Stripes are seen floating from the top of the fore and main masts. The band strikes up "Hail Co-

lumbia." The distance run up to 12 o'clock to-day, the last twenty-four hours, is 242 miles. A sumptuous dinner is served, as usual, at 4 P. M.; indeed, everything of an eatable kind seemed to be brought forward—more than one could desire; and after our eating was nearly despatched, and the avidity and zest with which we ate became considerably moderated, Captain Paton arose and addressed us, premising with sentiments touching the national celebrities of which the day reminded us, and, with a hearty and pathetic (?) strain, wound up by proposing as a toast the Hon. Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States! It was drunk standing, with cheers; the band following with "Hail Columbia." Mr. B. responds. There were a few John Bulls (fully in sentiment and feeling) on board, who did not receive it so heartily, and did not rise; and some say, one or two who represent some Southern State, something after the "secesh" order, and truly such in principle. But if so, none essayed the exhibition of their colors. The next regular toast was proposed by Mr. B., an American: it was in honor of Queen Victoria, which also was drank standing, with hearty cheers. The captain rose and responded with an appropriate speech of thanks for the honor, with the compliment paid to her of being one of the best of women and noblest of mothers. Mr. B., of New York, again favors us with a speech, quite pertinent and appropriate, also alluding to the nations of the earth, the manner in which they migrate and mix over the globe, and the unity of feeling which should exist between all as brethren. Before sitting down he paid a high compliment to the American ladies, bringing the red, patriotic blood to the cheeks of some of the younger ones on board. A toast was then offered, and drank standing, with "hurrahs" three times, in honor of the fair sex. The closing toast was fittingly offered by Mr. A., of New York, who rose and proposed that one should be

drank to our noble captain, with thanks to him for the manner in which he voluntarily condescended to observe the anniversary of our National Independence. This was responded to by the captain in a short speech of gratitude for the honor done him, besides making known the pleasure it always afforded him in efforts to make those sailing on his ship comfortable and happy. Thus ended our national celebration held at sea, which under all the circumstances was as pleasing and satisfactory to us Americans, as any 4th of July observances of former times.

Saturday morning is pleasant, for we are blessed with a bright sunshine, without wind, and with a smooth sea. But it is soon changed to that of fleeting clouds and rain, accompanied with a head wind. Latitude to-day at 12 o'clock, 50° 6′; longitude, 30° 43′; distance run last twenty-four hours, 340 miles. This is not bad for the *Great Eastern*. During the afternoon, wind changes; becomes very strong; the sea is wonderfully worked up, showing white caps; chairs in the dining-room are capsized; some crockery is broken; all caused by the side wind and the tremendous rolling of our great craft. Who thought the *Great Eastern* was such a great roller? She seldom, if ever, pitches; but when running in the trough of the sea with a side wind, she rolls as bad as any ship on which I have sailed. In a head wind, which would rock any other steamer, she neither pitches nor rolls, but cuts through all very steadily and beautifully. The "rolling" does not exempt one from sea-sickness, but affects the delicate, or those most inclined to this unpleasant illness, much less than the pitching motion, to which one is much longer in becoming reconciled. It is a little ludicrous, just about this time, to see some of our party grasping the table with one hand, and holding a cup of tea in the other, to keep it from spilling over them. There she goes—first one side, then the other. After tea, the captain, expecting

a great gale and heavy weather, as indicated by the barometer and other instruments, orders the chairs and all loose furniture to be stacked and tied together, to obviate a general tumbling during the night. But we were not sensible of any greater wind, and wake up the next morning, which is Sunday, finding only a light south-west wind, and much less motion of the steamer. The wind is changed again at 3 P. M. to a head one; and once more we are moving so steadily, that we hardly realize we are gliding over the great deep at the rate of 15½ knots an hour. This is Sunday. No service, as expected, is held—the captain, having been on duty the whole night, was taking some rest; this is the reason assigned for the omission. The day passes very quietly, without an episode to break the monotony. Latitude, 49° 23′; longitude, 38° 19′; distance run last twenty-four hours, 315 miles. The following Monday morning is characterized by colder weather, and introduces us to icebergs and dense fogs. The wind ahead, and we are progressing beautifully. At 3 o'clock P. M. a large iceberg is seen about five miles distant. The weather is sensibly colder, with still heavier fogs. The fog whistle has commenced blowing, and sounds at regular intervals. Latitude, 48° 1′; longitude, 42° 32′; distance run last twenty-four hours, 305 miles. All have seemed to pass the day very happily; the motion of the steamer so light, that none could have the slightest sensation of sea-sickness. There is no complaint on the part of any one, and perfect comfort is felt and expressed generally throughout the great ship. The *Great Eastern* is praised by all; she affords so much room, is so comparatively easy, and enables many to make the distance of 3,000 miles over a generally stormy ocean without a downright illness. This cannot be said of any other steamer.

Tuesday, July 8th.—A day of novelties and stirring incidents. It opens with a pretty stiff head wind and dense

fogs. The vessel is running extremely steady; and the thermometer gives the temperature of the atmosphere at 44° above zero. All think it quite cold, yet feel that it is agreeably bracing. Distance run last twenty-four hours, 310 miles. The steamer is very steady. The fog is so dense at half past 9, that we nearly ran into an iceberg. It proved quite a large one—half a mile distant, calculated to be 70 feet high—and, according to the theory that ice sinks two thirds of its height below the surface of the water, 210 feet altogether. At the moment it was discovered the course of the ship was changed, and stopped immediately. Quite an excitement prevailed, and all were out on deck; the elevated positions of the prow were covered with passengers with eye-glasses levelled at the wonderful berg. Again we steam ahead slowly, and it is passed on our larboard side, when its grand proportions are beautifully disclosed. We find others of smaller dimensions on our port side, with quantities of what is termed field ice all around. It is cold. The thermometer indicates 45° above zero. This will do for the 8th of July. What is the record in New York at this time? At fifteen minutes to 12 the cry from the prow is again heard; and now the word is that "land" has just been seen in the distance. It is our first peep at the Newfoundland coast. Again the passengers are pervaded with a kind of excitement; and out they rush from the grand saloon and other parts of the ship, to behold some semblance of America! A couple of hours would land us; but that point is not our destination. Six days and a half from the coast of Ireland to this part of the New World cannot be beaten much in this age. News from Europe only 6½ days old. We have yet, however, over a thousand miles before us ere we reach Gotham. With good luck, this distance will consume the best part of three whole days. We soon pass Cape Race. The fogs, ere this, have cleared away in a

great measure, or we have run out of them, which last is more truly the case. Soon the curiosity of our family is excited by numerous whale spouts seen in the distance. Lunch, as usual, at half past 12; at which time also the "News Yacht" arrives to receive our despatches, which will be telegraphed to New York, and our arrival at this point, with the latest European intelligence, will be published in the evening papers of this day. But there are two sides to the circumstance. The intensest excitement prevails by the news we have received from the seat of war. Though fragmentary and broken telegraphic scraps, sufficient is gained from the batch to make known, perhaps, one of the most bloody conflicts since the commencement of the rebellion. McClellan, it seems, fought desperately, and had been obliged to retreat before Richmond. The first rumor went through the steamer like an electric shock, and purported that the Federal army had suffered a "loss of 15,000 men!" But, happily, when we became better informed through the captain, who read in an audible tone to the passengers on deck, we found no such loss embodied in the intelligence; but that McClellan had declared, in an address to his men, that Richmond should be taken and the Union maintained.

Upon hearing the first report of the number killed and defeat of McClellan, every face wore a sad look, and feelings of depression and sorrow seemed to pervade each heart. One lady was seen to drop a silent tear! At 1 o'clock, we are under way again; and, according to previous arrangements, foot races, by some of the crew and passengers, were the next in the order of excitements—commencing at 2 P. M. The "heats" were from 100 yards to one mile's distance. The *Great Eastern* is one eighth of a mile long; therefore four times around the great ship complete the mile. Conspicuous seats are fixed for ladies, and an immense (?) multi-

tude is stationed along the course. The running was equal to the *might* of each individual; the scene and all connected therewith elicited boisterous mirth and hearty applause. After this, several walking matches came off, together with a novel kind of cock fighting, skating, and other kinds of amusements for the entertainment of the passengers. During such intervals, we had lost all thought of being at sea, and were astonished that so much could occur to divert us to this extent.

The following Wednesday comes in cloudy, with a slight head wind, which we much like, and our steamer moves along in the same beautiful manner, at the rate of sixteen knots per hour, with but the slightest motion. She rides the wave most beautifully. Sports and races are again the order of the day, with the adjuncts of mimic "Blondin" performances and climbing the greased pole. Soon after dinner, a party of ten gentlemen (myself one of the number) felt it their pleasure to meet in the committee room, to consider the fitness of drawing up a letter, expressive of the pleasure and comfort we have experienced as passengers on the *Great Eastern*, with thanks to our gentlemanly captain for his courtesy and unflagging labors to please and entertain us. We cannot but commend the *Great Eastern* to every traveller crossing the Atlantic, as one of the easiest and most pleasant and comfortable steamers running between Liverpool and New York. In my circuit around the globe, I have met with nothing which so successfully overcomes the power of the wave, and thus obviates, in a great measure, those very painful sea-sicknesses with which I and so many of the human family have been afflicted in other voyages. In the *Great Eastern* you may not wholly escape the premonitory symptoms, nor be exempt, perhaps, from a slight illness, especially those subject to it, and who by riding in a mail coach would be

similarly affected. But as she comes so near perfection in this respect, the effect of her rolling movement can be put up with, when we reflect that no other vessel that floats will so completely make the passage without the sickening *pitching motion*. Let it be known that the *Great Eastern* never pitches. Mr. Brunel, the designer of this huge vessel, has immortalized his name, and conferred a great blessing upon humanity by its devisement and construction. Though generally known to the public, the mention of some other facts in regard to the vessel may not be out of place here. It is so constructed, that if the steamer were cut in two parts, both compartments would float. The *Great Eastern* has two skins, an outer and inner skin, with longitudinal webs running between, the whole length of the ship, so that the ship is in fact two ships, one within the other. It is divided by transverse bulkheads into twelve water-tight compartments below, and nine above. She will accommodate 800 first class passengers, 2,000 second class, and 1,200 third class—in all 4,000 people! She takes sufficient coal to make the trip across the Atlantic from Liverpool to New York and back. She burns 300 tons per day, and carries 7,500 tons for the two passages. The whole crew, including captain and officers, comprise 400 men.

Thursday morning brings another fine sunshine, which continues a good part of the day. The air is warmer, and begins to seem a little more like summer. We are still making sixteen knots, with twelve revolutions per minute. Sails are up a part of the day. During the afternoon we stop for five minutes to make soundings. This, with good luck, will, we think, be the last whole day we shall have upon the great deep. It is the day also for general packing up, and preparation to make our *début* on land, as we hope, on the morrow. And it is, too, the day for passengers and captain to exchange kind feelings and parting regards. To

this end the "captain's dinner" is had at 5 o'clock this day. We had no idea that such a display of viands, dessert sweets, jellies, and creams could be produced on shipboard. Course after course, of pyramidical and other form, passed on, and were slowly and enjoyably relished amid happy chatting and congratulations. Several speeches were made; the captain's health drank standing, amid hearty applause; and those that followed, were in compliment to the little doctor and ladies. In short, it was a splendid dinner, and withal a truly convivial interval of two hours' time.

The following, and our last morning at sea, was Friday, July 11th; and at a very early hour we were passing through Block Island Sound, and entering that of Long Island. Soon a stop is made to receive the pilot on board. The distant coasts of the Connecticut shore and that of Long Island are now seen. It is so far, their beauty is not apparent. A great change in the weather, or our introduction to a new latitude, causes us to feel not very cool, as we are moving about perspiringly under much thinner clothing. At the hour of 12 we see, by the aid of the spy glass, the beautiful "City of Elms," with its towering church spire. Several beautiful yachts have sailed out to meet us; the same carrying many students (as we suppose) cheering us sonorously, and waving hats and handkerchiefs as we pass. Our last lunch and dinner (merged into one) is at half past 2 P. M. Ere this, a small steamer has brought out the custom house officers, who honor us with their company at dinner. Another little episode and surprise occur simultaneously with this grand family dinner. Two merchant princes, Parsees from India, who have been making this pleasure excursion with us on the *Great Eastern*, having set out from a temporary abode at London, for a visit to behold the splendor of the New World, and with whom we have had the pleasure of associating for nine days, by way of testifying

their friendliness and esteem, propose to drink our health and happiness, by ordering every wine glass of the steamer's passengers to be filled with champagne. It is drank standing, with the deepest feelings and respect to them. Our voyage is nearly ended. Perhaps I should say that the freedom from all pitching of this monster ship, and her easy and graceful passage over the water and through the great rolling billows of the ocean, have rendered this the only sea trip ever enjoyed by me. I state for the information of my friends and acquaintances, that, in the diagonal passages to and from the antipodes of the earth, and my more than circuit of the globe, crossing the oceans and seas thereof, and embracing over 30,500 miles, I have not been so wholly exempt from disagreeable feelings and that peculiar kind of nausea produced by the motion of steamers over agitated seas, as on this last, made so pleasantly by the noble *Great Eastern*. Without being as neat and splendidly furnished as are many others, and with ofttimes an imperceptible soot raining down to soil your linen, to be drawn into your nostrils, to blacken your hands (and sometimes face) by the touch of some exposed seat, railing, or piece of furniture on deck; yet with all this, her passengers seem unanimous in the opinion that the *Great Eastern* is the most pleasant and comfortable vessel afloat, on which to make a sea voyage.

In making this circuit, I have been borne on one sailing vessel, and by fifteen different ocean steamers, the most of which were large, finely fitted up, and fast; but none so swift, so steady, and pleasant as the *Great Eastern*. The prejudices previously formed against her have been wholly removed in all respects; and in crossing the Atlantic, I would prefer her to all others for the reasons given. After our dinner, the general business of opening baggage, now covering the long deck, together with a systematic and most thorough examination of the same, is had by astute and

vigilant custom-house officers, while thus moving swiftly down the Sound. Persons bringing goods in the piece from Europe, intended as presents to friends or otherwise, must expect to have a duty imposed upon the same, in accordance with the laws of our country; and the vigilance and thoroughness of our officers in this respect are commendable. No piece goods or patterns in the yard will escape the scrutiny and proper impost made upon them by the sharp-eyed officers appointed for this business.

Now the green shores of Long Island and Connecticut delight the vision, and, with their fields of grain, grass, and groves of sylvan beauty, afford a view beyond what I expected or had any recollection of. How different this scene, and this sunlight, from those of the oriental world upon which our eyes rested a little more than nine days ago! We are greeted on every side by ladies and gentlemen from the receding green banks, or the porticos of pleasant homes and summer residences, upon beautiful lawns and beneath the foliage of trees, waving their handkerchiefs and welcoming us while gliding on in our homeward approach. The sails of ships and yachts so white and beautiful, compared with the smutty canvas of England; the sky so clear, the sunlight so sweet and congenial, with the white domiciles, nowhere to be found so pretty, embosomed in a profusion of nature's verdure and richness—all gave a picturesqueness which filled my heart with the happiest delight.

Our voyage is at last ended, and our anchor cast off "Throgg's Neck," near Flushing, at half past 6 P. M. Soon a small steamer is on our port side, to convey the second-class passengers to the Battery landing, in New York. Half an hour later, the steamer for the first-class passengers wheels up to our larboard side, and all whose baggage has undergone the necessary examination are permitted to go aboard. Meantime two beautiful Sound steamers from

New York, filled with a gay-looking and cheering crowd, shoot by, with the glorious Stars and Stripes upon the breeze, which brought from us loud and responsive cheers, with admiring and joyous delight. How beautiful our river and Sound steamers look! Their splendid lines and admirable construction, for comfort, speed and elegance, when compared with all those I have seen abroad, give the impression of the superior skill and taste of the American people, and beget within one a deeper love for the people of this charming country. Finally we are all aboard, after having bid a hearty good-by to the captain and officers of the *Great Eastern;* and away we steam, under the loud report of the big gun of the huge steamer, delighted at every turn with the surrounding scenery. Strangers, who for the first time behold this land, experiencing the pleasant atmosphere, with the bright skies over them, in such contrast with that of clouds and dampness on the other shore, seem surprised and equally pleased with ourselves.

We see Flushing city in the distance; we wind through Hurl Gate and over a kind of whirlpool of swiftly flowing currents; the beautiful Astoria, embowered in trees, stands on our left; the islands, with their attractions and institutions, are passed on our right; then little Ravenswood, with its country seats looking out from airy and beautiful situations, is on our left; the East River and flowing ocean tide are met as we look upon the populous city of Brooklyn, on the one side, and the great Gotham, with its towering church spires and forest of shipping, on the other; while the crepuscular light of declining day has introduced one of the grandest of moons, just coming above the buildings of the city in the eastward, throwing upon every bright object of the great metropolis to the westward its effulgent rays.

Our landing is safely and happily made at half past 8 in

the evening, at the foot of Whitehall street, and amid the greatest bustle and clamor of carriage and hackdrivers; my foot once more, and for the first time in three years, rests upon Manhattan Island; and with a quick and cheerful step, I am pressing through; my baggage and myself in a few minutes more are moving with vehicular locomotion up through a fine thoroughfare illumined by brilliant gas light, a street which for its length is piled up on both sides with the finest and grandest brown stone and marble stores in the world! This is Broadway! As far as light, lofty, and elegant structures go to make up its grand attractions, there is nothing of equal loftiness and magnificence upon the globe. In less than an hour from the moment of leaving the wharf, I find myself seated with others in the dining room of the Fifth Avenue Hotel for supper; and which large hotel, with all its comforts and conveniences, I have found surpassed nowhere. After which taking a leisurely walk through the grand avenue from which the hotel derives its name, rendered more charming by the orb of night rising toward the zenith, I could not but be impressed with the princely residences which stretch for more than a mile and three quarters along its sides, and am surprised to find them looking much higher and finer than hitherto supposed. For its length I have not seen a street of residences that will favorably compare with it in the largest and finest of cities abroad.

The following day brings me among my relatives and friends, finding all in happiness and prosperity, with the ability to stand the shock which the excitement and joy of meeting once more occasioned. And now, remembering the kind and merciful Hand, which has borne me over the seas and land, through dangers and trials, amid clouds and sunshine, thus once more to behold my beloved country and friends; and withal, led, as I trust I have been, in the con-

tinual path of light,—I cannot close my eyes and heart upon the past and present, without feelings of the deepest gratitude to Him from whom we derive life, benefits, and blessings; and by whom we were created for time and eternity to love, serve, and adore.

THE END.

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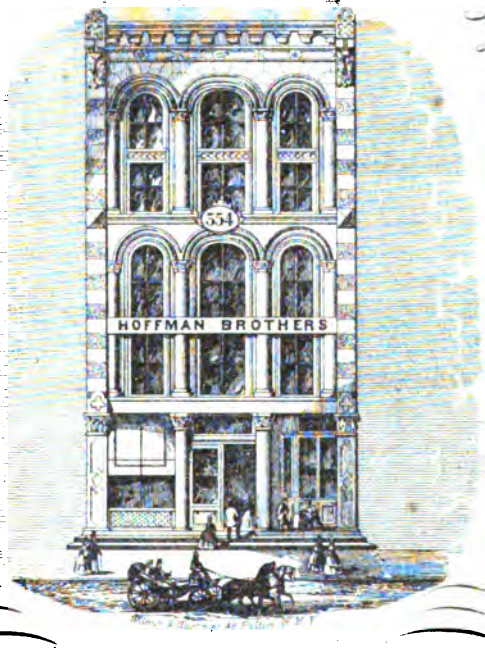

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